



Mythical Erotica

Taking Medusa

A Greek mythological creature menage story

The Gorgon Series

By D'Evelyn Redd

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D'Evelyn Redd

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He came to her from out of the sea, no longer able to withstand his desire, so comely she was - that youngest daughter of Keto and Phorcys, the one they called Medusa. There he stood within the vestibule of the temple, slick from the ocean, droplets trickling down his muscular chest and arms as he gazed at her like a god.

Just like a god, indeed; for he was Poseidon, lord of the sea and all that dwell therein. Powerful, mighty, and handsome both in his form and demeanor, was he. And especially in that moment did they perceive him as such while he stood there, his smoldering gaze affixed upon Medusa and her two sisters, also both as desirable as she, and all three being priestesses of the Temple of Athena.

"Told you, did I not, sisters?" whispered Medusa to both Sthenno, the oldest, and Euryale, the next. "True, he is a god, so it is expected he carry such charisma, but even if he be a mere mortal man, would he be considered ever so handsome?"

Euryale bit her lower lip and then she smiled through her brown, coiling locks that shimmered from their tiny scales along their lengths, for her hair was comprised of the deadliest of vipers; she being born a Gorgon, just as had been all three of them. Comely, yes, were the Gorgons, otherwise it be doubtful Poseidon would have taken an interest. Yet their heads were maned with the bodies and heads of serpents, and their limbs were hued of bronze scales, and each, hidden beneath their woven gowns had tails, long like a lion but scaled like a snake. Beyond the oddities of their hair, their scaled limbs, and their serpentine tails, they appeared as beautiful as any woman, mortal or not. In fact, it was well thought amongst all, man or god, that they, the sisters Gorgon, and most especially Medusa, were very lovely in their form considering they were the offspring of immortal sea creatures.

"You say it is this same one here you met upon the shore?" said Euryale. "This gorgeous man before us? And he is god of the sea, Lord Poseidon?"

"He is none other," replied Medusa.

She recalled then that moment when she first gazed upon the god of the sea, and of her encounter with him upon the shores that touched the Aegean. Days ago she had taken respite from the temple, and on that fateful afternoon went to practice her archery, for it was a passion of hers. Then, Medusa had come down to the ocean whereupon she had fastened a tether of twine upon one of her arrows of which she intended to make aim upon whatever might swim within the lapping waves close to the rocky outcroppings of the shoreline. Having discarded her gown to keep the sea from damaging it, she waded nude into the shallows, espying the delicate creatures that swam freely beneath the gentle waves. On thrice attempts did she fail to pierce a fish large enough, and she began to question whether her skills were failing her. Medusa waded out further still until the cool waters covered her legs to just below her hips and the sandy bottom massaged her feet. There she gazed upon many a different colored fish floating within the shallow depths and riding the undulations of the sea. Unmoving for quite some time she waited patiently,

allowing the water to wash over her thighs and to feel the cooling breeze raise goose bumps upon her flesh and stiffen the nipples of her breasts. Her black serpent locks, like mambas, she kept them bound together with a cord; yet having a life of their own, they writhed about behind or above her head for some time before finally they rested upon her shoulder, their heads dangling down upon her chest. Medusa could only surmise they were watching the waters as well.

There! A large black disc-shaped one of a type she could not be certain was swimming just within an arm's span of her. Medusa slowly aimed her bow and even with that slight movement did her serpent locks lift up from their perch, anxious hissing indicating they sensed her slight movement and had spied, too, the unsuspecting creature that had stopped and was floating ever so close. Pulling back upon the string, the bow groaned like an old bough in a heavy gale.

If her aim be true, she would have it. But then the water always distorted the vision of what was seen. A slight adjustment just off-center would prove necessary.

Steady. Steady.

Slowly she let a breath rise fully into her lungs then slowly she exhaled, like a wave cresting and then falling. In that instant her hooked fingers about the bowstring released, letting slip the arrow with its tether.

Passing through the surface of the sea went the arrow, and then through the side of the fish. The creature careened from the impaling arrow before turning and swimming off in the opposite direction from whence it came.

Medusa smiled, her heart pounding from the excitement of actually having made the mark, but no time there was to peel just yet. For even as the fish swam away with the arrow piercing it, did the tether attached began to uncoil from within Medusa's other hand.

Moving quickly, she slipped her bow over her shoulder, and then she grabbed upon the tethered twine to hold it fast within her grip just as it almost completely uncoiled. The very end of the tether had been secured to her wrist using a slip knot, so freeing both her hands of the bow was paramount to avoid the fleeing sea creature from tightening the tether to the point of biting through Medusa's wrist, bronzed and scaled though it be.

