

# For the Love of Gods

Written by Jessie Star

Art by Tail-blazer

“Honestly, Mortal, what in Hades name are you trying to pull here?” Steamed the goddess, twirling her perfect golden locks with her finger.

“To be fair, Aphrodite, can I call you Dity?” Jess asked meekly.

“I go by Venus these days!”

“Right, Venus. To be fair, Venus, I wasn’t quite sure if you all existed anymore.” Jess, the ginger spice witch, took a sip from her flask, moving from tipsy to “more than tipsy.” She had just been whisked up into the clouds of Olympus while digging through old Greek temples.

“Not exist? NOT EXIST? How dare! As long as we have believers, we can exist. Surely you don’t think I, the goddess of love, would ever run out of madly devoted followers?” The 6 ft 3 woman crossed her arms, body glowing with godly anger.

“Weeeeeeeell” Jess let her open hands seesaw up and down like a scale in that classic “maybe yes but also perhaps no” gesture.

“The sheer insolence.” Venus’s pitch went up with each new perceived offense. Soon she was going to sound like the angriest little mouse goddess the universe had ever seen.

“Hey, I’m not saying I think you deserve less attention. I’m just going by what I see.” Jess took another sip and then slid her rum down into her cavernous cleavage. “Powerful woman goes from starting wars with a thousand ships and wooden horses and shit to changing her name and skipping to a new town” She watched Venus hmph at her but continued. “Emperor switches to a new fad, and eventually the Vatican is the flavor of Rome.”

“How would I have seen that coming? I’m a goddess, not a fate.” Venus rolled her eyes, but the witch pressed on.

“Not to mention, have you seen the state of true love these days? Divorce rates are higher than weddings!” Jessica broke into a giggle until a thundercrack pushed her back over the line she had crossed.

“Do you have ANY idea how hard it is to take care of love when my follower count has been so greatly diminished since Rome crapped out! I’m not even the only goddess of love on this gods forsaken rock, but who does everyone blame come? ME!”

“Okay, well, I’m sure you are doing your-”

"I swear, I turn one narcissist douche into flowers one time, and everyone wants to blame me for everything!" Venus's face was going from pink to bright red.

"Well, like don't turn me into a Gorgon or anything please, shit takes forever to undo, and I just bought some new shampoo I want to try..."

"The gorgon thing wasn't even me! Athena screwed over Medusa! You have no idea how hard this shit is to deal with" Steam, actual steam seemed to wisp out her ears.

"I'm just a simple witch; godding is your territory. If there were a way to give you a break, I'd recommend it, but alas-" Jess just hoped she would leave this conversation with her human form intact.

"Yes, a vacation. Screw Valentine's day! Why should a deity of such charm and beauty work herself to the bone so Hallmark can keep turning a profit." The Greek goddess growled. "I need a shopping trip." She snapped her fingers, and POOF she and Jess were transported from Greece to Rodeo Drive in California.

"Oh no no no. Like, thanks for the lift back to America, but I'm not great at girls' shopping trips and stuff."

"You! Shop with me! Ha!" Venus broke into a titter. "Ha ha ha!" Jess tried to look away as the goddess laid on her faux laughterr thicker and thicker. " No, you little witch are going to "run things while I have a day off!"

"Run things?! Oh no. No way I can't do your job, I can't even navigate Tinder." This could go south very fast, Jess thought as she chewed her bottom lip.

"Turning down the offer to be a god for a day? You sure you really want to do that? Do you have better things to be? I mean I do need some new statues to replace the ones you tried to take. You do have quite the form for a nice marble-"

"Okay, I'll do it!" Jess blurted out. "Just... so you can have your much deserved day of rest." The witch tried to say as enthusiastically as possible. She had no idea how powerful Venus was, but she didn't need to piss her off to find out.

"Good, you will be the goddess of love, and at the end of the day, any miracles you do for you will be reversed, so do not take advantage. Deal?" She stuck her hand out and Jess hesitantly reached out to shake it. The minute they gripped each other, Jess's fears that this was a very bad idea was made starkly clear. Insane amounts of energy crashed into her hand and flowed up her arm. It was like a dam of magic had broken and the flood was rushing in, filling every part of her. But it wasn't just standard magic. It was love magic. And her body responded in the only way it knew how. It was getting turned on. Past turned on; it was like feeling 3,000 people get

turned on in a single body. “Now I know your body isn’t crafted for all the love and libido of the world, but it should adjust once it all settles.” But the witch couldn’t respond. She could barely make a sound over her ragged breathing. She was drawing it all in, lust, desire, libido, affection, frustration-filled need for raging orgasms. The poor ginger was becoming a circuit board for the world’s relationships. She could see them everywhere, cuddling, making out, screwing. But she wasn’t just a forced voyeur she was involved, feeling every nip and lick and bump and grind. Her knees buckled, body covered in sweat, face red and eyes rolling up in her skull. Her plump lips parted, mouth opening wide and she moaned like a fog horn and soaked her panties and pants through. “I... suppose I should have changed your body first and then plugged you into things. Whoopsie.”

