



# FOOD *for* the GODS

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## CHAPTER ONE

Daphne Eresteou stumbled through the corridors of the palace, the remains of her ragged thola clutched to her breasts. The bloody slashes crisscrossing her back burned with each jarring step.

Despite her desperate attempts at holding them in, tears threatened. Low sobs—trapped behind tight lips—fought to escape. She wouldn't cry. No way would she give those vultures the joy of witnessing that final humiliation. She couldn't bear the thought of having their avid eyes staring in delighted amusement at her emotional breakdown.

*Great Poseidon, what have I done to deserve this?* She wondered for the umpteenth time. *I never treated anyone thusly when I ruled here. Noble or servant, I tried my best to be fair and even-handed with all.*

After what seemed like hours, but had only been a few minutes, Daphne gained the opening of her humble room, desperate for its promise of privacy. The thin pallet in the corner of the tiny room had never looked so welcoming, but she eyed the low sleeping arrangement with a jaundiced eye, worrying over how she was going to achieve getting down there when every movement awoke the agony in her back, the pain spiking each time she so much as breathed, let alone moved.

Nearing the end of her endurance, she decided the intervening pain was worth the reward of getting off her unsteady feet. She started down slowly, gingerly easing to her knees before lowering her aching body to the coarse sheets.

Once down, Daphne panted and tried to relax, her control as shredded as her back. She shifted, trying to make her sore body as comfortable as possible—what a mistake.

“By the Gods!” A hiss of pain escaped her lips as tears leaked from her eyes. A wadded fold of blanket found its way into her mouth in an attempt to muffle her anguished cries.

“I should have died along with my father!” Her hoarse moan held the ache of all she'd endured in the three years since losing her beloved parent and King.

Curled on the thin, makeshift bed, she wanted to cease struggling and just give up. Tonight, she felt all her fragile hope fading, becoming finally, totally ashes under Ordana's dainty feet.

“Shame on you, mistress. How dare you even whisper such abomination when you know the

Gods hear everything?”

The soft, tentative touch accompanying the quietly spoken words caused Daphne to rear in startlement. Immediately, a groan slipped through gritted teeth at the new explosion of pain. Every movement was a reminder of the cruelty she now dealt with on a daily basis.

“Let them hear,” she grated, recklessly tossing her challenge to the Gods. “What more can they do to me that hasn’t been done? She has branded me a whore and a lackwit...a clumsy one, at that.” Daphne rolled her neck to catch the other woman’s eyes as she narrowed her own.

“Every one knows I remain solitary and alone, kept from any men lest I breed a rival for the throne. Do you know how lonely I get? How much I want a family and children of my own. If there were eligible males around, her accusations might have been true. I’d mate with anyone just for the sake of escaping this prison.”

The servant sighed, never ceasing her soothing healing attention to the shredded flesh of her deposed Princess’ back. “You don’t mean that.”

“Oh, yes I do! With the Sea as my witness, I swear I’d ride the waves themselves if it would get me free of Ordana’s filthy presence.”

The maid slapped one of her hands across her mistress’ still moving lips. “Poseidon, forgive her impertinence, she knows not what she asks for.”

Bending over to whisper urgently into her charge’s ear, she hissed, “Mistress, to call upon the waves is unwise and foolhardy. Everyone knows the sons of Poseidon are fierce lovers with saltwater in their veins. The three share one soul between them...and usually one woman. You—an untried kore—would be split apart by such great beings.”

Daphne frowned, unsure what her servant was saying. “They *kill* the women they take?”

The servant blushed. “That was a manner of speaking. The God’s are built on a larger scale than we mortals are—so are their male organs. Yes, your cousin’s accusations were unjust and the lashing harsh, but there are other punishments a young, beautiful kore might face that are more apt to make you long for death. Thank the Gods *she* cannot quite bring herself to subject you to those...yet. Princess Ordana has no right to treat you thusly, and some day—I pray soon—the Gods will punish her for her lack of familial love.”

Daphne came up on one elbow, her wondering gaze trained on the woman who worked on her back so gently. Grateful tears—so long held at bay—flooded down her cheeks. “Thank you, Terena, for your comfort. I don’t know why you and the other servants treat me so well when I

know Ordana has threatened to you punish you all for behaving toward me with honor. Why do you all continue to help me?" Her face twisted in self-disgust. "More to the point, how could I go on without you? Behold me in this humble state..."

"Oh, my dear Princess, we sorrow when we look upon you." Hands shaking, the servant wiped away Daphne's tears before helping her ease back down to the pallet.

"We remember how it was. In your service, we were never mistreated, never looked down upon. It was our pleasure to serve you and our good King." With a fearful glance toward the door, Terena lowered her head and her voice to whisper in Daphne's ear. "Several of us have gone to Poseidon's temple. We've left gifts and promises of more, if only he would hear our plea and right the wrongs done to you."

Daphne snorted. "I fear our patron God has long abandoned us. It has been so long since last we had a visitation..."

"Not since before your father, the King, died," Terena nodded, "but some say he has abandoned us because the new King shuns him, having done away with the temple rites. Still, we *have* to believe Poseidon continues to hear the pleas of those faithful to him."

Lying prone, Daphne twisted her neck to lock gazes with the trusting servant. "On days like this, I find it very hard to hold on to belief."

"Faith is not always easy, but it is its own reward." She reached under her thola and produced a roll of parchment and a quill. "Here, why not record the day's events in your journal. It always seems to make you calmer."

Daphne's heart stumbled. A chill of fear raced through her, icing her veins. Pain forgotten, she shot to a seated position and snatched the roll out of Terena's hands.

"Where did you find this?" If even a hint of its existence leaked to the King or to Ordana, Daphne knew her life would be in jeopardy.

"Be at peace, Princess. We found it long ago. Every morning, one of us always sneaks it from your room and returns it each night before you return. We know *she* has spies check through your things on a daily basis. We take it and pass it among us, keeping it safe for you. It is the least we can do."

New tears fell from Daphne's eyes, as she gazed down at her journal and then over at the woman—a symbol of those willing to endanger their livelihood and their very lives for her. "Thank you," her voice broke on the words, "and thank the others for me. I am not worthy of

your loyalty.”

Terena smiled, patting her hand. “You are worth all that and more. Never forget we love you. In our hearts, you will always be our Princess.”

*Dear Journal:*

*I don't know what I'd do without this outlet. Life is so strange now. No longer the royal Princess, I'm forced to do the bidding of my cousin, Ordana—now ascended to my old position. It's not that I begrudge her the titles and honors, nor do I mind being a simple kore—a servant girl, serving where once I was served. The Gods above know I have no care for that, but oh, I miss my father so terribly. He was never King Erestes to me, though he demanded respect at all times. He was Father and friend, the only parent since mother died giving me life, the only one who saw the real me under the trappings of royalty. If only he'd been sick, suffered some lingering illness, I'd have had more time to get used to the idea of losing him...*

## CHAPTER TWO

*Dear Journal:*

*In the year since I began keeping this record, I usually record only my thoughts, feelings, and memories upon these parchments, but today I overheard something in the town, something sinister and frightening...*

*I was walking through the busy marketplace, anxious to complete my chores so I could have the rest of the day to myself, when two shopkeepers greeted each other—raising their voices over the general babble.*

*“Ho, Ternichius, how goes your business?”*

*“As slow as always under the severe taxing by King Menaeos, my friend,” the other man replied. “How else could it be?”*

*“Ah, if only good King Erestes had not been poisoned...”*

*“Yes, he was a great one for encouraging business and supporting the fishermen’s livelihood. Things are far different under the dictatorship of Menaeos.”*

*“Guard your tongue, young fool!” The first merchant glanced around fearfully, making sure there was none on the street with ears poised to hear their conversation.*

*They totally overlooked me, standing near, head down, diligently shifting through the smelly pile of the morning’s catch, pretending to search for the only fish Ordana deemed worthy to break her fast. One always overlooked servants—what harm could a young girl cause, anyway?*

*Journal, my heart burns within me. Could it be true? Was my father poisoned? Why would the simple folk of the town hold it as common knowledge, and why had I not known...? Oh Gods, could I have saved my father? What did I overlook or ignore...? Gods above, I could not stand it if I should find I could have saved him and did nothing...!*

### CHAPTER THREE

The sea swirled in a gentle froth of waves about her feet as Daphne strolled along the shore, basking in the rare luxury of private time.

The royal court had retired to the winter palace higher in the mountains and the Princess had refused to take her cousin along, complaining that she was worth nothing since the flogging.

It was true, Daphne thought, swirling a string of seaweed behind her. She had not healed well, tired easily and more importantly, had finally ceased responding to the taunts and insults Ordana allowed her Nobles to hurl at their former Princess. Once she was no longer a fitting ‘whipping boy’ for their amusement, they quickly became bored with her presence.

A half smile lifted Daphne’s lips. *If only I’d thought of this in the first months, how easy my life would have been! Serves me right for trying to hold on to a dignity I no longer deserve.*

Sudden laughter welled up and out of her. Lifting her arms in an impromptu dance, she twirled in a circle, toes kicking the sparkling waters high about her.

“Great God Poseidon, I thank you for life...for reminding this hardheaded kore of the true meaning of faith! I worship you, oh God, and give you obeisance, here on the edge of the sea, nature’s temple devoted to you!”

With a joy bordering on euphoria, Daphne bowed low before rushing, laughing, into the warm waters of the Aegean, her thola and under-tunic quickly becoming soaked.

Oh, she loved it here! This was her favorite place, quiet and serene one moment, rough and angry the next, yet always alive and vibrant. She loved the changing faces of the sea. A deep sense of awe came over her and she revered the God Poseidon anew, for his gift of ever-present bounty.

The sea was a natural boundary on three sides of her beloved Croapolis and daily, fish almost leaped into the nets of the fishermen. Her countrymen earned riches for the royal family and themselves with their talented working of the pink coral and the even rarer and most precious dark coral found exclusively off their close shores.

Daphne danced in the sea, chasing waves and tickling fish until at last, she wearied. Feeling pleasantly sated and drowsy, heart full and mind calmed, she made her leisurely way in to shore and headed over to the outcropping of rocks jutting from the sea in the shape of a fist on an upraised arm, called simply ‘The Sea Rock’.



Clambering out of the water, she climbed the formation to reach the platform erected above the fist. Once there, she settled down to allow her clothing to dry in the warmth of the mid-day sun.

Stretching her arms above her head, she sighed in contentment. If only every day could be so peaceful...she would ask nothing more of the Gods. Turning on her side and curling a hand under her cheek, she closed her eyes, content to drowse away the hours in the afternoon warmth.

Time passed...

“What have we here, brothers?” a soft gruff voice mocked, “A maiden sacrifice, offered up for some God’s delight?”

Another voice sounded from above her prone body. “A plump feast at that—no slim pickings, here, guys.”

Daphne started up, rubbing her eyes, still half-asleep, and confused. Fear came swiftly as she gazed up at three beautiful men, wet from the sea. Their naked bodies dripping with seawater, they surrounded her, eyes trained on her body with unhidden interest. She glanced down in horror to find that body unmaidenly revealed through her still damp, steaming clothing.

She was a good Hellenic maiden and knew when she was in the presence of a deity—or in this case deities. Trembling, uncertain how to comport herself, she rose to her knees, crossing her arms over her breasts. Bowing her torso low to the ground, she reverently averted her eyes. “My lords, have mercy. I am but a simple kore—no fit company for such as you!”

“By Ares, brothers...someone has marred this perfection!” Hands gently smoothed over the see-through cloth covering her back and she shook, realizing the marks from her recent beating were visible to the three Godlike men.

“Who has dared mark you, Princess?”

Daphne glanced up, caught a glimpse of tight lips, lowered brows, and clenched fists. She quickly cast her gaze downward, the fierce visages of the huge, lovely males overpowering her courage.

The one asking the question seemed to be their leader. His muscled body was the cerulean blue of the deep waves, his thick wavy hair almost colorless, like a fine spray of iridescent sea foam. His dark male root, thrusting from the bed of what looked like a cloud of the softest sea foam, drew her gaze with wondrous curiosity. Daphne had never seen the like. She marveled at its length, standing high and strong with a single drop of clear liquid trembling on the fat tip of

its hooded head.

The second lord's hair flowed like a blade-straight waterfall over his broad shoulders to his trim waist. His mane was magnificent, gleaming with mixtures of rich deep sapphire and royal blue, the colors of the summer nighttime sea. Perfect masculine nipples, their soft buttery coral making a striking contrast with his pale hair-free body, resided on a chest of massive proportions. His man's part—equally as long as his companion's-- rode high against his slim belly, thickly corded, uncut, and as inhumanly perfect as the rest of him.

Last, but certainly not least, loomed the third impressive male. Blessed with skin the color of the blackest, most rare coral of all, the man's darkly lean face was a study in extremes. Long, thick lashes shielded wide-set intense eyes. His long blade of a nose swept down his face, sharp cheekbones offsetting its length. His mouth...by the Gods, his mouth was lush, almost womanish, but for the hint of cruelty in the set of the bottom lip. Teal green hair, wild and unruly, frothed about his striking face, softening his harsh allure. A mass of curls spilled over his wide forehead, tumbled across his shoulders all the way down to dance about his full, tight buttocks. An ornate seashell adornment attached at the back of his head, held most of it off his face. Lush green curls rioted around the thickest member of all—a monstrous organ that reared past the God's concave bellybutton. It had to be as big around as her wrist, and she was no small-boned kore.

The eyes of all three males were the most brilliant mixtures of blues and greens, gleaming with mischief... and with a heated focused attention, she'd never before encountered.

*Surely*—Daphne gulped, mind gone begging, her hapless gaze riveted on the more than human beauty before her—*desire for this plump, ungainly body could not possibly be the cause for that focused interest, those magnificent swellings...could it? Impossible!*

“Lady, we demand an answer to our query.”

The commanding voice jerked her out of her musings. It took her a moment to recall his question and she stammered, ashamed to reveal her humble circumstance. “Lords, I am Princess here, no more. My father, King Erestes is dead and King Menaeos rules Croapolis in his stead,” Daphne answered, not surprised these men knew who she was. Did not the Gods know everything?

“Speak kore! Who was it...? Tell us!” The demands came from three throats simultaneously.

She knew she could deny them no longer. Growing fearful should they turn their ire upon her, Daphne resigned herself to answering the overpowering Godlings. Lowering her body until she stretched prone before them, she touched her forehead to the rock as she mumbled, “I am a clumsy kore. My cousin, Princess Ordana ordered me flogged after the tray I carried spilled onto her favorite rug.”

Overhead, the air darkened. Lightning sparked in the clouds and thunder rolled booming along the shore, sounding like the grumblings of an angry God. The wind whipped up, snapping at the hem of Daphne’s clothing, wrenching at the loose warm honey-streaked strands of her hair.

“Forgive me wherein I have done wrong!” Daphne cried, half rising her chest from the ground to gaze pleading into the hard faces of the three angry Godlings. Scrambling to her knees, she folded both hands together, lifting her arms in supplication.

The black-skinned God looked down at her, the stern expression on his face softening as he reached to take her hands in his. Lips tipping in a half smile; he raised her to her feet, steadying her until her knees strengthened enough to hold her upright. “Be calm, kore. You need not fear us, for you have done nothing wrong.”

“In truth, brother, she truly has not. She is *kore*, indeed!” The slim, pale lord placed a surprisingly strong hand under her chin and lifted her face, capturing her wary gaze. “You *are* virgin, are you not, Princess?”