The fish struggled as she began reeling in the tether with some difficulty yet for but a moment. As she pulled more her catch fought less with every instant for the impaled arrow was drawing away its life. Wriggling on the end of the arrow, and still trying to escape with a final effort, the fish came up to the surface and into Medusa's grasp.

Medusa held it up to the afternoon sun, admiring her quarry, and pleased that she had finally succeeded. The fish would make for the beginnings of a fresh meal in the early evening with her sisters back at the temple.

Then quite sudden, there rose up a wave of the sea, uncharacteristic for the water's current calm demeanor, and Medusa let slip her gaze from the fish to the crest coming toward her. Rising out of the crest, his waist obscured by the foam, she saw a colossal man there now standing. He was unmeasured in his physical appeal, having a height that towered almost double Medusa's own, and the breadth of his shoulders seemed as though he could, like Atlas himself, hold up the world. Arms, thick as trees were fixed akimbo upon his waist, and his hairless chest and abdomen rippled with muscle. Trickling with the sea was his thick mane of sand-colored hair and a beard, shaped like a spear point, rested upon his very prominent chin. He peered down upon Medusa with gray eyes, and a faint smile shaped the demeanor of his handsome countenance. The mere sight of this man who had risen so sudden from the sea would have been enough to send Medusa into hysterics, but yet she was fascinated by him, so powerful he was in his appeal as a man.

"You have something that belongs to me," said the colossus still floating on top of the cresting wave that appeared to have been arrested in its forward progression as if a thousand horses were holding it back to keep it from crashing down upon Medusa. He gazed first to the fish upon the arrow and then back to Medusa, his eyes appearing to admire her naked form.

She stared back for a moment, uncomprehending. She was not sure if it was the man's sudden appearance from beneath the waves or his incredible beauty that kept still her tongue. Medusa felt paralyzed, caught herself as surely as the languid fish upon her arrow for so sudden and so handsome was the being towering over her. She had met many handsome men in her young short life; many who had thusly attempted to seduce her for despite her strange serpent's locks and whip-like tail, Medusa knew that she was quite beautiful. However, now she understood why most of those same men fell speechless before her just at the mere sight of her, for that was now how it was with this man standing in the waters.

"This? This, this ... fish?" she said. "I did not think it belonged to ... to anyone - except perhaps Poseidon himself."

The colossal man smiled and his hand touched upon his chest. "Do you not recognize that it is he who stands before you, lovely gorgon?"

Medusa continued to stare at him, more out of awe at his incredible form - his massive chest and rippled abdomen, those powerful arms that could so easily sweep her delicate, slight body up out of the ocean, those ghostly gray eyes - than from the realization that he claimed to be god of the sea.

She suddenly felt vulnerable standing there before him in the open - small, frail, unclothed. She tipped her head and covered her breast with her free arm as she held up the skewered fish to Poseidon with the other. "Forgive me, mighty Poseidon."

Poseidon laughed lightly, and Medusa glanced upward even as her head remained bowed, and she saw the gleaming smile of the god as he placed out his hand. "Consider it a gift to so lovely a being as yourself, Medusa the Gorgon."

She looked directly up at him, lowering the fish. "How is it that you know my name?"

The wave upon which Poseidon floated moved slowly forward, carrying him closer, and her appreciation of his enormous size grew. Clearly this was a god, but having not been in the company of such for the exception her own lovely and fair goddess, Athena, she had never been this close to appreciate one. The bound bushel of her serpent locks rose up from her shoulder, hissing at the approaching god, and her tail curled upward behind her in an instinctive reaction to strike like a whip. Medusa's heart raced like a chariot, not altogether of trepidation but rather from compelling attraction.

"Word of the fair beauty that is Medusa is known far and wide, especially amongst those of Olympus," he replied, his tone gentle, wooing. "Many a mortal and some score of gods have oft spoken pleasingly of the daughters of Keto and Phorcys - yet most especially of the youngest. How could I not have known of you, beauteous Medusa?"

Hearing such words from any other would not have struck to Medusa's heart, for she was accustomed to flirtations. But coming from Poseidon himself, this comeliest of the great gods, and who sparked a thrill within her very loins at the mere sight of him, Medusa could not help but to feel a rush of blood to her fair cheeks. "I - I do not know what to say."

"What more is there," replied Poseidon as he leaned closer still within easy reach, and he touched her upon the cheek with a firm yet gentle caress.