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“It’s not funny, you guys!” Jess stomped her foot and then quickly adjusted her toga. She was greatly changed since her trip to Rodeo drive. Her skin was luminous, glowing with gold light and filling the room. Her hair floated and flowed in the air like a thick red luxurious cloud of curls. She had also grown a foot in height.

“I’m just saying-” Her friend Tail-blazer had to stifle a laugh just to speak. “You are a lovely person Jessie and a fine witch, but when it comes to ‘people to possibly run aspects of reality’ I’m not sure this was a good choice. I mean you’re still tipsy.”

“I was tipsy when she made me a love god, okay. I think it made me a tipsy god.. Like it won’t go away!” She punctuated her despair with a hiccup.

“Yeah, that doesn’t bode well either.” Chimed in her other friend Moose. “Drunk AND the power of love and lust at your fingertips. This is probably the Valentine’s day the world ends.” He scratched his antler and looked her over through his shades.

“You two have to help me!” She reached for them, and they both scurried to the other side of Tail’s apartment.

“Woah woah no touch! Jessie, no touch!” Screamed Tail.

“What the heck is wrong with you two anthropomorphic chuckle heads!” Jess whined

“Jessie, we have to wear shades because when we saw you come in, your.... Curse or gift or whatever. It’s very...how do I put this politely.” Moose struggled for the phrasing

“Boner inducing” Tail blurted out, now up on a chair to keep his distance.

“Look, I know this Toga doesn’t cover much but-”

“No, Jess... it’s not attraction. It’s like your power.” Moose motioned to her glowing form. “Your body literally IS the embodiment of all things sensual and attraction. Like you have a major siren vibe or something. Seeing you was already “mind in a pretzel territory” Your touch... I shudder to think what that could cause.” Jess looked down at the floor, trying to think of a solution.

“Have you asked Sey for help? She is your familiar, after all.” Tail said, stepping down from the chair, his rabbit ears a little less up and alert as she gave him space.

“Are you kidding?” Jess scoffed and rolled her eyes. “You want me to go home to my partner as the goddess of sex. You know what that would do to her. What she would try to do to me? I’m in agreement with Moose. Let’s not try for orgies that might end the world.”

“Maybe you could try giving the power back. Maybe hold Venus over a barrel or something? Make her agree to terms, or she won’t get her power back?” Moose posited.

“Yeah, the deal is the power automatically leaves me and goes back to her when the day is over. That plan is a great way to end up a jockstrap when she goes god mode again.”

Tail sat on the couch and crossed his legs. “Well then, looks like your screwed for now. Just do what you said she told you. Get worshiped, spread love, be the Jess-phrodite we all know you can be!”

“Jess-phrodite” Moose bent over in chuckles. “That’s a good one Tail!”

Jess was not amused. Who did these mortals think she was! Wait, that didn’t sound like her, ug drunk diety was not a mood she appreciated. “Stop laughing. Hey, HEY!” She snapped her fingers to get their attention, but the magic zapped from her snap into her friends. In a poof of pink smoke both fell to the ground, now one third their normal size, with small wings dressed in swaddling blankets and quivers and bows.

“You made us cupids!” Tail-blazer flipped! His anxiety caused his wings to lift him into the air wildly.

“Your voice is so tiny” said Moose in an equally miniaturized voice.

“Hush you two! Okay, she’s complaining about not getting enough blind worshipers to power up her godness, maybe it’s time for some upgrades.” Jessie placed her phone on the table and closed her eyes to focus. Two bright glowing pink orbs formed in her hands, growing with each pulse.

“Jessie.. Wh-what are you doing?” Asked Tail nervously, his full height making it hard to see past her very thick behind.

“I’m trying to concentrate! Don’t screw it up unless you want to be accidental mermaids or

something!” Jessie stuck out her tongue, focussing harder as she pushed the two orbs into one.

“But what if-” Tail couldn’t finish, Moose had flown into him and quickly covered his mouth. There would be no accidental mermaids today. Jessie lowered the giant merged orb to her phone put it on the screen. With a giant grunt pressed it down into her phone until it poofed in another puff of pink. All that was left of the magic was an eerie pink glow from the cell phones screen.