Daphne slowly nodded, stunned to feel no embarrassment at the God’s bold questioning. She wasn’t surprised he knew she had made no sacrifice to Aphrodite. After all, he was a God.

“Good. We are well pleased.” He dropped his hand from her chin and stepped back. The blue male—the one she thought the eldest—moved to stand before her. “Look upon us, Princess Daphne Eresteou.” He gestured at the two alongside him. They all three threw back their shoulders and preened. “Look hard and long.”

*Hard and long...* had he placed a special emphasis on those last words...?

He had a way about him that demanded her obedience, so she braced her knees and stiffened her back. Taking her bottom lip between her teeth, Daphne did as instructed and shyly examined each male anew. This time, she ignored their faces...

The longer she looked the more an uncommon heat grew in the cauldron between her thighs. Rising, spreading fire to the two points burning at the tip of her breasts, the heat rushed up her

throat to blaze wildly in her hot cheeks.

Daphne bit back a moan, fighting to control a curious melting in the heart of her belly. Boiling hot and turbulent, the waves of her inner sea churned within the walls of her womb.

“So, tell us, kore...do you find us comely?”

“M-my lords, you know I do.” She raised her bemused gaze up to meet their eyes. Uncertain of what else they wanted, Daphne stilled, sensing they desired something yet unspoken, something perhaps beyond her ability to perform. “What woman in her right mind would not find you comely? Together, you three embody all the myriad colors and textures of the sea...”

“Especially these stiff coral stands, eh kore?” the black one grinned, palming his huge organ.

All three laughed at that; the sound of their amusement low, yet somehow frightening even as it thrilled. Still, that throbbing pulse beat between her thighs, driving her mad, driving her to intemperance. Warm dew spilled out to coat her mons and she shifted uncomfortably, woefully ignorant of the significance of her reactions.

“Do you know who and what we are, kore?”

Daphne nodded again. “You must be Plador, Polyphemus and Porimus, the sons of Poseidon, Lord of the oceans. You are Gods.”

They laughed again, exchanging significant glances with each other before the blue lord spoke. “You are half-correct, little kore. Our mother is Clerys, the sea witch. She is only a demigod, though our father is full deity. I am Plador, the eldest. I claim the first kiss.”

Not waiting for an answer he probably knew would not be forthcoming; the blue-skinned one took her in his arms, lowered his mouth, and captured her lips. He proceeded to tease the tight-closed seam with his tongue.

Daphne moaned under him with excited fear. No man had ever set lips to hers. Even her father had only rarely kissed her cheek or forehead, never her lips.

Now, her lips tingled, swelled, her mouth gave way under the skillful prodding of the God’s facile tongue, surrendering to the insistent urge to open herself to him.

Great heavens, was he *licking* in her mouth? Yes, he was...and flicking his tongue against her teeth and along the roof of her mouth, drawing her own tongue out to tangle with his...

A weighted heaviness grew in her belly, warmth and fire mingling at her core. Her nether lips swelled and...*itched* in the most awful way. Something liquid slid down her unsteady thighs.

“I want my turn!”

Daphne opened her eyes—when had she closed them?—to see the pale-skinned male attempting to shoulder his brother out of the way. “Tis enough, elder brother...give way to the better kisser.”

“You *wish*, Polyphemus,” Plador retorted, turning his body to foil his brother’s ploy. Bringing his hands up once more, he gently cupped Daphne’s cheeks, smiling down into her flushed face. “One last kiss and then I shall defer to you, my brother.” His mouth covered hers, tongue surging in to renew the rapture he’d begun in her.

She was half-way to swooning when she felt Polyphemus sweep her against him, his rampant penis pressed hot and hard between their bodies. Dampness from the blunt tip seeped through her thin thola and the flesh of her stomach burned where his flesh touched her.

Where Plador had coaxed her interaction, Polyphemus demanded it. Hollowing his cheeks to suck her tongue into his mouth, he proceeded to perform decadent actions on it.

*By the Gods, he is the better kisser! What dark pleasure is this he arouses in me?* Daphne clung to the corded muscular arms banded about her, holding on for dear life, fearful she would faint under the determined assault threatening to blast her innocence into a thousand glittering pieces.

A broad palm eased under her threadbare thola, applying firm strokes to her buttocks. Long thick fingers came very close to the secret entry nestled deep between her plump ass cheeks.

Daphne surfaced from her lust-filled haze enough to recognize Porimus grinning over her shoulder at her like a naughty boy. Her pulse raced and she gasped, shuddering at the wicked pleasure his hand brought, but guilt at enjoying something so depraved had her moving away from his tempting fingers, inadvertently snuggling into Polyphemus’ hard erection.

It jerked against her, seeming to have a life of its own. A masculine groan sounded above her head and a strong hand grabbed hers, pushed it down, down between their bodies.

“Touch me kore,” he begged, molding her fingers around the hot thick bar of flesh digging into the soft pit of her belly.

It was so soft. Iron hardness covered in the softest of skin pulsed in her hand. Daphne held it, unsure what to do until Plador laid his hand over hers and showed her how to stroke his brother’s organ. Dropping a kiss into her palm, he took her other hand and pressed it to his own rearing staff.

“Thank the Gods there’s plenty of meat to share, back here,” Porimus growled, giving the

full round curve of her bottom a sharp, painful tap. She yelped, terribly embarrassed when he jerked her shift up to run a finger through the wetness between her thighs, dragging it toward the entrance she'd never touched except to clean.

Firm hands, smooth and black, caught her chin and turned her head sharply toward his. "My turn, I think," Porimus whispered, pushing his brother's head aside to take over her lips.

With a muffled groan, Polyphemus forsook her mouth, curving to drop nipping kisses down the side of her face, touching on ear, chin, and neck before heading downward. Without warning, he sucked her left nipple into the cavern of his mouth and drew...

Daphne screamed into Porimus' marauding mouth, overcome by the barrage of sensations rolling over her like turbulent ocean waves. His mouth was hard, his kisses urgent, demanding with a dark edge that Polyphemus—for all his ardor—could not match. He took her as his right, reshaped her mouth to accept his tongue and teeth. Biting, nipping, he ate at her, harsh...then softly, varying his attack until she reeled in confusion.

Daphne shattered under all the stimulation--her two hands filled with large cocks, mouth raped by a relentless tongue, breasts suckled and nibbled with ferocious need.

Working her mouth, Porimus cupped her ass, spreading her cheeks to allow his insistent fingers access to her small puckered hole.

It was too much. Daphne cried out repeatedly as fingers thick as poles speared into her weeping core, drawing forth a mysterious wetness.

Swirling her own juices about a hard little bit of flesh she'd never before noticed, Porimus trailed his fingers through the moisture and spread it around the tight mouth of her ass. He partially inserted one finger.

Going up on her tiptoes, Daphne screamed into his mouth and he swallowed it, as was his due. Heat bathed her nipples while lightning flashed between her thighs, sparked in her blood and surged along her nerves—a tsunami of enormous proportions. The wave broke over her, drowning her in sensations and emotions rarely available to humble mortals. Her fingers convulsed, rhythmically tightening on the cocks enclosed in her spasming hands as she broke free from Porimus' kiss to throw her neck back, body bowed, nipples diamond hard and aching, to scream her completion to the sky.

Barely aware of three lusty roars ringing out in chorus along with hers, of three organs spewing out a hot rain of life--two over her hands and the other against her belly, Daphne

swooned like the weak mortal she was.

The Gods bore her up when she slumped to the ground, legs gone limp and useless in the aftermath of the tumultuous carnal surf she'd ridden to a place of indescribable beauty and peace.

"She is ours for the taking. Are we agreed in this course of action, my brothers?"

Though she drifted in a soft haze of bliss, she recognized Plador's voice. Never would she forget the three and the pleasure they'd showered upon her. Daphne thought she would always know their beautiful voices, always recognize the brothers, whatever guise they might wear. Too sleepy to put two thoughts together, she wondered blearily, *who is theirs? Take whom where...?*

"We must speak to Clerys. If she accepts her, all will be well."

*Ah, that is Porimus...the one who cannot keep his naughty hands from my bottom...*

"Why ask Clerys, first, Porimus? We should go directly to Poseidon. If he agrees, Clerys will have to give way."

"Yes, Polyphemus, but presently, our father is angry at the people of Croapolis. He is not likely to agree to this..."

"Then Clerys, it must be, my brothers, for I am determined to taste this luscious morsel to the fullest. For if we have her, it must be with all honor. She is a faithful acolyte of the God, our father and we will not despoil her."

Plador again, Daphne thought drowsily, yawning and curling onto her side. She hummed, lips curling up a sleepy smile when Polyphemus said, "Look at her. I don't want to leave her like this."

"I don't wish to leave her at all." Porimus pouted. "I can't wait to fuck that full beautiful ass."

Polyphemus spoke up, his voice sharp, "You'll wait till after she's changed or you'll rip her apart, idiot."

"Take heart, younger brothers. We are eternal. It will not be long before we make her our own in all ways. For now, we leave her, but first..."

"Daphne, hear us! Lift your head, open your eyes and behold your lords."

"So sleepy..." With a groan, she ignored the voice and rolled to her other side.

Her murmur must have amused them, for their attractive laughter landed on her ear, bathed her in rich sensation. Her body trembled. Inside, her womb clenched and she stirred, reawakening to the hunger that had consumed her so completely just moments before. A restless

shifting of her thighs did nothing to ease her rising needs. She very much feared only the three brothers could do that for her now.

“Daphne, heed me!” Plador sounded implacable.

“Oh, very well!” Daphne sat up and glared sleepily at the three brothers, not even trying to hide her disgruntlement. “What do you want now? Its enough you’ve tired me out and I still must return to the palace,” she complained.

“Yes, we *have* tired you out, little kore.” Three identical smiles tugged up the lips of her Godlings.

Her heart froze. *My Godlings...? When did they become yours, you fool? Oh, Daphne, you haven't gone and fallen in love with these three Gods, have you? How stupid is that?*

“Nevertheless,” Plador was saying when she stopped screaming at herself in her head, “look deep into my eyes and heed my commands.”

Plador and his brothers bowed to her. “We have claimed you as our own, little morsel. Congratulations on making your first partial offering to the Goddess, Aphrodite.”

That startled her. “I am kore, no longer? I did not think...”

“I said, ‘partial’. You remain kore with all honor. We but tasted the honey. Soon you will understand all. Until then, you must not speak of this afternoon to any one. You are to reveal to no human how the three of us have marked you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, of course, my Lords.” Daphne slowly nodded, all her joy draining away at his words. Of course, they wouldn’t want anyone to know they had stooped to pleasure a lowly mortal girl. So much for thinking such males could be hers...she was pathetic. Just because three bored demigods favored her with their attentions, she needn’t think she was worthy of anything more.

Daphne cursed her unruly heart. Hadn’t she just this morning realized she needed to come to terms with her life as it was now, not yearn for something out of her reach? Plador, Polyphemus and Porimus had given her a gift beyond imagining. She would not pay them back by demanding more than they meant to give her.

“My lords, your wills shall be done.”

“Trust us, Princess Daphne, all shall be well. And now...sleep, and for a little while, forget....”

Determined to be obedient to their command in all things, Daphne lowered her body to the warm rock and sank into a dream-filled sleep.



She never felt the touches—soft as sea mist—as the three cleansed her body and clothes or the gentle kisses they gave as they made their silent farewells.

*Dear Journal:*

*Today, oh, today was wondrous. I cannot even tell you what occurred. I do not exactly recall...but I had a glorious dream! Even now, there are sparkles in my blood and warm cream coats my private place. I shall never forget the feelings of this afternoon...*

## CHAPTER FOUR

*Dear Journal:*

*Three days ago, while returning from the umpteenth errand for my cousin Ordana—her last in a long line of failed attempts to appease the angered God, Poseidon—I took the opportunity to pay a visit to Poseidon’s temple and chanced to overhear a private meeting between Uncle Menaeos and the royal messenger newly returned from the Oracle at Delphi.*

*Their conversation, hushed and secretive, caught my attention because of its strangeness. What need did the King have of secrecy? All his wishes were law.*

*Not sure why, I slipped behind the great pillar that supported the temple, hiding myself from their view. A cautious glance around the bulk of the pillar showed me their backs. They were in the small audience chamber that housed the smaller statue of the God, where the high priest met and served the noble class of Poseidon’s followers.*

*“Well, what did she reveal? Will the God accept our tribute and forgive our trespass?” The King’s voice shook with fear. Right then, I knew he would have this man killed, for he would allow no one to see his true cowardice and live.*

*The soldier kept his head lowered as he answered, voice filled with compassion. “Lord Menaeos, the Oracle would not accept the tribute. Her words were thus: “Your crimes, O King, are too many. The punishment stands. By edict of the Gods, the daughter of the King is to be food for the Gods. At sunrise on the seventh day, she is to be bound to The Sea Rock—a sacrificial meal for the krakens to devour. If this does not take place, Poseidon will loose the krakens against Croapolis.”*

*“No! This cannot be! I will not give up my daughter to be eaten for my sins!” Turning to face the shaken soldier, the King snarled, “A smart man can circumvent the Gods.” Eyes narrowed with cunning, his thin lips curling in a smile that chilled my body, he roughly motioned the man out of his way. “I will find a way to slip Ordana through their fingers.”*

*My uncle turned back toward the doorway and I barely jerked out of sight in time. My heart pounded and I held my breath in terror he would discover my unsanctioned presence, but he stomped angrily past my trembling body hidden by the column’s bulk.*

*The messenger—a dead man, unknowing—followed close behind him. If the man were wise, he’d recall an urgent need to be elsewhere...before the King recalled there’d been a witness*

*when he'd defied the Gods. Hubris was a crime the Gods punished with alacrity, and the very fact I'd been present was enough to make me start at shadows, certain I'd soon feel the brush of the Erinyes' wings. The three sisters--Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megaera—were quick to deal with an insult to their fellow Gods.*

*I sank to the pillar's broad base and wrapped my arms tight around my torso, rubbed off the frost of fear, wondering how I could have been so stupid. I thanked the Gods for watching over me and made a silent pledge to lay a token on Hermes'—God of eavesdroppers--altar.*

Daphne sighed as she finished writing. Thoughts racing, she rolled her journal up, hiding it beneath her thin pillow. Her heart ached for her cousin.

Poor Ordana...what dread news the messenger had brought!

Though she was mean-spirited and hateful, not even for her cousin's meanest behavior could Daphne wish Ordana to undergo such a death as the one decreed by the Gods.

*Gods above, just thinking about her chained to The Sea Rock, waiting for the Krakens...*

Daphne shuddered, pushed her knuckles into her mouth to keep back a moan. She rocked back and forth, thinking about her uncle.

*Poor Menaeos...how his guilt must eat at him,* she mused. Wiping away a compassionate tear, she pondered how she would feel, knowing she was the author of her child's death, forced to carry out a gruesome punishment in amends for the sacrilege she had committed.

Newfound sympathy softened her anger toward her uncle—the uncle she now suspected of poisoning his own brother. Though she could not forgive him, she could pity him. What must it be like, to be the instrument of his only daughter's demise?

## CHAPTER FIVE

Daphne raced along the shore, shamed tears blinding her so she stumbled, scraping her knees and further losing her balance. Feet sliding in the sandy sea froth, she cried out as she landed hard in an ungainly sprawl.

It was the last straw.