Medusa turned her cheek away from Poseidon's touch even though she did not wish it. What she desired was to have this god take her up into his immeasurable arms and ravish her beneath the cool blanket of the sea. But alas, she knew it could not be. "Please, your greatness ..."

Poseidon leaned back. "Lovely one, why do you turn from me? I can sense your attraction just as surely as I know my own ardor for you."

She looked up at him. "It is that I am a priestess of the temple -"

"I know well your status, Lady Medusa," he interjected, but not harshly; yet rather with a sense of disappointment, of longing. "I have long observed from afar, and have long waited that moment when through chance or destiny we might meet, and in meeting find mutual accord and certain desire."

Medusa continued to stare, comprehending what he thus spoke, but not yet quite understanding. Could it be that this being, this god had been infatuated with her from afar for perhaps some time not completely measured but certainly long? Surely not! But his words; spoke plainly yet so

eloquent. True she was lovely, she knew that, and true she was immortal, just like he who towered over her. But he was Poseidon, lord of the seas. And although he was quite handsome, and Medusa found herself quite taken by his form and grace, she simply could not grasp that she of all women, mortal or immortal, was the object of his affection as well as his passion.

"You doubt my intent?" he asked of her, again reaching out to touch her cheek once more.

Medusa did not resist the caress, instead glowing and leaning toward it. Weakness of limb was seizing her, but she knew the best. "I do not, my lord," she replied. "But it simply cannot be."

She turned away from him, albeit reluctantly, and began trudging through the thick waves and the giving sands beneath her feet, moving as swift as either would allow. Not out of fear of Poseidon did she remove herself so hastily from the sea and from his presence, but out of fear of what she might do should she remain an instant longer.

And he, although certainly had been insistent and somewhat impetuous in attempting to demonstrate his desire for her, said nothing more as he rode upon that static wave ever so close to the shore, yet ever so far for all that mattered in that moment.

Until now.

Until this moment when Poseidon stood within the vestibule of the very temple where Medusa and her lovely sisters attended as priestesses and gave deference to their goddess, Athena.

Sthenno stepped forward, approaching Poseidon as he stood there still gazing upon Medusa just as he had gazed upon her on that sunlit afternoon weeks' prior. Sthenno, with serpent's locks made of yellow sea snakes, always brave and ever so protective of her sisters, stood between them and this behemoth entering the temple of their goddess. "Speak truth; are you the god of the seas? And if so, how may we serve you within this temple dedicated to Pallas Athena?"

"It is true. I am Poseidon," he replied, who only then stepped forward approaching as if he owned the temple himself and not his familiar rival upon Olympus, the goddess Pallas Athena. He stared down upon Sthenno with approval, and his hand stroked her chin. "It is also true that even the eldest of the Sisters Gorgon is enchanting."

Oft strong-willed in her bearing, Sthenno was. And more inclined to be the fighter rather than the lover for she knew far better the practice of the spear than of the heart. It came from a previous lover, a Spartan who fascinated her with his way of life, and even in his removed absence to far off Troy; Sthenno adopted the lifestyle of her former lover. Yet, at that moment Medusa perceived a dance to her older sister's eyes when Poseidon touched her. She appeared to melt beneath him like bronze set within the forge. But then how could even Sthenno resist such charm as Poseidon presented?

"Thank you, mighty Poseidon," said Sthenno, her tone softening as her lashes fluttered. "Yet, still, how may we serve you?"

The god of the sea directed his gaze upon Medusa standing at the center of the vestibule of the temple with Euryale still waiting at her shoulder. "I have come to speak with you, fair Medusa. For long all I have thought about is that moment when we met upon the sea and I first cast my eyes upon you. I can think of nothing else, and so I desired to see you once again."

Medusa felt the heat rise to her cheeks the same as it had that sunny afternoon in the shallows of the Aegean. "Alas, my lord, I have thought of you, also."

Poseidon smiled, as he stepped past Sthenno to approach her. "Then we are of an accord? Our passion for one another is thusly mutual?"

"We are in accordance, true. But, oh, how could it be, passion be what it may, for I am a priestess to remain chaste and virtuous so long as I serve Pallas Athena."

His lips tightened and his eyes narrowed, but not as in menace - rather cast in frustration. His large hands turned palms out to Medusa. "Cannot passion be virtuous and acceptable even unto Athena?"

"Virtuous, yes," she replied, and then looked to Euryale standing beside her. "But chaste still prohibits our -"

"Surely, Athena would not find fault in our mutual desire for each other, as I know her well," he interjected.