“Eer, so what did you do there Jess?” Asked the tiny Moose.

“I have brought the goddess of love into the 21st century.” Her two cupids stared blankly, unsure of what that meant. “I gave the bitch an Instagram account. Well... I gave Jessphrodite an instagram account for now.”

Tail broke into chattering laughter. “You are so lazy! Why use miraculous god powers to set up something like *that!*?”

“Because my little winged friend. It’s not a typical social media account. It filled itself with pictures I never took, it auto-updates, and it takes all those likes and shares and counts them as worship. Hopefully, we give her a boost and don’t have to lift a finger!”

Moose fluttered up to her eye level. “So, if you’re all set, can you change us back now?”

“Haha, oh silly mortals.” She flicked her hair and walked to the door. “This is an upgrade for you! Assistants to a goddess! Now come along!”

“But Jessie, we barely know how to fly-” Smack! Tail’s sentence was interrupted as he collided with the wall. Moose barely had time to help him level out before the pull of their new “diety” was drawing them along. Into public.

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“Ooo, now that’s a cute couple.” Jessphrodite giggled, passing two men holding hands. “Oh, and you better get out of here before she eats you alive, buddy.” She said to another man who was holding a bunch of shopping bags for a girl on a spending rampage.

“Jess, you seem a little... distracted.” Said the tiny, flying Moose.

“Distracted? Hades no! These are my people!”

“Your people?”

“Yes!” Jessphrodite purred. “Couples, love birds. That dude over there with a boner. Love, Lust, Longing, it’s a bit intoxicating, don’t you think?”

"I think walking around on Valentines day, changed as you are, might be a bad idea." Tail chimed in.

"Listen, you two better stop messing up the vibe or I'm gonna make you two hot horny babes for a date night with those lonely dudes over there on the bench. No? Wonderful, now flap harder and keep up." Jess entered a small cafe humming some oldies love song, and the poor flapping cupids just had to follow.

"Woah, are those things drones?" Asked the young man behind the counter.

"Sometimes!" Jess giggled. "Ooo cupcakes!" Jess pointed at some pink cupcakes with large red candy hearts on top.

"Shall I get you one, miss?"

"Oh, pack me up all twelve; they are very me!" Jess smiled and then fanned herself with her hand. "Is it a little warm in here, Lyle?"

"Feels cool to me; how did you know my name?" The guy looked a little spooked as she packed up the cupcakes.

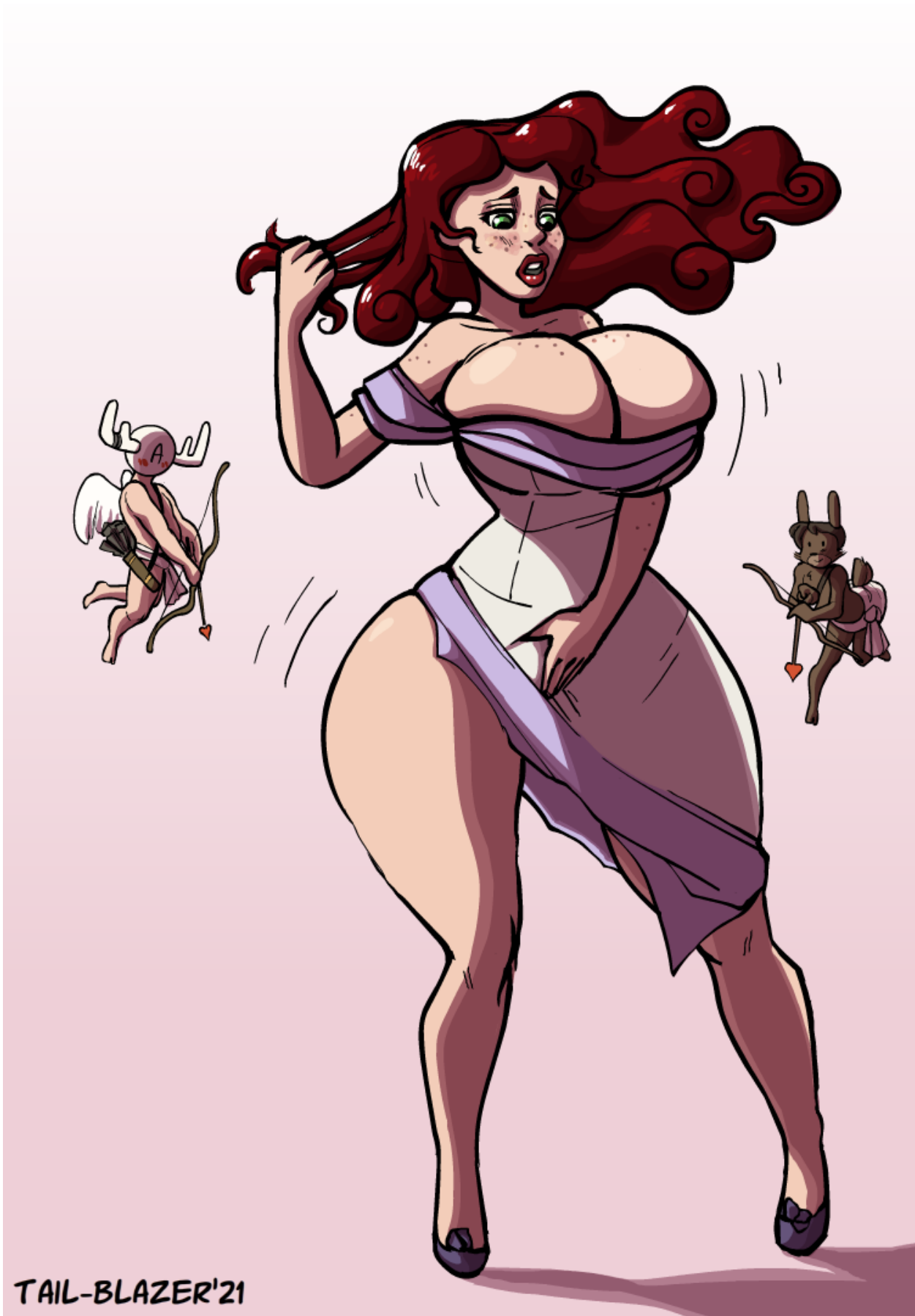
"Oh sweetie, I'm the goddess of love!" The server looked unconvinced, so Jess continued. "And she was too dense to say so last night, but Amelia was really into those new earrings you got her Honestly, probably good for a few dates, but there's better fish in the sea." The godly red head gave a wink, and a magical warmth and happiness filled the young college boy.