Screaming with rage, she pounded the sand with her fist, angry at the world, and sick at heart. Scrambling to her feet, she tightened her lips and limped, slow and cautiously, over to an outcropping of rocks. As she sat, she rubbed her sore bottom, muttering beneath her breath at the injustice of life.

“How dare Ordana even hint that I am used goods, to call me “whore” in that snide way of hers? All know she lies. She simply used that excuse to hack off my hair. Woe is me, once Daphne, daughter of the dead Ereastes, King of Croapolis!”

“Who are you speaking to, kore? Are you daft? I see no one here but us.”

*Moreover, when did you show up?* Daphne wondered, swiping her tears with a quick hand. The beach had been clear; she should have seen someone coming from a long ways off. Still, preoccupied with her grudge against her cousin, she must have missed the old woman’s approach.

“Forgive me, Mother. I am not myself.”

“Then who are you, gel, for if you don’t know, I’m sure I don’t either.”

Daphne laughed. “Some days I just don’t know. It should be enough that I know who and what I am—Daphne, a simple servant girl.”

“Humph!” the woman snorted. “Not so simple a girl, Princess of Croapolis.”

Daphne drew herself up, jaw firming. “I no longer have a right to that title, Mother. Another rules in my father’s stead.”

“So what? Once the daughter of a King...always the daughter of a King. You were born a Princess and your people need you. Do you mean to toss all that into the sand?”

“I have no people. I am powerless here.”

“Is one who can command the loyalty of servants and townsfolk ever really powerless? I think not.”

Daphne took a closer look at the woman. Everything about her was nondescript. Pale face,

pale hair, wrinkled of skin and old. Yet her eyes...her eyes burned with a light and power she'd not seen in...

*When had she seen those blue-green eyes?*

"Who are you, if I may ask?" Daphne attempted a smile that fell flat as the woman swept the sand from the rock and sat beside her.

"Who *I* am...? That is unimportant, child. Tell me more of this cousin, Ordana."

Daphne shrugged, determined not to say an unkind word of her relative. "There is not much to tell. Princess Ordana is newly come to her powers. Perhaps her heart will soften when she gets over the novelty of her position."

"Was she not raised noble...as a kore of royal birth?" those sharp eyes drilled her, demanded the truth without evasion.

"She was." Daphne refused to be drawn. "Yet, her father traveled extensively. There was no one at home to teach her better manners."

The old woman cocked her head, her steely gaze trying to see to her soul. Daphne stirred, grown uncomfortable under the gimlet stare. Deciding to change the subject, she smiled at the old crone.

"Enough of my woes, for now," she stated. "Are you hungry, old mother? You look starved."

The crone tilted her head, a roguish smile spreading her thin lips. "Well, you cannot say the same. Just look at the curves on you—large breasted and wide hipped..." the old mother grinned. "You'll have easy rides and even easier birthings," she cackled.

With a sense of hurt, Daphne tried to ignore her words. Others ridiculed and called her a fat sow so often; she couldn't understand why it still bothered her. Now she laughed with the old one, refusing to take offense.

"It is the Gods' truth, mother, no matter how much I try to lose these excess curves, they cling to me. I can starve a week, yet this body barely changes." She ran a disparaging hand down her hourglass silhouette. "Father used to say I was built for the lean times, like my mother. He loved our forms."

"Aye, you've the look of your dear mother. The young Queen worshipped the sea all her life. Many were the times I spied her full-hipped body playing in the surf—her blue eyes alight with awe and joy. Like you, her hair was pale gold and long..." the crone shook her head, a

frown marring her gentle features. A disgusted look accompanied her last words. “Unlike you, your mother’s curls brushed her heels.”

Daphne lifted a shamed hand to her short bob. “It’s growing out,” she whispered, still distressed at the loss of her treasured tresses. “Soon it will be back to normal.”

The wrinkled face skewed up. Twisting her stringy neck, she spat to the side, a snarl escaping her dry lips. “The work of your cousin, I suppose, and no one to stop her foolishness.”

“It’s just hair, mother. It could have been worse.”

“No, it couldn’t, kore. Short hair is the sign of a whore. I’ll wager you’ve not yet traveled that road. Am I wrong? Have you made sacrifice at Aphrodite’s alter?”

“I...I don’t think so, ma’am...but there was one afternoon...” she stilled, gazing into the distance, straining her brain to recall an elusive memory.

*I remember wet heat, smoldering joy, hard, thick arousals, and shattered relaxation...peace...*

She shook her head, shook off the momentary vagueness. “Shouldn’t I remember doing something so momentous?”

The crone nodded in agreement. “One would think so, certainly. Unless one was marked by the Gods...”

Daphne swallowed. She’d heard those words somewhere, somewhen. If only she could recall...

The old one waved her wizened hand before Daphne’s face, snapping her out of her absorbed thoughts. “Never mind that for now, kore. I must be leaving.”

Daphne jumped up. “Oh, but you never answered about the food. If you wish, I will sneak my dinner from the palace for you. It shouldn’t take me long to return. I know a short-cut.”

The woman stood, her silvery laugh tinkling with amusement. “Foolish kore, I have no need of mortal food when I feast on nectar and ambrosia.”

Shaking off her old thola, she revealed, beneath the rags, a shining robe rippling with light about her suddenly supple body.

“Goddess, forgive...!” Breath evaporated in horror, Daphne fell to her knees, abjectly shocked at how she’d spoken so insolently to one of the High Ones.

Bending, the shining one placed a kiss upon her forehead. “You are a fitting vessel, Princess Daphne. Fret not. All will be well.”

With a regal nod, the Goddess waved her hand and disappeared from Daphne's bemused sight.

Standing, Daphne raised her hand and shielded her eyes from the glare of the midday sun. Uncertain what had just happened, she frowned into the sky, trying to gain another glimpse of the departed Goddess.

Whom had she been with...? A Goddess, for certain, yet...which one? And what had she wanted?

*Dear Journal:*

*Today, I met a Goddess in disguise. I didn't recognize her and I'm not sure what she wanted. She asked me many questions I didn't know how to answer, leaving me with many of my own questions. After our visit, I am certain of only one thing. The Gods may know everything, but I know nothing...*

## CHAPTER SIX

A few days after her visit with the Goddess, Daphne again stood on the beach. This time, she served fancy bits of seafood and other glamorous treats to the favored few of Ordana's panderers.

They'd accompanied the royal family to the seashore palace in hopes of witnessing the latest scandal and had journeyed right into the fiery heat of Apollo's daily chariot ride. The region about Croapolis was famous for its clear, blazing hot summer days.

The scorching breath of Apollo's horses bathed each day in shimmering waves of heat that rose from the paved roads, drenching everyone abroad in sun-dappled sweat, driving them to the beaches in search of the cooling powers of the Aegean waves.

Ordana held court beach-side, looking lovely as usual, her soft cruel voice dripping poisoned lies designed to show her in a heavenly light, while disparaging those not in her favor. The sycophants surrounding her hastened to agree with her every pronouncement, knowing she'd not spare their lives or their reputations, should they ever find the courage to disagree with her.

The fashions of the day made the most of her best features. Her chiffon dress, crafted in the one-shouldered style, exposed one perfect breast. The hennaed nipple stood pert and distended, its red color permanently etched into her skin. Whenever the Princess deigned to favor a male, she rewarded him by feeding her teat into his mouth and allowing him to suckle at her naked chest, his performance judged by the exacting ruler of her strict, selfish demands and the critical stares of his peers.

The court ladies received the same privileges, Ordana being an ardent acolyte of Sappho. In fact, Daphne believed her cousin preferred women to the men. She never squealed so loudly when a male rooted at her teats.

Fifteen or so nobles lazed about on the warm sands, shaded by great fans made from the tensile reeds that grew in abundance along the sand dunes. Constantly kept in motion by servants, their thinly shielded bodies glistening with sweat, the fans created a warm, balmy breeze.

Head down, eyes lowered, Daphne moved cautiously through the throng, offering cooling drinks and fetching food as ordered.

The arrival of the King surprised them all. His entourage kept pace with him, the guards



bringing up the rear, their leader in the lead.

Ordana pushed the suckling male from her, twitching her thola back in place. Lifting a languid hand, she offered it to her father, who bent low and took her mouth for an un-fatherly greeting. “My lord, you did not inform me of your coming. I would have made ready...”

King Menaeos cast a fumigating glance at the blushing male who turned to hide his rampant erection. “Yes, I can see you have others *up* to their usual tricks.

Ordana stroked the back of her father’s hand as she purred, “Surely you are not jealous, my lord. No one can possibly be closer than you and I, dear Father.”

Sickness stirred in Daphne’s belly as she witnessed the lurid display between her relatives. She fought the urge to gag as she saw her uncle’s rod tent his gown in response to Ordana’s words and actions.

*Gods above, tell me I am mistaken. Does their wickedness know no end? Great Hera, tell me this incestuous relationship is a figment of my perverted imagination...*

After an inordinate passing of time, Menaeos released his daughter’s hand and stepped back. With a dramatic gesture, he clapped his hands, demanding attention.

“Great news, my people...,” he shouted. “Word has come from the Gods!”

Standing on the fringes of the crowd, Daphne watched the theatrics. The people’s reaction couldn’t have been more excited. Sighs of relief swept through those in attendance.

Though saddened for them, Daphne was glad her uncle had not chosen to balk at the Gods’ command and put her beloved city at risk. Word had leaked of the curse on the royal family and all knew Croapolis lay under edict of the Gods. If Ordana’s sacrifice did not take place as ordered, Poseidon would loose the Krakens to destroy and pillage. Innocents would die.

“Yes, my children, you are safe, for Daphne, daughter of the King, shall be chained to the rock as the sun rises tomorrow morning!”

Shocked beyond speech, Daphne stood frozen—a deer startled into stillness by the hunters. “No.” Her head moved side-to-side, eyes wide and staring in a face frozen in disbelief. “Uncle, you cannot do this... Think of our people.”

The King sneered. “I am thinking of them. Do your duty, whore and die for them like a good Princess.”

“You do not seek to honor the Gods, but to slip your unnatural daughter out of the noose you’ve fashioned for her! I will not take her place.”

Ordana rose from her couch and sashayed over to her cousin. Leaning close, she whispered in her ear, her voice at its most bittersweet and poisonous, “Oh, but you will, Daphne. You’ll present your naked body to the sharp teeth of the Kraken to keep your precious city from burning, to avoid the trampling of the village children. And do you know why...?” Her eyes went vicious as they gazed into Daphne’s wide unseeing eyes. “Because you’re their savior-Princess, and you know no one else is on their side.”

Ordana stepped closer, moved in close enough for her breath to brush against Daphne’s lips, she planted a kiss against her cousin’s slack lips. Her tongue dipped inside for a quick taste.

Gagging, her stomach turning at the spicy scent of cloves layered over, but not masking the darker miasma of Ordana’s foul breath, Daphne took an unsteady step back. Drawing her right arm back, she brought her hand around with as much force as she could muster, slapping the Princess across the face.

“You will keep your unclean lips and every other part of your disgusting body away from mine!” she shouted, driven beyond control and halfway to madness. Breasts heaving, she stood with her fists balled at her side, fighting desperately to control her urge to fly at her cousin and hit her again and again and again...

Tongue sliding out to touch the corner of her mouth, where a bead of red liquid dotted her lip, Ordana licked her lips, smiling with oily sweetness. “You are magnificent when you’re angry. I think I would have enjoyed taming you. What a pity you and I won’t have time to explore this intriguing development,” she murmured. Her brows came together in a petulant frown and she tapped a fingertip to the tip of her chin. “Now, why didn’t I think of this possibility before...?”

“Thank the Gods you didn’t.” Daphne spat, her spittle landing on the ground inches from Ordana’s feet. “I’d rather face the Kraken.”

“Mhmm, and so you shall, sweet cousin,” Ordana giggled. Turning to face the King, she called, “See Father, everything is working out just fine!”

The smile faded from her face as she turned back to Daphne. “Guards, take her!”

Too late, Daphne turned and sprinted toward the waves, calling on Poseidon to come to her aid. The guards braved the churning tide to capture her, snagging her flailing arms and thrashing feet, subduing her with a minimum of force.

“Please, Princess,” the leader begged, “please do not fight us. We don’t wish to hurt you, but

we must obey the King. He will kill our families.”

Their pained pleas stopped Daphne’s wild gyrations. Stilling, she settled her feet, steadying her stance in the billowing surf. “Very well, I will accompany you without protest.”

One guard reached for her.

“No!” Daphne pulled her arm out of his grasp and turned a determined glance on the leader. “If I must die for you, you will grant me the honor due my sacrifice. Do not touch me. Has not the King declared I am a Princess of Croapolis?”

“Move back, men.” The lead guard bowed to Daphne, his arm gestured toward the shore. “Allow us to escort you back to shore, mistress.”

Anger distorted Ordana’s features as she watched her cousin move with stately grace between the phalanxes of soldiers. Smirking, she called out, “The dawn and the Krakens await you, Princess. While the Krakens feast on you, I’ll be feasting on...” Her eyelashes drooped to half-mast, giving her narrow features a slumberous cast as she slid a sly sideways glance over to where the King stood posturing for his audience.

“Truly, you are beyond redemption. You do not even wish it,” Daphne murmured, gazing at her cousin in sorrow. “Perhaps our blood is tainted, for I did not know the seeds of such unreasoning anger slept within me. If the Gods are just, they will cleanse Croapolis with the spilling of our blood, wiping out the stain of our dishonor.”

“Do you know how sick I am of hearing about honor?” Not waiting for an answer, Ordana gestured at the guards to remove their prisoner. “If she opens her mouth to preach again...gag her. Ordinarily, I’d say kill her, but we’ll leave that for the krakens.” She giggled. “Tomorrow morning should be fun!”

*Dear Journal:*

*Risking much, a servant slipped me this journal, for which I thanked him profusely. If I could not spill my heart within these pages, I should go mad.*

*Today, I, along with the rest of Croapolis, listened in shock as the King proclaimed my life forfeit for crimes against the Gods. He claimed the decree I heard the messenger give him alludes to me—the daughter of the late King. “Once a daughter of the King, always a daughter of the King,” he decreed. Saying it, it instantly became law, for such is the way of Croapolis. That easily was my former position returned to me, but for such a nefarious purpose...*

*Too late, I discovered how my wicked uncle and cousin plan to use me. I shall never know how I gathered the courage, but I stood proudly, declaring my innocence, calling on all who witnessed to demand he produce those who made scurrilous claims against my honor. None heeded my words, only watched—some in fear, others in sympathy—while the guards chased and arrested me, escorted me to these dungeons.*

*Isn't it enough that I've lived, since my father's death, in the palace—my own home—as a lowly servant, forced to pander slavishly to Ordana's every slightest wish? All this and more, I endured without murmur, but this newest plot, my uncle's plan to sacrifice me to Poseidon, God of the Oceans—this I cannot endure. I will not allow that...that...cretin to chain me to The Sea Rock in place of Ordana, that spoiled brat!*

*Who is there to stop this injustice and champion my cause? Whom am I fooling...? There is no one to aid me, except myself. I will leave before dawn breaks and the time comes for them to drag me to The Sea Rock.*

*They forget I know this palace better than they ever will. Besides me, only a handful of loyal servants know the secret way from this dungeon. There is a path leading to the abandoned sea caves. I shall take Terena with me and hide there until things grow calm. Once they cease looking for us, we shall make our way to Delphi and petition the Gods for sanctuary.*

*This written missive I'll leave with the servants in case I do not survive, in hopes my poor scribbles will help expose the King's perfidy. Surely, once the truth is revealed, someone will avenge my death...if not a mortal, then the Gods, themselves. I pray the furies are keeping watch. They do not take lightly attempts to foil their expressed will.*

## CHAPTER SEVEN

The leader of the guard held perfectly still in the aftermath of the King's anger and the Princess's tantrum that had ended in a surprisingly strong slap. "I repeat, your majesty, the cell was guarded at all times. No one came. We allowed no visitors. The cell must be part of the old secret escape route."