"There may not be fault, your greatness," responded Medusa. "But -"

Poseidon closed, placing his hands upon her arms. "I speak plainly with fervency, fair Medusa. I desire you and cannot go on until I know you in all aspects. Is it a fear of Athena that you are reluctant to fall into my embrace?"

Medusa tried to pull away from his firm grip, yet only however slight for in her heart she did desire him as well. She glanced again at Euryale, whose eyes were fixed upon Poseidon. Enamor shown like a veil across her face. Medusa lowered her chin to look to the marbled floor at their feet.

"It is not fear, but rather honor."

"Honor cast aside," Euryale said, as she stepped from Medusa's side to circle about Poseidon. "What honor would there be in denying oneself the attentions of a god whom is also mutually desirable, sister?"

Medusa lifted her eyes to see her sister lithely walk toward Poseidon, placing a delicate, bronze hand upon his bicep and tracing the curve of it with a long cuticle. Euryale was gazing with lust as she studied the god she circled, around before stopping on the other side of him and placing her hand upon his other arm. Poseidon drew his gaze from Medusa to glance at Euryale. Medusa could see that he also looked to her with desire in his eyes. Although a god, clearly the touch of a beautiful woman could distract him.

"Always the impetuous one, sister Euryale," then said Sthenno as she walked back toward the rest of them from the entrance to the temple. She stopped alongside of Poseidon opposite of Euryale, and to Medusa's amazement deigned to run her hand upon Poseidon's shoulder. "But the question at hand is not of honor. Rather, it is to whether which is of greater interest to you and your future. Remaining bound to the temple or to become bound to a god."

Euryale stroked Poseidon's bicep as her brown viper locks rose up in a tangled cloud of coils, their tongues tasting the air as their heads stared up at the god of the sea. "Sister speaks truth, Medusa. What do you place greater value upon?"

Medusa studied both her sisters, each standing side by side a god: Euryale, forever the free-spirited and wandering being, easy to give sway to her emotions without thought to consequence; and Sthenno, warrior-like in her bearing, always strategizing as if this moment were a battle. How could Medusa blame either of her older sisters? She herself could hardly resist the attraction to Poseidon, especially now that he held her firmly in his grip.

"If you will not have him, sister," said Euryale, looking up at Poseidon, "then perhaps he would consider me."

Medusa shot her eyes at her sister, and the mamba locks upon her head rose up as if to strike in unison, hissing.

"Don't cast that look, younger one," replied Euryale staring back at her as she stroked Poseidon's arm and then moved upward, tracing her fingertips across his shoulder. "My choice would be clear and swift."

Medusa felt Poseidon's grip upon her lessen as he turned slightly and continued staring at her middle sister. The god of the sea said nothing, but Medusa could see in his eyes that his lust was turning in the direction of his gaze.

"For once I would have to agree, Euryale," said Sthenno, her hand having moved from Poseidon's shoulder to down upon his chest. "An eternity as priestess or an eternity with a handsome and powerful god; there is no dilemma."

Medusa then noticed Sthenno's whip-like, golden-colored tail had found its way from out beneath her long white gown, and was coiling its way around Poseidon's calf, causing the god to

turn his gaze away from Euryale. Poseidon reached out and wrapped his arm around Sthenno's waist and pulled her close.

"Each just as lovely," he said as he stared into Sthenno's golden eyes.

Medusa was frozen in that moment, watching not with anger or jealousy, but with voyeuristic fascination at the lust in Sthenno's eyes as she stared back at Poseidon while at the same time watching Euryale caress his chest. Both of her sisters clearly could see something grander that went beyond merely serving the temple. But were they simply giving in to passion? Were they truly showing wisdom in selecting a god over their duty to the temple? Yet, Medusa couldn't help herself either, thinking about the possibilities of giving herself over to a god, of becoming his companion, and possibly his wife for all of eternity.

Poseidon turned his gaze back toward Euryale who was running her fingers across his abdomen, and then he looked to Medusa. "If your duty is to the temple, then I will understand and choose another."

Euryale leaned in and her lips touched upon Poseidon's arm. "Choose me," she said.

Then Sthenno leaned up and kissed him upon the side of his chest. "Choose us both," she uttered, her tone one of supplication.

Poseidon started turning back toward Sthenno, the god caught between the urging caresses and entreaties of Medusa's older sisters, when Medusa stepped forward, reaching out to him and wrapping her arms about his neck.

"Choose us all," she whispered as she pulled herself up to his mouth, kissing him with a passion she had not ever felt for any being.

Having released his arms from Medusa's sisters, Poseidon pulled her off the floor, so tall he was, and he began kissing her fervently, like a thirsting man in a desert.