"O-oh wow." Lyle blushed.

"How much do I owe you." Jess reddened and stretched her back. Something was feeling a little bit off.

"It's on m-me." The boy stammered.

"How loooovely of you." She groaned as a her body gurgled and swelled a bit. Her hand slammed down on the counter, and her breathing ramped up.



TAIL-BLAZER'21

Moose flapped about, worried. "Um, Jess, are you ok?"

"Your phone is blowing up with notifications too." Tail chipped in.

"I... I think my next autopost h-hit." The ginger bit her lip and whined, snaking between her full thighs to press her palm against her aching womanhood. "Dear Zeus, that's alot of worship!"

"Looks like you posted a nude." Moose checked, trying to cover the image on his phone enough to not see anything too lewd.

"GaaaAHHHH" As the goddess screamed out in pleasure, her ass and thighs, shiny with the sheen of sweat, pushed out and few inches, popping the seams of her toga.

"M'am, you cannot be doing.. whatever that is you are doing over here...!"

"I'm not doing anything on purpose! Why don't you try being the planet's sexual circuit boooAAARD FAAAA... TOO MANY PEOPLE." The witch turned goddess of love shuddered and shimmied, her height growing and foot, breasts swelling like rising dough out of the top of her toga. Beneath the soft fabric, her nipples pushed out large as bottle caps and hard and aching like mad. "Lock my account or something, oh woah so many dirty images in my headand ankles?!"

*Shhhhhrrrp!* The side of Jessphrodite's toga split open to reveal a widening hip. The more people liked and shared her photo, the larger her curves and body swelled with worship. Her tits were bigger than watermelons, her ass a freckles set of pumkins, and her height was nearing eight feet tall. "Dear gods someone help me come!"

"M'am, this is a MuffinMart." The manager said.

The ginger goddess's growing body knocked over chairs and tables until she fell to her hands and knees, giant swaying mammaries grazing the tile floor even though her shoulders rose up four feet off the ground on their own from her size.

Moose poked his friend in the butt with his arrow "Jessie! I think you need to send some of the magic to build up into other people!"

"Ah Ah hnnnnng how!?"

"Like miracles or something, you're a goddess Jess!" Tail-blazer added.

"Well shit, you two are my cupids! Start shooting people!" Both cupids heeded her command, looked at each other, and then back to her, and let out a *hell yeah!* Arrows flew every which way. An old couple made out wildly, a woman kissed her dog. The manager was crying and professing his love to a cupcake, asking it to marry him. With each bolt of love, Jessie shrunk,



just a little, but enough to calm the heat in her body and loins.