The King bellowed, "Why wasn't I informed of this? What other matters have been hidden from me?"

"No one could inform you of this, for it's a secret kept between the royal family and a select trusted few servants."

"You are useless!" Ordana snarled at the guard. "Get out before I have you beheaded."

The guard rose from his knees. As he sheathed his sword, he thought the royal couple had finally run insane. No thinking liege would humiliate the man that led his troops. Bowing stiffly, knowing it was the last time he'd do so, the guard marched from the audience chamber, his feet taking him directly to the barracks.

As soon as the doors slammed behind him, he called his men together. The last man entered and barred the door, turning to give a nod to his leader.

"I won't mince my words. We've served together for many years. We found a cushy berth here, under King Erestes, but those good times are long gone." He paused, giving each man a chance to take in what he'd said. Their silent nods told him his men agreed with him so far.

He no longer cared that his next words would be treasonable and punishable only with death. He was smart enough to know that, after this morning's session, his death had been a matter of fact.

"I don't know about you, but I grow disgusted with this pox-ridden King who thinks to parade his filthy whore of a daughter in the place of our rightful Princess. I'm leaving. All who would come with me, you'd better pack quickly. I've a feeling things are about to go to the river Styx around here..."

\* \* \* \*

"Well, what are you going to do now you've let that bitch get away?"

"I let her get away...?" Menaeos sputtered, glaring at his daughter, his anger at losing his hated niece spilling over to the only target present. His voice grown petulant, he asked, "What

would you have me do, Ordana, dearest...chain *you* in her place?"

"Don't even think about it."

Ordana sidled over to her father, running her hands over his shoulders and down his arms. She gripped his hands, held them out as she stepped into his embrace, using her own to guide his arms around her back. Snuggling up against her sire, she rubbed her head against his chest at heart level, her pelvis, below. "If you want to chain me, Father, there's a perfectly comfortable bed in my chambers...with posts almost as big as this." Her hand squeezed the stiff rod rearing between them.

"By the Gods, woman, we are in deep trouble here and all you can think about are your appetites." With a harsh curse, Menaeos released his daughter and pushed her away. She fell to the floor and stayed there, letting her robes drop off her shoulder to reveal her breasts, brown tips swollen and tight.

A snarl twisted Ordana's features. A moment later, she let her face smooth into a slumberous mask. "That's all you taught me to think about, sire." With a lithe twist, she gained her feet. With a shrug, she lost her robes to stand naked before her father.

Hands rising to her breasts, she palmed the small, perfectly formed mounds, pinching and twisting her nipples until they jutted stiff and erect from her chest.

Spittle dripped from the King's slack lips as he watched his daughter play with herself. "Touch your pussy for me," he rasped, reaching down to jerk on his penis through his robes.

Obedient in this because it pleased her to be, Ordana swept a languid path through the pouty lips of her cunt, slicking her juices through the dense patch of pubic hair. "This is the only Goddess you need attend to."

Slowly swaying her hips in a languid dance of seduction, she parted her labia so he could see the pink heart of her. "Let the world perish while we burn with Olympian fire." Top lip curled up in a haughty sneer, she tilted her hips and humped them toward her father.

"Haven't you learned yet that we are rulers of all we survey? What can a phantom Poseidon do to us, after all?"

As always, Menaeos gave way to the pull of her dark temptations. With a greedy moan, he dropped to his knees and crawled over to kneel in front of his commanding daughter, aware that he was but a figurehead. This wild and untamable hoyden had turned the tables on him years ago. She ruled him with a velvet fist—a wet, slick fist that sheathed his rod better than any

other—with the illicit lure of her forbidden sex.

Just as he gripped her thighs, dragging her toward him, bringing his hungry mouth to her dripping sex, the sun rose over the Aegean, casting its soft glow upon the empty Sea Rock.

*Dear Journal:*

*We were five days in the caves, when Terena decided to slip out under cover of darkness to determine if the time was right for us to make our way out of the district.*

*She's been gone two days, causing my heart to clench with fear. I pray fervently that nothing has occurred, that she is safe--not because her capture would inconvenience me, but because the older woman has become a close friend.*

*How could I ever forget her sacrifices for me? The dangers she's faced. Terena has given up much for me. She has clung to my side through the years, isolating herself from the other servants—constantly by my side since before my father's death.*

*Other servants and nobles may wish me well from afar and would further my cause as long as there is no possibility of danger to them and theirs, but they lack the courage to openly declare themselves on my side.*

*In contrast, Terena's family has always served our house-- each generation always proven faithful--no matter what. Over and over, she's earned her place in my affections.*

*I love her, and no longer see the unfortunate cast of her dark features, split by the ragged scar that slashes across her once beautiful face. I have determined to see her only as she once was, before Ordana punished her loyalty to me...*

*Terena's family once hailed from Crete and their dark coloration easily stood out from the Hellenic fairness of most of the natives of Croapolis. Her eyes, like her mother's before, are a deep black, fringed with thick curling lashes. Kinky hair clings to her wide face, cheekbones—sharp and angular—separates her broad forehead and the wide nose. Full, thick lips, naturally red and full, in need of no bee-sting, bear brackets that attest to their tendency to curl upward in mirth. Once her form and figure was like mine—overly lush and full—until Ordana's debauched nobles cornered her and took what she would not give. Unlike me, Terena's pounds melted away as she refused all nourishment for a time, wishing to die. Only my reminder that if she died, she left me to face my enemies alone rallied her to life. However, she never regained her pounds or her joy.*

*If she doesn't return soon, I'll have to go searching for her...*



## CHAPTER EIGHT

The sharp sound of rocks sliding against sand brought Daphne to her feet, edging back from the fire to blend into the shadows at the far end of the cave. Holding her breath, she waited, heart pounding in her chest above a fear-hollowed belly.

The patter of footsteps came closer, slowed and faltered as if the walker crept uncertain of their goal.

She closed her eyes and breathed softly through her open mouth, breath sounding loud in her ears. Had they found her? Wouldn't Terena have called out by now?

Just as the dark and the silence pressing in on her grew to unbearable levels, a soft whisper reached her.

"My lady...?"

"Oh, Terena, thank the Gods!" Daphne cried, rushing out of the darkness with arms outstretched, tears blinding her, making her stumble. "I am so glad to see you safe!"

The darker woman returned the frantic girl's hug, pulling back to peer around at the cave. "Why do you sound so worried, Princess? I was only gone three days and left plenty of food and water for you."

Daphne's brought her fingers up and dashed away the tears wetting her cheeks. With a shamefaced grin, she hugged her servant and friend again. "What do I care for food and water? I was worried about you. How many days does it take to get the lay of the land in this small town, anyway? My worry turned to fear when you didn't come back yesterday."

No smile graced Terena's face. "The news is not good, highness."

"Tell me."

"The krakens came ashore the first day. They left carnage and destruction in their wake. The townspeople are shivering in real fear, huddled in their homes like frightened children."

Her facial expression hardened as she continued giving her report. "The palace force has deserted the town. There is no one to protect the commoners. The fishermen refuse to put out to sea for fear the God will send a storm upon them or allow the kraken to devour them."

"The King and Princess...? What actions have they taken to aid the people?"

Terena looked upon Daphne as if she had three heads. Disbelief raised her voice in volume. "You, of all people know the answer to that. They sit up at the palace, pretending nothing is

wrong, whoring and carousing and eating up all the emergency stores.”

Slumping after her tirade, Terena sank to the sandy floor of the cave, stretching her legs out toward the fire. The caves grew cold of an evening. Leaning back against the rugged stone of the wall, she rolled her head to look up at the Princess. Her lips opened on a tired sigh. “For the last three days, terror and destruction has ruled in Croapolis. I stayed an extra day to creep out past the western boundary, far enough away from the kraken’s established route, to catch a glimpse of the monsters.”

Daphne clasped her hands at her breast, filled with dread. “And did you...? See them...?”

“Aye, though I wish I hadn’t. The sight shall never leave my thoughts.” The woman shifted, patted the sand at her side. When the Princess dropped down and curled close, she put an arm around the younger woman and gave a friendly squeeze. “You’re not going to like what comes next. Knowing your tender heart, I wanted you down here so you won’t fall when you hear the rest.”

Daphne swallowed, belly tight and uneasy with nerves. “I guess I knew that, but I need to hear everything, Terena. Tell me what you saw.”

“It was horrible. They were horrible. Three monsters broke shore at The Sea Rock and stared up at the platform. When they saw it was empty, a howl went up that sent shivers down my spine.” She glanced over at her charge. “I’m surprised you didn’t hear it even here.”

“I was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion by dawn, having stayed up the night waiting on your return. Go on with your story.”

“One wouldn’t think they could come out of the water, being sea serpents and all, but they slithered out like giant snakes, eyes glowing and fangs extended. They were over two houses height tall and had two sets of arms—one set long and supple, the other thick and muscled—that were in constant use. They left nothing standing once they passed...nothing. Men, women and children—none were safe. The marketplace no longer exists...” Terena stopped, shaking her head. Tears fell from her eyes and she put her head in her hands and sobbed. Rocking back and forth, she wailed at all the misery she had witnessed in the aftermath of the krakens trail of blood and bodies.

“Those beasts were sent by the Gods, just punishments for what we of Croapolis have allowed to desecrate our land. The true monsters sit in bloated splendor in a castle that should be yours!”

Daphne wrapped her arm around her friend and rocked with her, whispering soothing words of calm. “Hush, now, hush. What could you, a kore, do to stop them?”

Terena stopped crying and stared into her mistress’ face, her own fierce with emotion. “The townspeople and I could have tried. We should have done *something*. We vastly outnumber two evil people, but let our fear rule our hearts. We are all guilty of hubris.”

Folding her arms about her torso as a chill raced down her spine, Daphne sat regarding the sobbing woman with resignation growing within her. “If you really believe what you say, then I, more than any, am the guilty one.”

That stopped Terena’s tears. “I knew you would think such, and it just isn’t so. You could have left here years ago. The secret passageway was always there, and they rarely allowed you to travel with them when they wintered at Acropolis. I know you stayed to do what you could for the commoners. They know it, too. That is why they expressly told me to beg you not to give yourself up.”

“But I must. It is clear the kraken will return every day until there is a sacrifice at The Sea Rock. We both know Ordana will allow Croapolis to fall into the sea before she takes her rightful place there.”

Terena slitted her eyes, tone harsh as she declared, “That barracuda needs gutting!”

Daphne ignored her outburst, sunk in deep introspection, her face wreathed in silent tears.

*How can I claim to be Princess over these helpless people when I huddle in fear instead of facing the monsters for them? Isn’t that what being royal, being a good overlord is all about? How could I have become so selfish with my life that I cling to it when the townspeople die daily? Poseidon help me and forgive me...I have failed my people and my duty...but no more!*

“I’m going back.”

“No!” Terena scrambled on her knees over to the Princess. “What by Zeus’ headache do you think you can gain but your death?”

“I’ll stop the krakens from killing anyone else. Cease, Terena!” Daphne ordered, voice gone hard and determined. “I’ll hear no more. Should everyone die for me? *Everyone*...including innocent babes? Where does the cost stop? The Gods were not precise in their wording. I am a daughter of a King. In this, my uncle is correct. It is time I started acting like one.”

“Oh, sweet Borealis, why did I know you would react this way!” Terena stood and dusted her hands, looking about the cave for their meager supplies. With an angry glance at her

companion she said, "I suppose you'll want us to leave now to get back into your cell before dawn."

"I am going alone."

Terena never stopped gathering their things. "Not by Prometheus' liver!" She turned on her charge, the flickering light of the fire pit revealing the tears gleaming wetly like a shimmering curtain drawn across the surface of her eyes. "I won't hear another word about this. You will...*not* go..." her breath hitched as the tears broke free and fell like silver rain down her dark cheeks "...into that...vipers' den...alone!"

Daphne's smile curved her lips in a gentle bow. "You sound like *you're* the Princess, giving commands."

"I wish to the Gods I *were*!" Her chin wobbled. "Because I'd rather die myself than see you go that way. I'd give anything...*anything*," she bit out between clenched teeth, "not to have to see you on that rock—and I know I'll have to. You won't quit until they chain you up there. Why do you have to be such a damned hard-headed...honorable *bitch*?"

Shock held Daphne stock still for a moment. She'd never heard Terena use such language or lose her composure to such a degree—not even in the aftermath of enduring the rape ordered by Ordana. As she realized the depths of her servant's love, saw just how much the woman cared for her, Daphne burst into tears and threw herself into her friend's arms.

"Oh, Terena I am frightened to death to do this!" She cried, clinging to her only friend in the world. "You would do the same, and you know it. My honor is but a reflection of your own. You have been my teacher and friend all my days—my replacement mother. I know I've asked much of you through the years. I only ask this one thing more... See me through this next day..."

Terena enfolded the sobbing Princess in her arms, hugging her as they cried together for a long time. Finally, Terena dropped her arms and stepped back. Lifting the hem of her garment, she used it to wipe her tears and blow her nose. Daphne did the same, then muttered, "Look at us, getting all emotional."

Terena nodded solemnly. "You're entitled, I guess. It's not everyday you lay down your life..."

Daphne shook an admonishing finger. "Don't you dare start that again. You'll have me crying once more," she warned voice still cracking. "Just...remain my friend. Support my decision without argument, this night."

Terena turned away to finish gathering up their things. “Don’t worry. I’ll be there for you, my Princess...this next day and beyond.”

*Dear Journal:*

*The journey back was easier than the leaving. The palace seemed deserted, but for the candlelight sputtering at the windows of the highest rooms. The guardroom was bare and deserted; all the cell doors hung open and skewed on their hinges. The place stank from unfreshened rushes, fouled by the stools of the goats that had gotten in and not been chased away. Overall, it looked to me as if the courtyard and outlying buildings had been empty for at least the last week.*

*After much searching, Terena found an upper steward and sent him to report our return. He ran down first, making sure I was truly there, too fearful of looking a fool should he tell the King I’d returned only for them to find an empty cell. Gaping like a fish, he bobbed up and down several times, caught up my hands in his and kissed them over and over, his facial expressions shifting between horrified delight and grateful unbelief, as if he felt both and couldn’t decide on which emotion was uppermost. He finally settled on resigned sadness. “Oh, Princess, many in the town said you’d not desert us,” he whispered as he turned to go alert the King. I almost didn’t hear his last words, so quietly he spoke them. “Curse me for being selfish enough to be glad you did not.”*

*I remembered he had two sons with children living in the village and wondered if any of his family had been in the path of the carnage...*

*I shall not write within these pages again. Terena takes it in trust. My life has been short, and in the years following my father’s death, filled with one after another dark suffering ache. I don’t wish to die, but if my people perish, there would be nothing to live for.*

## CHAPTER NINE

The pre-dawn wind was chill for late spring. Shivering with more than the cold, dressed only in her hair, Daphne braced her knees together to stop them from shaking.

Shamed embarrassment washed her flesh in pink heat as she wished her hair longer...longed for length enough to cover her blushing breasts and rounded tummy, not to mention the bushy mound of her sex. By the Gods, everyone could see she was a natural blond.