With ease he was upon her, and so strong was his arms that he carried her into the main chamber of the temple whereupon was a large altar to which offerings were often made to Athena. As he carried Medusa, their lips still joined together, both Sthenno and Euryale followed. Poseidon then laid her gently upon the altar. Kneeling there, Medusa let loose the catch of her gown, allowing it to fall from her torso. As she did so, she stared at Poseidon, wanting him, and then she noticed both her sisters let their gowns also drop from their bodies onto the marbled floor. Each stood to the side of Poseidon, both caressing his arms, his chest, and his shoulders while Poseidon removed the chiton that was wrapped about his waist.

A naked god then stood before her. Constituted of a muscled chest, powerful arms, and those sharp gray eyes, he was. Yet Medusa could not help but to look to the stiffening member between his thighs. She felt the cleft between her own thighs moisten at the mere sight of him

and his thick, rising shaft. Her heart began to beat so hard at that moment that she thought it would explode from her breast.

Then Sthenno knelt down beside Poseidon, grasping his member, stroking it with her bronzed hand, and quickly Euryale joined her, running her hands up Poseidon's thigh and caressing the sack beneath his hardened shaft.

The god moaned as he continued to stare at Medusa, while at the same time he grabbed hold of the golden serpents atop Sthenno's head as if they were a bushel of wheat, and he guided her mouth to him. Sthenno took him inside her mouth as she knelt to one side of him, while Euryale knelt down further beneath to set her tongue upon his sack and the crevice of his backside.

Medusa watched, breathless as her two sisters knelt before Poseidon suckling upon him and running their hands up and down his thick thigh muscles as they pleased her god. Removing her gown completely, Medusa found her hands caressing herself, fingers touching upon breasts and then roaming like messengers toward the valley between her legs, discovering that she was damp with the lust of watching. Sthenno was milking Poseidon's shaft with her mouth while Euryale sucked upon the large grapes within his sack, thusly causing Medusa to slide her fingers inside herself as she continued to gaze.

Then Poseidon pulled on Sthenno's serpents, pulling her lips from his wetted and fully hardened shaft. He took one step, leaned forward, and parted Medusa's thigh. His tongue then descended upon the inside of her thigh, drifting upward until it slid along her cleft, and then his lips began sucking upon her slick outer folds. Medusa leaned upon her elbows to watch as Poseidon licked her folds, swelling them until they parted, allowing her bud to also swell and to appear. Then Poseidon sucked it into his mouth, sending waves of pleasure through Medusa's loins.

Poseidon let out a low-pitched moan. Medusa glanced down at the foot of the altar and she could see that now Euryale was kneeling between his legs and had taken him into her mouth. Sthenno was kneeling behind Poseidon pleasuring the opening within his backside crevice with her tongue. This only further excited Medusa and she reached out, grabbing up bunches of Poseidon's thick, long sandy hair.

Suddenly Poseidon reached up and wrapped his arms about Medusa's torso, lifting her off the altar with his mouth still upon her cleft and her legs thrown over his shoulders as he stood. Tossing her head back Medusa groaned under the pleasure of his tongue, only glancing downward for a moment to see Euryale sucking upon him as her own fingers explored the slit between her legs while she knelt before him. Poseidon continued to hold her up within his arms, so strong he was as he continued to ravish her cleft, bringing Medusa closer to the crest of a wave of pleasure that would soon crash upon the beaches of her mind.

Just as she was about to reach that crest, though, Poseidon pulled his mouth away from her and lowered her to his hips, as he looked down at Euryale. With one arm he held Medusa and with

the other hand he stood Euryale up, guiding her to stand against the altar. Then as she stood there, leaning against it, he slid a thick finger inside Euryale causing her to buckle from the pleasure of it. Medusa turned to look at her sister, looking to see the lust in her eyes as the god of the sea explored her with his fingers.

But then Medusa suddenly felt Poseidon's member pressing against her cleft.

With a delicious piercing he slipped within her, filling her, and causing a moan to escape. Poseidon began thrusting into her, and Medusa felt as if she would burst in two, so large was his shaft as it ground into her.

She couldn't hold back any further and began bucking her hips to meet his thrusts, and a cadence of sobbing, pleased-filled moans escaped her over and over until suddenly the crest of her climactic wave spilled over the edge, sending her downward into bliss.

But even as she moaned with the pleasure of her orgasm, she felt Poseidon raise her up and lay her upon the altar.