“So she’s a goddess, with a 4 billion instagram following?” Lyle asked, finding her on his phone. “Just the photo turned his mind into horny mush. “Beats being a muffin barista or whatever the heck my job title is. Wish I had that kind of power.

“DEAL!” Jessie screamed, overcome by it all. She grabbed the boys hand, and a huge blast of magic went down her arm and up into Lyles. Tail and Moose both became their old selves again, and fell from the sky on top of their ginger friend. Everything went dark.

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“Wake up!” Jessie heard some angry woman screaming her name, shaking her by the arm. “Listen, you little witch! Where’s my magic!”

Jessie groggily opened her eyes. “Wh-what? You set the spell to reverse after a day. Why do I feel like someone dropped a bucket of bricks on me?” Moose and Tail slowly inched their way out of the room.

“It would have come back to me if you hadn’t had passed it on to someone else!”

“Wha- the muffin kid? Why didn’t it come back to you from him?” Jessie’s head was spinning

“Because you didn’t set a timer on it!”

“I DON’T KNOW THE RULES! Just go find what’s his name and get it back. Tail, show her the shop.” Jessie motioned to her friend who, shook his head.

“Yeah... about that.”

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Lyle was having a very rough week. The minute he had grabbed that goddess’ hand his whole world changed. He remembered the initial moment, where a lightning bolt of arousal and passion ran through his body, blasting away any sign of manliness and leaving a petite minuscule skinny little thing that had to hold their clothes to stop them from falling off. He remembered leaving work immediately, crying and confused, and he remembered the odd sensations that began to fill him as he ran.

It started with his caved-in chest, small mounds of flesh with firm, large nipples blooming on his much smaller rib cage. He whimpered as the marble sized nubs rubbed against the material of his top. They moved from a small jiggle little by little into a more pronounced bounce. His hips began to soften and sway, as his ass firmed and rounded out. When he was halfway home he

no longer had to hold up his clothing, his wide hips, and bubble but now held up his jeans, and two very real, very sensitive c cup boobs were packed into his work shirt. By the time he got home, they were bigger than cantaloupes, seams of his clothing popping under stress.

Lyle remembered getting back to his apartment and being called by his landlord. He tried to wave him off and a blast of magic went hurling at the man. The next thing Lyle knew his grouchy ass hole landlord was all over him, begging for 'her' touch, and hand in marriage, covering him with kisses and holding Lyle so close his sensitive tits mashed against his assaulter's chest sending waves of confused pleasure up and down his spine.

"No! Your goddess finds you unworthy!" Lyle shouted, a huge surge of magic leaving his new form, reshaping the groping property manager into a blonde, buxom, bimbo with large fake tits and pillowing lips.

"Eeek, you like... turned me into a woman!" She screamed. "A like, straight woman, who really needs to get.. L-laid omg change me back!" The bimbo landlord screamed. But Lyle had already hidden in his apartment.

He waited out the banging and the moans on the other side of the door, the former man complaining about needing dick and demanding to be changed back. But Lyle did know how, and soon the whimpering woman could be heard clicking away on her heels. "I can't wait anymore!!"

That was followed up by seeing himself in the mirror, long golden hair and a perfect, beautiful, face. Realizing he had an Instagram now, with too many followers to count, and that every time it auto posted, his body would grow unless he used magic, just like he had on the landlord.

Going to work didn't help, the boss of the MuffinMart kept hitting on him, till "Lyla" accidentally turned him into a Muffin Top Milf whose milkshake'(s)? drew all sorts of new customers. Lyle was quite in a panic, and had now moved into his friend Charlie's parents's(ignore grammarly IMO) summer home to hide. It was already awkward enough sharing the space with Charlie since he had the body of a goddess and the constant ringing of the world's lust in his... well.. .let's just say not his ears, but things just got worse when any outfit he tried on turned into something skimpy and sexy enough to cause Charlie to spit out his beer.

Now a week later, the "goddess" side was getting to him. Being worshiped felt good, and being hooked up to the world's "love and lust" was overwhelming. Trying to hold back from using their power was no good (that night where he grew so big and poor Charlie was almost suffocated under his ass was no good) and getting a normal job was hopeless. So for now, she was "Lyla, the Goddess of Love" on OnlyFans. Burning up her magic by making everyone cum at once. Which led to more fans, which meant more worship, and an ever increasing amount of magic to burn off. The poor goddess couldn't get under a G cup anymore.

"Anyzing else for zee mademoiselle?" Charlie asked in a french accent as she minced away in

her platform heels. Oh right, the cherry on top. Lyla still didn't know how to turn Charlie back from being a ridiculously stacked french maid, packed into a too tiny outfit, who got off on being of service. Learning to be a goddess, was hard.