*Would it mess up some eternal plan if I could present a slim form and regal dignity as I bravely prepare for my death?* She mused whimsically, *instead of this unfashionably fat figure on view for all the gawking masses.*

At once feeling ashamed for thinking such unworthy thoughts, Daphne looked up from watching the people watch her and turned her face toward the sea. Calm came over her as she gazed toward the horizon over which the sun would rise--the direction from which the kraken made their daily appearance.

Bound to The Sea Rock by chains about her chest, waist and thighs, arms held out at her sides by taut bands of rope, as if she opened them in welcome to her fate, Daphne faced east, the direction of the rising sun.

Not yet true dawn, the sky was beginning to lighten, a pale gold haze kissing the tops of the far islands. Apollo, in his fiery chariot, was coming to witness her sacrifice. Dawn was upon her.

The realization of how quickly her death approached squelched any levity Daphne might have felt. Fear swamped her, damped the palms of her outstretched hands, hollowed out the innards of her belly, and made her feel as if she was falling from a great height that had no bottom.

Needing reassurance, she glanced back down, looking for a familiar face in the crowd. She had to blink twice to clear her vision from the mist of her tears. Surely, Terena would not have deserted her, not today of all days... Getting a grip, Daphne sniffed back new tears and admonished herself that she was being silly.

Terena had promised, and Daphne trusted her. She had faith Terena was there, somewhere, but she was a wanted woman. She risked arrest if she showed herself in the open. She refused to let herself feel let down just because she didn't see her friend immediately.

Now that she paid attention, she could see the crowd divided in a strange manner. The

majority of the onlookers were the townspeople, who had the largest stake in the events taking place this portentous morning, and they stood far away from the small royal party that breakfasted on the shore while they awaited the coming show.

The larger group didn't rejoice, but stood silent or with hands up, offering prayers to the Gods, tears openly raining down their sad faces. They clumped around a center, and squinting, Daphne saw Terena was their focal point. When she raised a hand and saluted her Princess, peace came upon Daphne and her fear fell away.

She could do this. For the people on the shore, for Terena and for the honor of a once great family name, she *wanted* to do this. Turning her gaze back to the sea, she lifted her head and raised her voice in a pean of praise.

"Great Poseidon, hear me! I am Daphne Eresteou, Princess of Croapolis and your faithful kore! O, God, I have failed you and the people you gave into my keeping. Forgive me and accept the humble sacrifice of my life. I give it willingly. I give it gladly, if by giving it my blood will wash away the guilt of Croapolis. Father and nurturer, turn back to your children who need you. Be not angry with us anymore!"

Her body strained against the chains as if she would throw herself into the waves. "O great lord of the Oceans, if I could, I would dance to you through the waves! Hurry and send your children, the krakens, while my sacrifice is eager, for I do not wish it sullied by fear!"

As Daphne's impassioned words still rang upon the still air, the sun burst in all its glory over the rim of the world. Wanting a better view, Apollo aimed beams of golden light down to bath Daphne's upturned face. Liking what he saw, he waved, and light fell in streams of glory around her body, cocooning her in a rainbow halo effect.

Her naked goose bumped flesh welcomed the rising heat. Wrapped in heavenly warmth, she basked in the utter calm of true acceptance. Not even the sudden cries of those watching alerted her to the events unfolding before her.

## CHAPTER TEN

On Mount Olympus, Zeus left his throne to join his uncle—one of only two titans he allowed to live free—at the scrying fountain. “What has you so occupied this morning?”

Poseidon stood staring down into the still water, thick white eyebrows twitched into a fierce frown. “My boys are up to something.”

Zeus gazed at the lovely woman singing an impromptu song of praise to Poseidon, a bolt of jealousy piercing his heart. The human, curved and full-bodied—made just the way he liked them—drew his lust, but he knew better than to try to wrest a worshipper from his old-fashioned uncle. “She’s beautiful and obviously yours. Will you go down and take her?”

Poseidon shook his head. “I believe Plador, Polyphemus and Porimus have staked a prior claim. Look there,” he motioned toward where the calm water pictured three krakens swimming determinedly toward the female sacrifice.

Zeus raised an admiring eyebrow at his young cousins. “Fine looking boys, you’ve got. You knew about this?”

“Somebody did.” He raised an eyebrow and wiggled his naked ring finger. Clerys. “I do, now. The kore’s song drew my attention.”

The leader of the Gods leaned his elbows on the rim of the fountain, eyes trained on actions taking place in the mirror-like water. Slanting a sparkling gaze at the older God he queried, “This is obviously not a standard devouring, huh...? One can see the mortal’s innocence shining in a nimbus about her.”

“No, not standard, though it was meant to be. She’s not the guilty one, as you said. I planned to stop this seeming injustice until I noticed the boys heading in. She’ll face a very different devouring now. Knowing Plador, Polyphemus and Porimus, I suspect they will make of her a fitting sacrifice.” Poseidon sighed as he gazed on his sons. “They’ve reached their maturity right under my nose. You know, I didn’t notice the eons passing.”

Zeus chuckled. “Does one ever? One millennium, they’re toddling about getting into everything, playing marbles with Galaxies, the next they’re setting up their nurseries...”

“They’re the last of my babies,” Poseidon mourned.

“Ah, stop stressing, Unk.” Zeus slapped the other God on the shoulder. “Clerys is only a few thousand years young. That witch’s got plenty babies in her. What you need to do is fuck her



more often, make a plethora of sons to keep her busy. I never liked that limiting agreement she tricked you into signing. No wife should be able to dictate how often her lord tosses her heels up.” Zeus looked around and spotted Hermes. “Make a note, boy: As leader of the Gods I declare Clerys’ charter null and void.”

Poseidon brightened up. “It has been a few eons, at that. She owes me another fucking, even without your helpful edict. I believe I’ll give her *six* pups this time. Keep her too busy to be angry.”

“That’s a great idea, Uncle. Meanwhile...,” Mighty Zeus gestured two chairs into appearance. “Have a seat and get comfortable. I love a good *devouring*...always gets the juices flowing, if you know what I mean.”

He wagged his eyebrows. “Hermes, bring wine...plenty of it!” Turning to his uncle, the head God asked, “What do you bet they present her to us, requesting permission to raise her to deity?”

Poseidon tousled the curls of the tow-headed Hermes, Apollo’s son, as he accepted a cup of ambrosia. Glancing over at Zeus, he smiled as he sank down on the curved mini-throne placed close by the scrying fountain. “I don’t make bets I can’t win, boy. I know those three too well. Besides, she’s been too faithful for them to play fast and loose with.”

“Do you really think she can handle all three of them?”

Poseidon shrugged. “*They* obviously do.”

Zeus shifted in his seat. “Doesn’t your youngest kid, Porimus, have a cruel sexual streak in him? How far will you let him go?”

“I believe his brothers will hold him in check. After all, they plan to marry her and they know Porimus is hung like a fucking Minotaur. He’ll barely fit in her cunt. If he tries his usual tricks while she remains mortal, his cock will rip her anus apart.” Poseidon relaxed back in his seat, took another sip of his potent drink. “No, I’m sure Plador and Poly will make Porimus play nice until her body is capable of withstanding his exotic brand of energetic fucking.”

A hearty laugh rumbled in Zeus’ chest, broke free and rang across Olympus.

*In China, the last dragon rallied from its death-throes to father another generation of the venerable beasts.*

*A hurricane stalled off the coast of Japan long enough for a man to climax inside his favorite geisha, seeding the first of a dynastic era.*

*A child, playing at the mouth of Mount Vesuvius, tossed a large rock down the opening. It lodged in a tiny fissure, causing the volcano to slumber on, banking its deadly fires for another century.*

When mighty Zeus smiled, all was right in the world.

“What a politic way of describing that young butt buster! Those who swing that way, tell me he gives a magnificent fuck.”

The longer Zeus looked, the more the girl’s lush form appealed. Licking his lips, the God squirmed in his seat. He adjusted his robes, draping a fold over his stiffening cock. He hadn’t had a good slum fuck for eons, not since he’d lifted Europa’s tail and shagged the hell outta that heifer. Biting back a grin, Zeus recalling all his past mortal lovers. *Earth girls may not be easy, but by Hades, they are great fucks!*

“Uhm, about the boys marrying her... What are *your* wishes in this matter? Will you allow the union?” Zeus asked, hoping his uncle’s answer was yes. As a Goddess, they had eternity. She’d be available to him at a later date...a few thousand years or so, when a less angry Hera was distracted and the three boys sent away on business...

Poseidon turned his brooding gaze on his nephew, quirking a mocking brow. “Her subsequent elevation to deity rests in your hands, not mine.” Turning back to view the scene unfolding before them, he sighed. “As for the other...I don’t know. The mortal still has one more test to pass before I’ll approve her marriage to my sons.”

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

*Far out to sea, three massive serpentine heads broke the turbulent waves. Three sets of predatory eyes gazed toward The Sea Rock. Moments later, three giant bodies began swimming toward shore.*

*Chained to the sacrificial rock, the mortal's body hung limp between the metal fastenings, her muscles lax as if her thoughts floated away, mind drifting in nirvanic euphoria.*

*Zephyr, the wind God, flowed past and circled around, his interest caught by the light brown, upstanding tips of Daphne's plump breasts. The wind grew capricious, playful and naughty. Fingers of gusty wind furtively plucked at the thick little nubs, bringing them to pinpoint stiffness. A waft of warm air breezed about the golden curls between her thighs, eddies sending up fluffs of hair, revealing and playing about her tiny clit.*

*Forgetful of her audience, the girl moaned, rubbing her thighs together as best she could, restrained as she was by the great weight of the chains.*

*Angry roars sounded from the waters—the krakens announcing their dislike of any toying with their meal. The wind died down abruptly. The serpents' family connections were powerful enough to cause even a slippery God like himself, some difficulties. Deciding to take a more expedient route to Mount Olympus, Zephyr sped away, leaving behind calm seas.*

She could see them now; the huge monsters come to take her life. Still caught up in the rapture of pure surrender, she raised her voice again, singing praise to the power and grandeur of krakens.

“Poseidon saw the hearts of men, which they had turned from worshipping him. In his wisdom, he sent the krakens, fierce warriors, mighty sea serpents to sweep all clean before them. Their arms are strong to deal justice, their intent unmovable and incorruptible. See them split the waters with their sensuous bodies, their long and beautiful bodies covered in iridescent scales.”

Leaning as far out as her bonds would allow, Daphne offered herself to them, calling out, “Hurry to me, krakens! Hasten to the feast I offer gladly! Come and gorge on my flesh and drink me down. When you have dined, beg of your father forgiveness for me, my land, and my people.”

As she sang, the three great beasts arrived at the rock. Taller than the rock, they bent their heads to be level with the platform on which Daphne stood. This close to them, she saw every

detail of their fearsome forms and found herself strangely fearless.

Wide wedged heads, larger than her entire body, bristled with fearsome teeth. Their ears, an upstanding frilled flange standing up around their crowns, gave the monsters a horned look. Metallic scales of variegated greens, blues, and ocher covered their massive bodies, serving as protection as well as adornment.

*By the Gods, they are beautiful!*

She told them so, crooning to them as if they were tired children at their mother's lap and their massive bodies swayed before her, lulled by her song. In response, their throats emitted a low, thrumming bass note, setting off vibrations that traveled through the rocky outcrop, up her legs to pulsate in the deepest core of her woman's flesh.

Daphne's song stuttered and came to a gasping halt as her body twisted under the unnerving stimulus. Immediately, the spell was broken.

The three beasts reared back their hoary heads, roaring their displeasure to the lightening sky. One serpent swung its head lower, fixing its gimlet stare on Daphne. Under that relentless, almost sentient gaze, she felt her nakedness most keenly.

Fear returned, rushing in so swiftly she felt faint. Determined not to lose consciousness—or her resolve to face her death courageously—she ignored her beaded nipples and pebbled flesh to lift her head. Pulse grown thready and uneven, heart pounding strongly, Daphne chose to meet her fate head on...staring up and up and *up* into a blue-green, intently focused eye that was somehow familiar...

Her knees sagged. The only thing keeping her upright was the heavy loops of chains at chest, waist and hips. Daphne's jaw fell open in true shock as the memories of a certain afternoon came flooding back.

"My lords, the Gods are merciful!" Her cry held all the wondering disbelief of her joyous heart. "Poseidon, thank you for answered prayer. How could I fear anything at the hands of your sons?"

"Do you think we will not devour you, kore?" Plador stood before her, having shifted faster than her eye could track. He looked down at her, his expression stern and forbidding.

Daphne shook her head. "I know you always do the will of your father."

Polyphemus brushed her windswept hair back from her forehead with a gentle hand. "You willingly place your life in our hands?"

Porimus, still in serpent form, lowered his great head and opened his mouth, drawing close enough for his form to blur in her vision. His forked tongue snaked out, flickering over her nipples repeatedly, as if sampling the thick crests before readying to bite...

Was it dread that shook her frame...or something else, entirely? Hanging slack in her bonds, Daphne didn't know. Heat blossomed, its focal point the vulnerable fleshy tip under attack by the long, raspy tongue that twined about and tugged at her responsive flesh. In the end, this was all that mattered—the touch of their flesh on hers—welcome and glorious, despite it ending in her death.

“I do.”

“I do!”

*“I DO!”*

Her first answer was a whisper, her last a shout, and Porimus was there, his corded arms about her, mouth covering hers to drink it from her lips. “Good girl!”

## CHAPTER TWELVE

“Do not doubt that we will, indeed, devour you, kore.”

Daphne moaned, incapable of responding to Plador’s warning while Porimus’ tongue claimed and conquered her mouth. It still felt forked, both tips sliding against her teeth before plunging so deep it lodged in the back of her throat.

She was in heaven.

“Porimus, cease! Do not seek to take the elder’s role.” Plador’s voice thundered by her ear, the note of anger so startling and unaccustomed, it drew her out of the thrall the youngest kraken had woven about her.

With a defiant look and a snarled curse, the ebony-skinned Lord swept back the dark green locks fallen over his forehead and jerked away from her, mouth tight with need.

Daphne swallowed, missing his kiss, wanting only to ease his obvious desire, amazed he could feel such for her. A hand slid under her chin, lifted her face until she gazed into the eyes of the blue, muscle-honed male smiling down at her.

“You have willingly given yourself into our keeping and we accept your sacrifice. From this point on, it becomes difficult for you, little kore. What we do, we do before witnesses, so that all may note that we leave no inch of you untaken.”

Polyphemus reached around his elder brother and tugged at the chains binding her to the rock. They fell away at his touch.

Daphne sighed, rubbing her aching wrists. Looking up at all three Gods, she nodded shyly. “Thank you for trusting me to remain docile. I pray I will not disappoint you.” She chanced a glance at Porimus. “If your bite proves as potent as your tasting, I shall not hasten to escape my fate.”

Polyphemus laughed at that. “He definitely bites!”

Plador frowned at his brothers. “Don’t tease her. Now is not the time.” Turning back to Daphne, his face softened. “I do not wish you to be frightened, but I will not lie to you. What comes next will not be easy. There is only one of you, but three of us, each with our own manner of feasting. Some things we do will be hard for you to bear, but I promise it will not last forever.”

Daphne bowed her head in submission. Above her head, a masculine groan sounded. “I

understand, my Lord. Thank you.”

She could feel the heat of Plador’s gaze as he stared down at her. She dared not look up.