Bathing in the afterglow, Medusa then watched Poseidon take Euryale and spin her about, bending her over so that her hands rested upon the altar ledge at Medusa's feet. He stepped behind her, and then inserted his shaft, causing Euryale to moan with delight as he thrust. Euryale's brown serpent locks danced in a tangle above her head, their eyes half-open, just like Euryale's. Medusa watched in her blissful state as Poseidon began taking Euryale hard, picking up the rhythm of his thrusts deep inside her.

But then he stopped, and he picked up Euryale by the thighs, spreading them wide as he held her off the floor. Euryale groaned under the strain of holding herself in place with her hands while Poseidon positioned himself to thrust into her again. But at that moment Medusa noticed Sthenno stand up behind Poseidon. Medusa could not see exactly what Sthenno was doing, but Poseidon must have been aware of it because even as he stood there, he looked back at her with lust in his eyes and then he spread his legs shoulder-width apart and arched his buttocks upward. Sthenno stood directly behind Poseidon and with both hands she spread his buttocks.

Poseidon grunted and sighed. A moan then escaped his lips as he slowly he slid his cock back inside Euryale, which in turn caused her to moan from the exquisite pleasure of his large shaft penetrating her.

Medusa got upon her knees to see what Sthenno was doing and then realized that she had parted Poseidon's firm buttocks in order to insert the end of her serpentine tail inside him. The sight of it was enough to almost make Medusa rise to climax. She knelt there and watched as Poseidon held Euryale up by her thighs, taking her from behind while Sthenno held onto Poseidon's parted buttocks and let the end of her tail slide in and out of him. Euryale started moaning over and over, and then starting bucking her hips as if she was an unbroken horse, and Poseidon

quicken his thrusts. Suddenly Euryale began crying out in ecstasy as the vipers upon her head rose up hissing in unison with her.

Medusa found herself slipping her fingers back into moist folds as she watched Euryale reach one climax after the other in waves upon crashing waves while Poseidon, still thrusting into her also moaned from the pleasure of Sthenno's tail thrusting in and out of him. It was enough to send Medusa over the edge again just as Euryale herself was slipping into her own final abyss of pleasure.

Then Poseidon pulled his still stiffened cock from her, picked her up off her feet, and laid her upon the altar beside Medusa. Euryale lay back, gasping and shuddering still, and Medusa pulled her gaze from her to see Poseidon now turning his attention to Sthenno, who had removed her tail from him. Sthenno had gotten onto her hands and knees upon the floor, looking over her shoulder at the god positioning himself behind her. Without any effort and of great swiftness Poseidon thrust his cock all the way into Sthenno, causing her to sob with a sudden pleasure of having it fill her. Medusa watched still rubbing her fingers over her sensitive bud while Poseidon thrust his cock in and then all the way out of Sthenno. With each penetration, Sthenno moaned.

"Faster," she begged. "Take me faster."

Poseidon quickened the pace of his thrusts into her, making her beg more as she pushed back to meet each of his thrusts in a rapid rhythm.

"Harder," she cried out.

"Spirited one, you are."

She gleamed, eyes lit with fire. "Go hard with your cock."

Poseidon grabbed Sthenno's hips and began thrusting his cock hard into her, causing her to wail and moan and buck against it. Then, just like that, Sthenno screamed out her pleasure as she called out his name over and over through her shuddering climax.

But just as Sthenno was climaxing, Medusa saw Poseidon look over at her, and then he picked Sthenno up from behind, his stiff shaft still inside her. He carried Sthenno over to the altar and placed her upon it, pulling his shaft from her.

"The best for last," he said, as he grabbed Medusa by both ankles and pulled her to the edge of the altar. Easily he slipped his slick cock inside her and then ravished her again, hard and fast, pumping her over and over.

"Don't stop. Oh, please, don't stop."

Slick with sweat, grunting and moaning, Poseidon thrust into her over and over again, and Medusa felt herself rise up on a tidal wave of exquisite ecstasy.

"Don't stop," she muttered over and over. "Take me, take me."

"Take me," he whispered back, and she felt his hand upon her tail.

Medusa slid her tail inside him as he continued to thrust into her, his shaft feeling like relentless waves crashing upon the endless seashores of her mind as she orgasmed. And with each thrusting she continued to climax, feeling, too, his cock grow larger within her. She pushed her stiff serpent tail deeper into him, then deeper still, making him moan from the pleasure of it.

"Yes," he whispered as he took her harder still, sending yet another spasm of climax through her.

Then suddenly the god of the sea moaned like a great leviathan breaching the surface of the ocean, and his seed burst from him, bathing her womb, his cock pulsing within her. For what seemed like a moment forever trapped within wintry ice he loomed over her allowing his essence to flow into her. And in that moment she felt as if they were no longer two separate beings, but bound together like the fish and the arrow on its tether wrapped about her wrist all those afternoons ago.