“Polyphemus, Porimus...prepare her.”

The wind had freshened as the morning unfolded into a bright, hot Aegean day. Gusts of wind blew the males’ hair about, whipping their long locks against Daphne’s breasts and thighs as Polyphemus and Porimus each took one of her hands in theirs and knelt before her. Her flesh awakened, stung under the sensual lashing.

Kneeling, the two sons of Poseidon simultaneously caught a nipple each, in their mouth, applying a strong suction that made Daphne forget all about the watchers on the beach. Two sets of teeth nipped and bit at her soft flesh, two forked tongues squeezed and twined sinfully about an upstanding nipple. The pain was surprising...so too, the pleasure springing quickly in pain’s wake.

Shards of sensation shot from her stinging crests directly to that dark, empty place at her center. Daphne wailed and tugged against the two’s restraining hold. She wanted her hands free, wanting nothing more than to bury her fingers in their hair and force their mouths harder against her quaking mounds.

Polyphemus chuckled, his breath gusting against her budded nipple. He switched tactics, licking all around the bit of flesh grown chilled once it left the hot, sweet suction cup of his mouth. Would he never reach his goal? A second later, Porimus followed suit, their choreographed moves seemed designed to drive her insane.

All the while they worked her nipples and the sensitive flesh of her upper chest, neck, and torso, she watched Plador watching them, one hand absently smoothing over his fierce erection, the other fondling the large sac of his balls. His staff rose, growing huge—stiffening and lengthening under her astonished gaze until his large hand could barely contain it.

*Does he think to put that somewhere inside me? Impossible! I don’t possess a hole big enough...*

“Enough! Now prepare her sweet honey box.”

Actions seeming to defy their brother’s order, Polyphemus and Porimus doubled their efforts at her breasts until Daphne’s entire body jerked under the two’s determined attack.

While she keened with helpless ardor, Polyphemus released her hand and lowered his mouth down her body, open lips trailing south. He used his tongue to swab and lick along her deep

cleavage and the hidden skin under the heavy overhang of her breasts.

His busy mouth flowed down the smooth curvature of her round belly, warm fingers following the path his mouth took, touching and petting every inch of exposed skin. When she felt his hot breath gusting at the juncture of her thighs, Daphne clamped her legs together in unthinking maidenly reflex.

“Open your legs for Polyphemus, pretty kore,” Plador ordered. “I want to see him taste you.” His amused gaze clashed with her shocked stare. “Yes, you heard me. He’s going to put his mouth on you, stick his tongue inside your little pussy, and lick it the same way he licked inside your mouth. Remember how much you liked that?”

Her memories of the glories wrought within her body one singular afternoon paled as new heat rushed along her nerves, awakening urgency, burning under her skin. Daphne could barely remain upright.

This is how they would feast on her—by eating her from the inside out? Mindful of her promise to submit, a shivering, shaking Daphne slowly widened her stance, allowing the male kneeling before her, access to her most intimate self. Heart pounding in her chest, pulse speeding as her breathing went awry; she braced for she knew not what.

Polyphemus’ mouth neared her vagina. She could hardly bear the suspense. Her stomach muscles knotted with anticipation. She moaned, rocking her pelvis toward him, offering whatever he wanted to take...

At last, he was *there*, his hot breaths puffing over her mound, stirring the forest of soft blond curls guarding her most precious secret. His lips brushed back and forth over her quivering flesh.

His hands framed her thighs, holding her open, thumbs peeling back her slick folds, separating her nether lips, to reveal the pulsing heart of her.

“Hold, Poly! Move your head a moment and let us see her.”

Twisting sideways, his broad hands still forcing her fleshy nether lips apart, exposing her sex, Poly grinned up at his brothers. “Seen enough?”

“Not nearly!” Plador growled, thumbing the tip of his leaking cock, fingers curled in a tense grip around the blue-veined barrel. “Hurry up and make her wetter. Make her come so I can get in there!”

A roguish grin slashed Polyphemus’ face. “Gladly, brother! Porimus, lift her higher for me.”

Dark arms slid down the back of her thighs. Broad hands, black as the sea under a starless



night, clenched behind her knees and caught her up against a burly chest.

Freed from their restraint, Daphne's hands latched onto Porimus' forearms in a death's grip. Newly shy, she turned her face into his shoulder, hiding her expression from the youthful looking Gods' perusal.

"No, watch Polyphemus while he feasts on your pretty cunt!" The gruff words sounded at her ear. Soft lips brushed her lobe, just before sharp teeth nipped the tender tip.

Shaking, belly tight with a mixture of nerves and the stirrings of lust, she averted her gaze to find Polyphemus waiting to catch her dazed stare. His teasing smile made her ease, and she pressed back against the hot skin of Porimus' chest and tilted her hips, silently begging for more.

Giving her what she wanted, Polyphemus used his tongue, plying her moist seam with its forked tip. Dipping between her puffy labia, he quested along her slit, knowing just where to apply pressure, where to invade with a marauder's touch.

"Kyrie mou!" *My lord!* Daphne flung her head back, crying out at the burning lust claiming her as he poked at her virgin channel with that long, rough appendage, seeming determined to breach her soul. "By the Gods...!"

Writhing helplessly, Daphne twisted, seeking relief from the flickering tongues of fire leaping up wherever he ate at her, making her flesh heat and burn as though lit from within. Lava seethed in the pit of her belly, threatening to erupt, the pressure building inside with every lick and lap to her swollen pleasure nub. She could hear the waves crashing against the shore, sounding no louder than the pants and cries escaping her lips with each torturous brush of his wicked mouth.

Like a starving child, Polyphemus' teeth latched onto her stiff aching clitoris, flicking it here and there in between lapping up every drop of her falling dew. He finally speared her drenched opening, his serpent's tongue seeming to grow and expand within her, reaching deep up her tight channel to prod a magic spot high in the forefront of her pelvis.

Unable to remain still, Daphne gyrated on his tongue, her broken sobbing pleas ignored as the God greedily feasted in the tender folds of her dripping cleft. She couldn't stop her shoulders from pressing against Porimus' black chest as her lower body strained toward the pale God's face, desperate for a closer encounter with his depraved mouth and heavenly tongue.

"Move aside, Pol! I have to get in there..."

The raspy growl broke into the sexual thrall enshrouding her and she moaned with loss as

the mouth ravishing her senses pulled away. Feeling both lethargic and overly energized, Daphne swayed drunkenly in Porimus' embrace. Body shuddering with some vast unknown need, she sighed, watching Pol rise and give way to his elder sibling. He helped Porimus lower her, moved to shackle her wrist and brace the back of her right shoulder with his strong chest. Porimus positioned himself at her left, echoing his brother's hold.

Braced between the two Gods, Daphne lifted slumberous eyes to behold Plador looming before her, his massive cock waving like a banner of conquest under her incredulous gaze. He was huge; a Doric column carved from blue marble. He must plan to kill her with his gigantic weapon.

Eyes grown wide with horror, Daphne backed up into the warm flesh of the two Gods holding her between them, desperate to escape the menace of immanent impalement by that monstrous penis. Even as her head moved back and forth in denial, she bumped against the up thrust heft of two cocks equal—if not larger—than the one threatening a frontal assault.

She keened a wordless plea, fighting for control of her wayward body. Her nipples beaded, belly rippled as muscles clenched and unclenched on the ache unfurling down low.

Plador ran a gentle hand down her cheek in a soothing motion, his flesh cool against her heated cheek. "You can do this, my Daphne. You *will* take me in, kore. Now open your legs and accept my cock."

At the soft words, muscles deep in her core tightened. Warmth liquefied and poured into her pulsating sheath. Though unsure she would be able to handle Plador's large organ, Daphne recalled her pledge. Obediently, she parted her trembling legs, watched as he guided the broad, bluntly rounded head to her small vaginal mouth.

Plador smiled at her, his warm gaze telling her how pleased he was by her submission. She groaned, wishing he'd hurry up and finish with her, fearful she'd fail the test if he lingered over her too long.

"She's too low for us to join this way. Lift her up to me, brothers. Present our bri...er...our breakfast."

"Oh!" Daphne let out a startled cry as the two males raised her plump body between them, maneuvering her as if she weighed no more than a feather. Holding an arm each, their other hand slid down her sides and legs until they supported the back of her knees with a firm palm as they spread her thighs wide for their brother. The ease of their movements made her large frame seem

feminine and fragile and she mewled softly at the shaft of desire spearing through her.

Plador fisted one hand just behind the bulky crown of his penis and swirled the fat tip in the juices spilling from her opening. Daphne could only watch, hard pressed not to cry out, as he slowly impaled her, easing the plum-shaped head past her tight entrance.

She tensed for the pain...her innocent flesh cringing as the proof of his virility began to fill her. He was so big. She was tight. This was going to hurt. No matter how much she wanted this. His cock parted her labia, immensely stretched her around the thick intrusion of his manhood.

Groaning, she squirmed on the thick plug, hurting a little, and dreading to think what the thing would do to her poor woman's flesh while he pushed and shoved against her, intent on burying his long, hard length deep inside her.

She struggled to accept more, moaning a little as the tip wedged in the door of her vagina, surely too large to gain full entry. Vaginal muscles contracted, squeezing the trapped crown between fleshy pincers. Blocked, Plador pushed harder, edging in deeper until a gush of warm fluid shot up her channel, bathing her channel and easing his entry. His pleasure inundated her.

"By Zeus' lightning bolts, I've yet to penetrate her completely and already her tight sheath has brought me to climax!"

At her side, Porimus growled his displeasure. "Hurry and finish, Plador, I want my turn!"

Aching, impaled, and stuffed with cock, Daphne rolled her head to glare at the youngest brother. She'd seen his package and knew just how well hung he was. If he tried to follow Plador, he would kill her for sure.

Polyphemus bowed his head and nudged Daphne's jaw, stealing her attention with a mind-blowing kiss. Lifting his head, he smirked at his brother, winking at Daphne, the salacious expression in his beautiful blue-green eyes sending shivers and chills skittering throughout her body. "Wait your turn, bro, I'm next. That's not the entrance you want, anyway."

Over her shoulder, Porimus grinned down at her, his gorgeous, full lips parting over sharp pearl white teeth. His knowing eyes searched her; she felt his attention all the way to her quaking soul. His shark's smile had the power to frighten her, unlike her reaction to the other brothers.

"Soon, I will have you as I most desire, kore." His whisper stroked things down low in her belly, made her shrink in fear and leap with nasty anticipation. The cause might have been the look on his dark face as he leered down at her, or perhaps it was the large hand gliding around to her back, coming to rest right where her back dipped out into the fuller curve of her ass. Under

that vulnerable spot, her nerves came alive as the heat from his hand radiated through her skin.

Daphne shifted as his hand palmed her fat cheeks; fingers spreading to curl along the bounteous rounding of her bottom. Somehow, she knew he would invade her body in ways wickedly dark and different.

His finger slid down the crack between her cheeks and pressed against her tightly puckered entry as his mouth brushed against the lobe of her ear. "I can't wait to get in here. I'll fuck you so hard we'll both die of it."

"Meanwhile, I'm fucking her and I want her full attention here...*on me!*" Plador gripped her waist and slammed up inside her, grinding his hips as he rammed his cock deep in Daphne's pussy.

She screamed, uncertain if pain or pleasure fueled her cry, only knowing she wanted more. "My lord, please...!"

She gripped his waist with her legs, hooked her feet behind his trim back, and rode the turbulent sensual waves as he began a stormy rhythmic pounding in and out of her battered, claspings sheath. The friction was pure soul stealing, blood burning decadence...rubbing her in all the right ways, scrubbing her intimate flesh into raw sensitivity. "Please, my lord...please don't stop...never stop!"

"Only when you die in my arms," Plador promised, his body moving smoothly, précised powered strokes oiled by the mingling of their bodies' fluids. "You'll come for me, kore, and then for Polyphemus and finally for Porimus. You'll come and come until we've filled you and drained you to your mortal limit."

"Oh Gods...oh *my* Gods...!" Daphne arched into Plador's surging hips, wanting him deeper, harder. Her breasts quaked, shaking with each thudding collision, nipples rigid and peaked from the fury of the storm breaking over her, rode her bucking mounds.

"Come now, kore. Come for me. Die...and be reborn!"

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

“I don’t want her pussy, I want her mouth!”

Polyphemus eased his arms from around the fainting girl and faced his brothers with an impatient growl. Hand pumping his hungry erection, he groaned as desire for this unassuming human girl assaulted him.

Seeing her limp, unconscious body slung over Porimus’ muscular forearm, her full round tits arched towards the sky, made him shake with need. Her plump thighs--smeared with the bloody evidence of her once untouched state--sprawled open, revealing the rivulets of virgin’s blood mixed with his brother’s copious cum. The sight of all that hot pink flesh, the smells rising from her well-fucked cunt taunted him unmercifully.

Polyphemus viciously pinched the tip of his jerking cock, forcibly staving off his imminent spewing. “Hurry and wake her, Plador. I can’t hold back much longer. By the cold tits of Clerys, I swear my balls are about to erupt...!”

The brothers carefully lowered Daphne to her knees. Plador awakened her with gentle taps on her cheeks. Her sleepy gaze lit on the rampant cock bobbing close to her mouth and her eyes widened.

Pol noted her frightened reaction and circled his angry red cock before her pursed lips, teasing the pink flesh with the blunt head of his penis. The bulbous crest leaked a slow thick pulse of whitish fluid from its tiny slit, the liquid’s sharp aroma reminiscent of the briny sea from which he came.

“Open to me quickly, kore. I want those full pretty lips wrapped about my cock, that sweet mouth of yours sucking on me while that long white throat convulses, swallowing my cum down and down.”

“Swallow *what*, my lord...?” Daphne looked up from under thick lashes, her gentle, open gaze trusting and uncertain. His heart softening as he gazed down on his little mortal, Polyphemus consciously slowed his rush to orgasm. He pondered what to say, the wry glance he exchanged with his brothers doing nothing to help this situation. There were so many things they couldn’t tell this naïve mortal yet. For the moment, he decided to satisfy her curiosity and his own desires with a simple command. “Open now. We’ll discuss swallowing later.”

Her yielding lips closed over him and he hissed with pleasure at the scalding heat of her

mouth surrounding his cock. The muscles in his thighs tightened as she inexpertly but enthusiastically tugged on his thick Godhood. Damn, the girl could suck...

Her innocent actions had his balls drawing up, made him hotter and harder than any round-heeled nymph ever had. He'd fucked many females in his relatively short life, but none before this straightforward kore had ever touched his heart as well as his cock.

"By Hades' beard, this goes too slowly!" Growing impatient, feeling his ejaculate building steam in his balls, Pol reached down and grasped Daphne's head. His hands fisted in the soft mass of short flyaway hair at her nape. He ignored her instinctive struggles, his blue-green eyes gone blind to his brothers' presence, uncaring of the watcher's at water's edge. He centered his total attention on the delicious sensations blazing up and down his hard shaft, heart pounded as he watched his pale flesh enter and exit her plump lips, the length shining with the slick sheen of her saliva.

"Take me, baby, take every inch of me. Eat my cock like it's your last meal..." He held her still while he pumped his cock down her throat, his balls swinging back and forth, as he flexed his hips, storming in and then slowly easing out of her greedy mouth.

On every leisurely withdrawal, Daphne hollowed her cheeks trying to keep him in and the tight constriction made his teeth grit with pleasure that escalated until it pounded like a raging river eating at the sandy banks of his eroding control. Opening his eyes, Pol saw his brothers staring at him and Daphne. The desire shining in their eyes communicated itself to him, made him hotter than the smoldering volcano that supplied heat to Clerys' ocean-bottom home.

"By Eros' balls, this kore's mouth is like a slice of ambrosia from Mt. Olympus! Pan's pipes, but she's about to rip the cum right out of me."

Porimus' teeth gleamed in his dark face and a fierce smile sharpened the planes of his Godlike features. "Finish then, brother, so I can finally bring a close to this feast."

Polyphemus nodded, too far-gone to answer verbally. Body tightening, his legs trembled as a cresting tidal wave swept up his legs, he threw back his head and hollered to the listening sky, announcing his attentions to the Gods watching from Olympus. "I'm coming!"

His hands tightened on Daphne's bobbing head, anchoring her to his cock. With a wild yell, he pressed her face to his groin and let go his control, shuddering as his semen jetted from him, the hard pulses splashing against the back of her throat.

Daphne gagged against the flow.

“No! Swallow it all, Daphne. Drink every bit of him down. Don’t let a drop escape your lips!” Instantly, Plador’s hand was there, sweeping up and down the outside of her throat, massaging her, coaxing her toward calmness while activating her swallowing mechanism.

Face pressed against the smooth skin of his groin, Polyphemus felt her struggle to obey, to accept the thick, salty-sweet fluid filling her mouth and threatening to clog her throat.

Polyphemus’ beautiful cock pressed against the back of her throat, taking up all the room in her overfilled mouth and Daphne tightened her lips around the barrel of flesh. Wishing she could use her hands, she worked the muscles in her throat, sending her tongue gliding along the underside of his penis as she swallowed and swallowed.

Would he ever stop pouring into her?

Somewhere above her head, Pol was moaning. His hips jerked, causing his balls to smack the underside of her chin. His masculine groans and earthy shouts urging her to suck harder...*harder* made the flesh between her thighs swell and pulse. Her nether muscles clenched in unfilled need and Daphne—a ripe field abandoned, lying fallow—longed to feel Pol’s stiff cock plunging through the dark groove Plador had recently plowed. Shifting her hips, she tightened the muscles in her thighs, applying pressure against the aching hunger threatening to consume her.

With a last grunt, Polyphemus drew back, allowed his cock to plop from her lips with a juicy sound. No sooner had he pulled away then Porimus took his place before her, hand fisted at the head of his cock—a cock so round and thick, the long fingers of his own large hand could not entirely encircle it.

Daphne stilled. Fear slid along her veins, cooling her body until her nipples tightened from the cold within. The male organ hugged the youngest Kraken’s defined abs, it’s every inch a perfect rendering of masculine beauty, shrouded, and clothed with power and menace. This was no plow, but a weapon—aimed and targeted at her.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The stony expression in Porimus' green-blue eyes as he gazed down on her went a long way toward leeching away Daphne's lingering arousal. She moaned, reading her fate in his stern features, recognizing the looming threat in that jutting bar of bronze-hard flesh. His largeness would rip her apart.

Still on her knees, Daphne leaned forward and wrapped her arms about the God's hips, burying her face in his groin. She embraced him; embraced her death, gently brushing her cheeks against the soft green curls bushed about the base of his cock. Circling her chin over the giving skin of his balls, she breathed deeply, taking in the intriguing scent of warm, aroused male. If she must die, what better way than impaled on the cock of the God before her? She knew Porimus would be fierce in his claiming, but she trusted he would not take her without giving pleasure in return.

"My lord, how do you want me?"

Her heart stuttered at his beauty as his lips parted over an approving smile. His hands cradled the back of her head, snuggled her face in his pubic hair before pulling on her hair to ease her away from his hard body.

"Your mortal flesh could not withstand the way I truly wish to take you, kore." He lifted her to her feet, gathering her against him in a loose hold. His eyes earnest, he studied her, measured her in some way. She hoped he did not find her wanting.

"Today, I follow my brothers, but the time will come for me to blaze my own path. On that day, our passion will create a new constellation to burn in the night skies." His hands reached behind to part her ass cheeks, fingers brushed against the shrinking puckered hole of her shy anus. "But today is not about us. This morning, we three are avatars for our father, Poseidon." Porimus flicked an unreadable look at his brothers. "Those two have spent the majority of the morning claiming you and at last, it is my turn. It is time for this sacrificial feast between your sweet thighs to be completed. Are you ready?"

Her stomach roiled. Dread mixed with anticipation, tightened things down below, the clenching muscles making her glad she'd foregone breakfast that morning. Daphne nodded once, chancing a quick glance up from under half-lowered eyelids. "I remain surrendered to you, my lords."



That smile of his flashed again, the one that set butterflies fluttering in her belly. “Then place your arms about your lords’ shoulders while they raise you up. ...”

Once more, Daphne found herself lifted between two Gods as Plador and Polyphemus braced her against their shoulders, rested her buttocks on two brawny forearms and spread her thighs wide, exposing everything to Porimus’ avid gaze.

Embarrassed anew, she tried to draw her legs together, but the two easily overpowered her momentary rebellion. A quick waft of breeze blew across her vulva, sending shivers down her spine at the feel of ghostly fingers playing at her clit. Three growls sounded and the breeze quickly died down.

Porimus stepped closer, almost between her widely splayed thighs and her worried gaze landed on his bobbing member. She wouldn’t have believed his penis could get any bigger, but while he stared down at her blushing intimate flesh, the thing jerked and expanded until the blunt head at the top of the stiff length reared beyond his indented bellybutton.

Impossibly, she felt a pulse of desire begin beating in the depths of her woman’s grotto. Liquid slipped from inside to coat the lips of her vagina and into the crease bisecting her buttocks. She wanted this...wanted this last God with an urgency she hadn’t felt with the others.

With Plador, she’d experienced her first full taking and because of that, he would always be dear and beloved. Polyphemus was giving and generous with his loving. Beneath his hands and mouth, she’d known the full measure of a woman’s pleasure. By giving her their attention and lovemaking, the two Gods had blessed her beyond all mortal women.

Yet...somehow, she sensed Porimus—with his intense demands and alarmingly *different* needs —would take her beyond the realm of mortal erotic pleasuring, into the stratosphere of Godly carnal ecstasy. She’d never be able to get more than the crown of his penis in her mouth, but she suddenly needed to lick him, know his flavor as intimately as she’d learned Pol’s tang. “Please, Lord, let me savor you.”

Nodding, Porimus folded a fist around his rigid cock and held it away from his body. “Lean her forward, brothers.”

They tipped her so her torso leaned down, shifted their grip to hold her steady. Her mouth watered as she gazed down at all that power and virility. Somehow, his penis was a denser black than the pearl-sheened black covering the rest of his muscular frame. The slitted tip of the fat bulbous head seeped a pearly white fluid in slow pulses. Her gaze flew up to meet his. Her heart

stumbled as she realized he actually wanted her...wanted her plump body and ordinary looks...her, Daphne.

A wry half smile turned up one corner of his mouth. Porimus waved the wet tip at her. "You wanted a taste. Suck me."

She licked him, instead. Just the tip, took the drop of his essence weeping from the small slit. His taste exploded on her tongue, fizzled in her blood. Wanting more, eager for it, desperate for another helping, she narrowed her tongue, pushed inside the opening seeking the source of the flow.

"By Pan's furry balls, brothers, she's got her tongue in my cock!" Porimus jerked away, snatched his delicious cock from Daphne's mouth with an abrupt motion. "That's torn it. She's driven me too far. I have to get inside her now, or I'll spill this." His fingers pinched the head of his cock, as if he'd hold back an imminent explosion.

Daphne gasped as the two holding her swung her upright and again spread her legs wide. This time, they both used the fingers of one hand to pinch and pull at her nipples, tweaking them with firm twists that sent heated lust arrowing down to blaze in her clit.

"Kore!" Porimus called for her attention, his voice harsh and gruff. "From this moment on, you will keep your eyes trained on mine. Do not look away, no matter what happens." He stepped up and ran just the head of his cock through the slick moisture coating her labia and the narrow groove surrounding her opening. "This is going to hurt..."

Gods, it did! Daphne groaned, eyes gone wide and unseeing with the pain as he began to push into her. He was so much broader than Plador; it was as if no one had been before him.

"Your eyes on mine!"

She needed the reminder snapped out with harsh demand. Raising her head, she locked gazes with the God trying to rip her asunder. He twisted his hips and forced another inch or so within her stretched channel, a small relief coming as the head finally cleared her elastic opening. She mewled in more than discomfort. "Hurts...!"

There was compassion in his gaze and stone determination coupled with a natural arrogance. Carefully and slowly, he continued his assault. As he worked her, he spoke to her. For some reason, his words calmed her, helped her accept the pain and pleasure his cock brought.

"Yes, I am large and I always hurt at first. I am mostly my father's son—a Titan. My cock is not meant for a mortal woman." His voice softened as he continued, "It will get better, love. As

soon as I get all the way in, the pain will turn to pleasure. You'll enjoy every minute while I destroy your mortality from the inside out. When the kore, Daphne, dies upon my cock, you'll scream your release to the skies."

She didn't understand what he was saying, too lost in watching him wedge his thick penis inside her constricted pussy. Just how long was he? Would he never cease entering her?

As the scorching bar of flesh cut through her almost-virgin channel, she wondered if any of that mattered. What did she care? He angled her just right, so that every hard-won inch he gained inside scrapped the inflexible length of his cock across her clit, the pleasure adding spice to the continued pain.

Daphne shifted in the two Gods' hold, squirming in discomfort as her vagina threatened to tear under the massive girth of Porimus' cock. Her muscles squeezed and released in a fluttering pattern of arousal and pain.

"Yes, kore, squeeze my cock with your tight little pussy. That's right, honey girl...just like that!" Porimus pressed harder, forcing more of his body into hers. He bent his head and brushed her lips, tongue slipping out to tangle with hers. She loved the feel of his full, warm mouth and hot slick tongue exploring her, learning her. With dainty swipes of her tongue, she licked his lips, wordlessly begging, showing him her submission and desire to have him conquer her, no matter the pain of his claiming.

Porimus drew up his head and nodded down at her. His hips never stopping, he carefully filled her full to overflowing with his heated Godhood. At last, at *last*, he bottomed out in her overstuffed channel and she sighed, body stretched on a rack of carnal delight and erotic agony.

He pulled out as slowly as he'd entered her, her swollen flesh dragging on his retreating cock. He hissed when she tightened around him and Daphne spared a thought to wonder if she squeezed him as uncomfortably as he filled her. His next actions and growled words told her she'd guessed right.

Large hands cupping her hips, face contorted with runaway lust, beads of sweat glistening on his broad forehead, Porimus canted Daphne's body. Holding her still, pinning her where he wanted, he slammed into her body. Over and over, he pounded at her, driving his hard flesh to the very heart of her time after time.

"You are such a sweet, exciting fuck I can not hold onto my control." His praise thrilled her. She basked under his approval, sensing he wasn't a God easy to please in such matters.

“Join us now, brothers. Let us finish this!”

Two mouths latched onto her breasts, targeting her peaked nipples. Two forked tongues twined about the upright buttons, tugging and pinching, sending ribbons of fire directly to her clit. Two fingers sank into her puckered rosebud, driving her up and over into paradise.

The orgasms slammed into her, racked claws of flame along her veins and Daphne spasmed in the three Gods’ embraces, body strung out between them as they truly began feasting on her, eating her up, drinking down her cries as if they were the finest nectar...leaving no part of her—body or soul—intact or inviolate...

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

“Where the *fuck* is that power surge coming from? *What’s going on?*”

Apollo flared into the scrying chamber, catching Zeus and Poseidon with their robes flipped up and their dicks out. His own cock tented the loose folds of his sheer garment, but he still quirked an eyebrow at the sight of his father and uncle shamelessly beating their meat while they bowed over the wide fountain, their attention riveted to the scene taking place within the motionless water.

“A feasting the likes of which I’ve not experienced in eons,” Zeus answered tersely, his burning gaze causing steam to rise off the surface of the still pool.

Poseidon gave one last tug on his titan-sized cock and groaned heavily, grimacing as it erupted, spewing an arc of semen five feet into the air. “Damn, but my boys can fuck. Look at his hips shuttling back and forth in that tight pussy. Makes me wish I’d gone down and taken care of her initiation myself.”

Apollo’s eyes lit up. “Oho, so that is the tantalizing aroma of new meat I smell?”

“Not for you, my boy.” Poseidon’s contemplative leer gave way to a warning glare. “She’s already claimed by my three boys. They’ll keep her busy a couple of eons, at least, finally giving me grandchildren.”

“By the Fates, my cousins are three lucky fuckers.” Apollo cast one last greedy glance down into the scrying pool in time to see the mortal collapse in the arms of Porimus and the other two. “With the power she’s generating, they’ll become full Gods in no time.”

Zeus shouted aloud, his culmination overcoming him at the same time the miniature rendition of the kore, Daphne seemed to expire. Lightening bolts zipped and zinged about the room, synchronized with the pulses of sperm shooting from his stiff cock. His hips canted forward, back bowed, frozen in the extremes of his release. The orgasm went on and on, long minutes passing before he slumped back into his chair.

“Damn, but it’s been a long time since I’ve tasted such an intensely orgasmic sacrifice. That kore has certainly earned her place among us.”

Panting openmouthed, Zeus slumped down on his throne, drifting in a fog of sexual euphoria. He pressed the back of his neck against the purple cushioned headrest and eyed his uncle with a sly expression. “How long do you think it’ll be before they tire of each other?”

Poseidon's brow lowered. "Zeus..."

The King of the Gods waved a languid hand. "I know. I know...for the sake of family unity I'll not poach"—he winked—"at least, not until she's dropped a few litters each, for your boys."

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

When the immortals turned to the shore and shouted their acceptance of the kore's sacrifice, Terena fell to her knees; finally released from the otherworldly thrall that had kept her and all the others incapable of movement while the sexual sacrifice took place. Like a puppet with strings cut, she folded in on herself, sick at heart at what she'd witnessed.

Shielding her eyes, she gazed up at The Sea Rock, a sinking sensation clenching tight the muscles of her belly, she replayed in her mind's arena, the hours-long sexual marathon the krakens had enacted with her innocent mistress.

Tears flooded her eyes, rained down her brown cheeks as she again saw Daphne sag between the three, her mortal frame too fragile to withstand the Gods' carnal attentions.

Surging to her feet, Terena stormed over to her erstwhile rulers. Anger at the King and at Princess Ordana's foul practices raged inside, ripping her control and shredding the last defenses of her broken heart.

"This is your fault! Your foul living and incestuous relationship have desecrated this land and brought the judgment of the Gods upon us. And an innocent has now paid the price for your sins!"

Ordana's shoulders went back, the line of her back becoming ramrod stiff. Mouth drawn tight in an insulted grimace, she hissed, "How dare you, a lowly slave, speak so to your betters! I'll have you beaten to within an inch of your life and then drawn and quartered!"

Terena sneered right back in their faces. Having watched her former mistress die on the beach, she feared neither the King's retaliation nor Ordana's vitriolic ranting. "The only one who proved she was better than all of us lies in the arms of the krakens, mortally wounded. I would that it was you!"

The Princess' brows lowered. "Slave, you have earned your death this day."

Terena nodded. Her eyes swept the crowd of townspeople standing in frozen horror at the deeds that had taken place before them. "So have we all. When we stood here and let an innocent girl take your ordained place, we all received your wicked stain upon our hearts." She added the last in a somber voice. "If scrubbing mine clean means surrendering my life, so be it!"