After a time, all four of them lie upon the large altar, far better suited for the offerings of sheep and goats to Athena, but large enough for them all to slumber within a cuddled tangle. Medusa enveloped within the arms of Poseidon lay there for some time, thinking on what had transpired - her sudden surrender to passion. It concerned her, yet, being in those arms of the god who had loved her and stated his intent to bind himself to her; she felt comforted in that knowledge. Athena would not be happy with her for it would mean leaving the temple, but she would be with Poseidon now, and there would always be others who would take on the responsibilities of a common priestess.

"What sacrilege has occurred here?"

Medusa's eyes popped open and she as well as her sisters sat up on the altar.

"Goddess!" said Sthenno, slipping down from the altar with Euryale quickly following suit.

Athena was standing just within temple chamber, many spans from the altar where they all had lain. Her helm was tipped back upon wavy brunette tresses and her spear was held within both her hands as if she were ready for battle. She glared at Sthenno and Euryale as both stooped to grab up their gowns. Raising her spear straight up as if it were a torch, Athena closed her eyes. Then springing from Athena's spear tip shot twin bolts of lightning, each striking Sthenno and Euryale and knocking them upon their backsides.

"God of the sea," said Athena. "Is it pleasing to you to vex me such by seducing my priestesses?"

Poseidon raised himself onto his elbows, but otherwise remained supine upon the altar even as Medusa crouched to grab her priestess gown to cover herself.

"Your vexation was not my aim, fair Pallas Athena," he said with a raised brow. "Merely to be pleased was what was sought."

"Yet you do so," she replied. Then she fixed her gaze upon Medusa. "And what have you to say for this, Medusa? From you I would not have expected such indecency."

"Apologies, my goddess -"

"Apologies? Mere apologies for such an infraction of your vows? Vows you made unto me when I brought you from your parents' home." Then Athena looked to either of Sthenno and Euryale, cringing now upon their knees, half covered by their gowns. "And you two as well. Although no surprise, I am yet still disappointed."

Medusa slipped from the altar and stood before Athena, clutching her gown against her breast. Her serpent locks were cowed back, hiding behind her head and her tail found itself curling in between her legs. "I meant no transgression, but rather have fallen for Poseidon -"

"Fallen? Fallen? Ignorant daughter of Phorcys! What know you of love? What know you of Poseidon?"

"Now, here, here, Athena," objected Poseidon, glaring at her as he sat up.

Athena ignored him, continuing to peer at Medusa. "He be a god, and like all others of his ilk, he cares not for anyone, immortal or not, yet himself. And you fell for this? How naïve, priestess of my temple."

Sthenno stood, as did Euryale. "It is true, my goddess," she said. "Poseidon expressed his desires for my sister. They are to be joined?"

Athena turned to Sthenno and laughed. "Desires expressed, yes. But joined? All of you are foolish girls of weak virtue. I shall have no such beings as priestesses here."

Euryale stepped toward the goddess, but timidly as if like a fawn in the underbrush careful to go unnoticed by the hunter. "It is true what my sisters say, goddess. It is also true what you say of us. We apologize for our transgressions and are prepared to dismiss ourselves from your service."

Athena looked at her. "This goes beyond mere dismissal. Lacking in virtue and in discipline, infracting upon your vows, and sacrilege upon the very altar where offerings are made to me ... to me!" She approached Euryale, who in turn began to cower back. Athena pointed her spear. "Oh no, fair Euryale, more than mere dismissal I mete upon you." Then she whirled about to

stare at Sthenno, again pointing the tip of the spear. "And you." And then she fixed her glare upon Medusa. "And you most especially."

All three stood frozen as Athena whirled about and then paced back toward the entrance into the chamber. Then she turned back, index finger placed upon her chin, as if in deep pondering.

Poseidon removed himself from the altar and stood before her still unclothed and unabashed. "What would you do to these fair sisters that you would not do unto me? It is I who transgressed as well. Let them be gone, nothing more."

Athena looked up at him. "Oh, no, my mighty Poseidon. They will be punished, and in their punishment also shall you be punished by denying you of your betrothed one there."

Athena stepped past him, and then extended her arms out from her side as if to reach out to both Sthenno and Euryale. And it was as if she had chains extending from her arms that were now wrapped around both sisters for as Athena flexed her biceps, Sthenno and Euryale were drawn toward her against their own devices. Within an outstretched arms-length of her they stopped. Then she redirected her gaze upon Medusa and with a hand outstretched a same invisible chain wrapped itself about Medusa's waist and yanked her up close to within a nose of the goddess.