The sturdy servant woman turned her back on the sputtering Princess and stepped off, striding toward the sacrificial rock. Behind her, the common people gaped in shamed awe as the

brave one hurried down the beach, intent on reaching the fearsome kraken before they departed.

While she struggled to reach them, Terena kept her gaze riveted on her mistress. She watched as Plador and Polyphemus gently disengaged Daphne's limp body from the still rampant cock of their brother. Lowering her to the warm sand at their feet, all three turned toward mount Olympus and raised their hands high, presenting her a distracting view of their tight round asses. She caught glimpses of their quiescent cocks and heavy ball sacs dangling between their thighs. It suddenly was harder to breathe. The fault wasn't in the brisk morning breeze cooling her burning cheeks. Terena lowered her head and concentrated on climbing.

Above her, three cries rang out.

"Father, hear us, your favored sons!"

"Lord and Father, the sacrifice of the kore is complete."

"Convey our petition to mighty Zeus that our chosen bride be accepted among us!"

*"Her sacrifice is sufficient! Henceforth, your bride shall be called Honoria—Goddess of integrity and equity, for so did she comport herself while a mortal. Awaken your bride with kisses and then present her before my court on Mount Olympus!"*

The brothers bowed low in obeisance to the voice ringing majestically through the sky. Plador answered for all of them. "We thank you, great Zeus, and hasten to obey!"

"Kyrios mou! My Lords, wait!"

The brothers turned toward her, turbulent blue-green eyes blazing, and Terena's steps faltered.

"Come no closer, mortal! Lest you desecrate the ground before we complete the ritual."

Terena froze. The black-skinned God's voice matched his hard gaze, eyes feral and intent upon her. She cowered under his stare, tried to make herself smaller. "I hear and obey, Kyrie!"

"Don't bark at her Porimus. She is our wife's servant-friend." The blue-haired, pale-skinned God spoke in gentle tones, his gaze compassionate and soft on her, yet she still dared not advance another step.

Eyes almost crossing in lust, she gazed at all his pearlescent flesh, stretched tautly over smooth bulging manly muscles. Shivering, she wondered at what Daphne had felt, what she'd undergone while held against that inhumanly masculine beauty.

Kneeling down at the edge of the sand, feeling the coarse grains cut into her knees, Terena gazed at the three Gods working over her fallen mistress. She looked so small in their hands.



Daphne's head lolled on her neck, a broken doll in the hands of her destroyers—lifeless and limp.

One after the other, they kissed her lips, molding her unresponsive flesh into a semblance of passion. One after the other, they took turns breathing into her mouth, into her being...whispering words—words wrought with a lambent life-giving power that burned along the edge of Terena's consciousness, pebbling the flesh at chest and arms in awed bumps.

A feminine gasp shivered on the brisk morning air, trembled in the pinkening flesh of an awakening woman. Daphne's body seized in the arms of her husbands and her eyes snapped open.

Terena's mouth fell open as she watched her mistress—more beautiful now, than she had ever appeared in her mortal state—rise to gaze into three sets of blazing eyes. The Krakens roared, trumpeting their success to the sky before gathering their transformed wife to their chests.

With a sob of joy, the servant watched her one-time friend fling her arms about the brothers—who kept morphing between their sea serpent and humanoid forms--embracing them all with equal fervor.

The new Goddess so deserved this happily-ever-after. Having endured so many slights and pains in her mortal life, Daphne had finally found happiness with three Gods that reveled in her abundant curves and sweet disposition.

Surreptitiously wiping at her cheeks, Terena smiled, squinting at Daphne through her tears. She didn't begrudge her one bit. If only her friend's newly found happiness didn't mean she now faced an unending vista of loneliness...

"Terena—faithful one."

The glowing Goddess staring down at her through Daphne's familiar eyes smiled and extended a hand. The servant took the plump ultra-feminine hand and rose, trembling, to stand before her former Princess and her new Lords.

"L-lady...I-I don't know how I should address you." Terena dared a quick, assessing glance up toward the radiant face. The compassionate, gentle expression in the clear blue eyes seemed the same she'd seen everyday for many years, yet Daphne was a Goddess now, and one never knew what would anger the Gods.

"I desire you to address me as you always have...as my friend. Terena, I would have you go with me."

Terena felt her eyes bulge with dawning hope. “Go?” Then terrified disbelief set in and she gulped. Her wary gaze encompassed the three intimidating males flanking her Princess. “Go with...uhm...*all* of you?”

Daphne-Honoria laughed. “Yes, with *all* of us, if you will.” She sobered. “I do not have the power to transform you as I have been. Yet my Lords tell me there is a way to keep you with us, keep you young and vital.” She turned a pleading glance to Plador.

“Kore, these things cost. No favor of Zeus is free. Our bride is beautiful and fresh, a temptation to the roving eyes of our Lord. We’ll not have her enter our ranks owing him a favor. However, if it is your will, my brothers and I will accept you as our wife’s handmaiden.”

Terena swallowed. “What does that mean?”

“It means we will pledge to expend some of our power to maintain your life force.” He held up his hand at her gasp, eyes twinkling in secret knowledge. “Wait. Before you grasp at what is offered, know all...”

Polyphemus, the one she’d lusted over earlier, took her hand and turned it palm up, planting a brushing kiss in the tender flesh. Her stomach muscles jumped. Her eyes flitted over to her mistress and back, shocked at the playful glint in Daphne’s sparkling eyes. Lips parting, she panted, drinking in the tantalizing aroma of aroused male, uncertain how to react.

“Be at ease, kore.”

She thought she’d better set them straight. “I’m no kore.”

All three males faced her, their eyes gone hard. Plador, the blue-skinned God and eldest among them, answered her, his tones harsh. “You are, indeed, a kore. Rape is not an acceptable sacrifice to Aphrodite. Her service does not require the unwilling theft of a woman’s treasure. Rest assured, we will give you a new name, one fitting your place after we have led you in sacrifice to our cousin.”

Polyphemus gathered her in his arms and kissed her. In shock, she opened her mouth, unwittingly accepting the eager thrust and surge of his tongue. When he pulled back, his lips were sheened with their shared moisture and she was lightheaded. A cauldron of nerves and lust seethed in her belly at the smile curving his talented mouth.

“Your loyalty to your mistress has endeared you to us. Honoria loves you and is agreeable to the three of us sharing your pallet on a weekly basis, for the only way to share our power is through carnal interaction.”

Her knees buckled at Polyphemus' words. "All...all three of you...?"

The Gods laughed. Porimus chuckled her under her chin. "Not at once, silly mortal. We don't wish to overwhelm you." He tilted his head and gazed at her, his expression daunting to say the least. "Course, once you've been initiated, I plan to be very hard on you. Very hard, indeed. Tell me, kore, do you like naked-bottom spankings?"

She shook her head no, a frantic pulse beating at her throat.

"You'll love them from me," he promised. "After I heat your arse until its deep pink and throbbing, I'll fuck you slow and long, rub those welts into the pallet so you can feel them burn all the while I'm in your tight, gloved pussy. You're gonna love it!"

"Stop bragging, Porimus...and stop trying to frighten our little playmate." Plador lifted Terena off her knees where she'd collapsed under Porimus' sexual titillation.

"If you consent, we'll come to you one of us at a time, on three consecutive nights. The other nights you'll need to recuperate. Three will be enough to maintain your youth and vitality. You won't age and you won't tire. Oh, and if our wife consents, we will give you children."

Terena turned tear-filled eyes toward her Princess. Honoria smiled back, reaching both hands toward her, deified pupils glowing with love and acceptance. "I'm offering you a chance to join my new family, Terena. Please say you'll be my friend in this life as you were in the old one."

How could she say no?

Terena stepped forward and took Honoria's outstretched hands. "For four generations, my family has served yours, faithfully. Why on earth should you think that was going to change on my watch?"

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

“There is one thing left to do, beloved.”

Honorio turned from Terena to pay attention to her husbands. “What would you have of me, my Lords?”

“Small ‘L’ sweet one,” Plador instructed. “You are our equal, now.”

She gave a happy sigh, nodding in response to his reminder. “It will take some getting used to.”

“As Goddess of Integrity and Equity, you must judge your cousin and uncle.” Polyphemus smiled. “Consider this your first official act.”

Porimus caught her eye and indicated her cousin, his blue-green gaze going hard as onyx. “We stand ready to enforce whatever edict you proclaim.”

“Thank you, my lords.” Daphne-Honorio settled her shoulders and began the uneven trek across the sands. A masculine hand snagged her elbow and drew her back.

“Do not walk, lovely one. Let the wind transport you.”

She didn’t even gape this time. “How do I do it?”

“Just...” Polyphemus shrugged. “Just call to Zephyr in your mind and visualize where you want to go. He’ll do the rest.”

Honorio snorted. A few hours ago, she’d shivered under the chilly fingers of that wayward wind and now, she had the right to command his services. How convoluted her fate, how unexpected her destiny. Closing her eyes, she summoned the demigod. She barely swallowed a screech when a warm gust swept her off her feet and floated her gently down the beach.

The townspeople, silent witnesses to all that was transpiring, milled about the beach—a flock of sheep without a shepherd—determined to follow the drama to its end. The royal party, their sycophantic entourage whittled down to a bare minimum by the visiting nobles’ instinct for survival, huddled in the midst of the hostile natives. The King hung back, keeping a low profile, allowing his daughter to take the lead, as always.

Daphne-Honorio glided over the sand, her naked feet skimming above the grains gathering heat from the fiery breath of Apollo’s steeds. She felt no shame in her continued nakedness, held her shoulders back, proudly displaying the full curves her husbands had so recently worshipped thoroughly.

Ordana's face twisted as she watched her cousin approach. "Why does such a lumbering cow as you always land on your feet?" Hatred laced her acerbic question.

For a moment, Daphne faltered, shrank in on herself, habitually reacting to the venom that had poisoned her life these last years. A brush of fingers along her indented waist, a press of a hand on the back of her shoulder, the rumbling growl of displeasure vibrating Porimus' chest reassured her, reminded her she no longer answered to any earthly power. She tilted her chin and stared at her mortal family, seeing them with eyes newly opened to the inner contents of their wicked hearts.

Sadly, she realized the two before her were beyond redemption. Even now, when they saw how their machinations had gone awry, they still clung to their evil intentions.

A stern voice thundered from close at her right side. "Bow your heads and your knees before your new Goddess!"

With visible reluctance, the royal group lagged behind the more eager common folk, stiffly going to their knees in the sand. Ignoring all others, Daphne-Honorio stood above King Menaeos and Princess Ordana, waiting for them to meet her accusing gaze.

"Look upon me and see the results of your disobedience. You plotted my death, but the Gods have honored my loyalty with unending life! Look upon me and see your doom."

The two looked up, hatred and fear intermingled in their dark gazes. The last hope they might ask forgiveness shriveled within Honorio's heart. There was nothing but darkness in their souls. Her voice was sad when she addressed the only remaining members of her mortal family.

"I would have sought a way to spare you, if for nothing but the blood we share, but I see there is no saving you. The seeds of your death already sprout within you, growing hidden in the darkness of your souls.

"I could command your deaths, yet it is more just to strip you of your power and leave you to nurture the flower of agony that will eat away your flesh, bringing an ending more hideous than the one you wished for me. Soon, the evilness you harbor in your black heart will reach maturity. Your pain will be such, that you shall scream to the Gods you never believed in to end your suffering."

A tear dropped from her eye, fell to the ground and hardened into a diamond. "When that time comes, I shall hear you. I shall come to you and remind you of this day. My husbands and I will watch as you gasp out the last of your breath...alone and un-mourned."

Finished with both the King and her cousin, Daphne turned her back on them and on her life in Croapolis. Arms wide, she floated into the arms of her lords, eager to embark on the adventure her life had become.

Behind her, King Menaeos snapped. Frothing at the mouth, he staggered to his feet, screaming. “Bitch, how dare you condemn us? Unnatural whore of three beasts, I should have killed you when I poisoned your bleeding-heart of a Father!”

The three Krakens turned. Terena and Daphne-Honorio froze as Menaeos rushed toward them, yelling obscenities and brandishing his short dress sword. Eyes crazed, he lurched toward Daphne, intent only on severing her head from her body.

Three heads bent. Three mouths gaped. Jagged teeth tore into the man, rending him into gory scrap. Blood sprayed in a gruesome pattern, painting the sand a glistening crimson. Three throats roared a challenge that none dared brave. The ground shook under the Krakens’ heavy footsteps. The towering sea monsters—refusing to retake human form—wove back and forth between the mortals and their new bride, agitated by the threat to their mate.

Honorio could not bring herself to feel anything but relief. By his last words, her uncle had confessed to killing his own brother...her beloved father. She would not mourn his passing, distasteful as it was.

Ordana knelt by the pieces of her Father, hands hovering over the scattered remains, not daring to touch any one lump. She screamed and screamed, wordless cries that spoke of unendurable pain, face contorted with hatred and pain. “Why don’t you kill me, too? Why leave me here alone?”

“I leave you as your father left me...without succor, bereft of hope. I leave you life, which is more than you were willing to leave me.”

Through with it all, sickened by her uncle’s death and her cousin’s venom, she went to her males, hands soothing their flanks, low murmurs calming their agitation.

Wanting only to leave the scene of her death and rebirth, she clambered up Plador’s back, settling her bottom snugly against his warm hide. To maintain her seat, she spread her legs wide, hugging his neck between her splayed thighs. Her naked pussy rubbed against his scaly skin, the ridges and bumps scraping her clit as he lumbered toward the sea.

“Terena, remove your clothes and climb up on Polyphemus. He will carry you with us.”

She watched as the brown-skinned woman tossed off her thin shift and ran lightly over the

sand. Terena's teeth flashed white in her face as she mimicked Honoria's moves to anchor her trim butt at the patient serpent's shoulder. Grinning widely, she called over to Honoria. "Mistress, may I ask a question?"

"When have I ever been able to stop you?"

She giggled, then sobered as she prepared to voice what had been troubling her. "Are you really all right with me sharing your husbands?"

Honoria felt the serpent tense between her thighs. She sensed the other two waited for her answer with equal attention.

Flinging her arms about Plador's massive shoulders, she planted loud, juicy kisses along his scaled sinuous neck while rocking her pussy over his ridges and bumps, leaving a slick wet trail on his warm dry skin. "Shall I tell you how I really feel about it?"

Terena swallowed. "Please do."

"In our past life, you shared everything with me. I may have been the Princess and you, the servant, but we both know without you, I never would have survived as long as I did."

Honoria stopped teasing Plador and frustrating herself. Letting her playfulness fall away, she met her servant's wary gaze. "The only stipulation I make is that I be allowed to watch."

Terena gasped. The krakens trumpeted their agreement.

"I mean it, Terena. I want to watch Plador fuck you while you suck Pol's cock. I want to see Porimus spank your ass red and then take you on your knees from behind, his big hands rubbing your sore bottom as he slams into you over and over. And then I want them to do the same thing to me while you watch."

Terena squirmed on Pol's back, her mouth drying as her nipples beaded into tight points. She took a shaky breath and held it as the kraken between her thighs abruptly shifted his heading and struck out for the dim blue line that signaled a nearby land mass. The other two serpents quickly followed suit, their lusty trumpeting loud on the morning air.

Catching Honoria's eye, Terena swallowed. Her voice trembled when she finally got out, "I think we're about to get your wish."