"Forever more shall the Sisters Gorgon be seen by all men as hideous," Athena thus spoke. "Terrifying creatures, you shall be. And any man who gazes upon your countenance, with lust or desire, henceforth shall be cast in stone."

Medusa felt a warm breeze brush over her skin.

Then Athena stepped back from them all, smiling and she turned to Poseidon. "Now how enamored are you with your lovers?"

"What have you done to them, Athena?" Poseidon asked, his tone filled with disgust, but his face covered in loathing as he looked to Medusa.

Euryale suddenly cried out as her fingers touched her cheeks. "What have you done to me?"

Medusa looked to her, but could not see that anything at all had happened to Euryale. She appeared as she always had. "What is it, sister?"

"Can you not see?" Euryale was touching her cheeks, her neck, and her forehead. "The boils and scales; these hideous lumps!"

"I see nothing," replied Medusa.

"There is nothing to see, Euryale," said Sthenno, then gazing at Medusa. "What has changed?"

"You are all monstrous!" cried Poseidon as he gazed upon them. Then he glared at Athena. "Turn them back! I cannot stand the sight of them."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," Athena replied to him, and then she cast her gaze directly at Medusa. "Being women you shall not see what a man sees unless you gaze at yourself within a mirror. And conversely, all men can only look at your reflection in a mirror lest then be turned to granite. Oh, yet you will certainly feel the hideous growths, the lesions, the boils that now rack and wreck your bodies."

"No man can look at us or be turned to stone, but Poseidon gazes upon us now," said Sthenno, questioning as if there had been some mistake - as if Athena's spell had not worked upon them.

"He is not a man," Athena replied, looking at her. "He is a god. The cast is not affected upon us. But any man, half or whole, will find their doom in your countenance." She then turned back to Medusa, glaring at her. The goddess seemed especially displeased with her, more so than her sisters, even though they were just as culpable in their impulsive transgression. "And what's more, my fair betrothed, for it is you, Medusa, more so than your sisters, who is to blame for tempting the god of the sea. It was you who lured him from the sea. You who knew this would happen if you did not remain chaste. You, who was my strongest hope for virtue amongst all those of this temple. You... you shall no longer be as you were born. From this moment forward you shall age. Born immortal, but henceforth to become withered, barren, decrepit, and then eventually comes the death where your spirit will turn its hideous gaze toward the gates of Hades."

Medusa touched her cheek, and feeling a weeping rash upon it, she shuddered. At the same instant she was trying to fathom what it was the goddess meant. She was to age? To die? No longer was she to remain youthful? Her days would come to an end like any mere man rather than what she was, an immortal creature born of immortal creatures. Her heart pounding faster than ever, she looked to Poseidon, beseeching.

But her god of the sea could not look at her. Each time he did so, he grimaced with disgust.

"You've gone too far this time, Pallas Athena," he said, scowling at the goddess. And then he turned away, marching out of the temple chamber.

"My lord!" Medusa called after him. "Come back to me."

However, Poseidon continued on without turning to look.

She knew then that she was not likely to see him again. She also knew that all he had said was a deception. It was beauty that had seized his attention, and of the type found only at the surface of the skin. If only he could have looked toward more, for there was that, Medusa knew of herself. Yet now that chance was too late. Medusa just stood there, feeling the bumps and sores upon her face, half-hearing through the confusion in her mind the sobs of her sisters as they, too, were now realizing their fate.

Medusa's mood then shifted, hence feeling resentful of Poseidon's rejection, and of the injustice of her goddess. She shifted, too, her gaze, fixing it upon Athena. "No longer shall I remain your priestess," she said. "No longer shall I hold faith in the gods. Monstrous have you made me; first the god of the sea through temptation and passion, and then you, Pallas Athena, through harsh cruelty. So a monster I shall become."

"Take your leave, monster Gorgon," replied Athena, unblemished by Medusa's words.

"Take heed, goddess," said Medusa. "For this punishment is not befitting the transgression. A reckoning shall come to pass, if not of my hand, then of another."

She stepped past Pallas Athena, with her sisters to follow, deigning not to look back; however, looking forward to the end of the gods.

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Author Biography

D'Evelyn is an empty nester after many years of raising a family. With her newfound free time, she pursues photography, travel, and writing. Her favorite reads are historical with a decided bent toward ancient civilizations of which she loves to write about with a decidedly erotic bent to the plot and the characters. D'Evelyn lives with the one and only love of her life in Larkspur, California.

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