

Timid Love in Ancient Greece

The annual festival of Aphrodite was today, yet Pasiphaë could not be in worse agony. She could only stare in horror at her demolished tributes. Her cart was a wreck, with her prized amphoras having fallen from it, turning the once elaborate designs of the goddess Aphrodite on the amphoras as mere shards on the grass. The precious red wine once contained in them too had spilled and turned the lime green grass red. It looked as if someone had been murdered here.

She turned to the ranch near her, seeing devastated fragments of a wooden fence. *But no, nothing would be killed today.* That *malaka* sacrificial bull she had prepared managed to escape. Pasiphaë figured that the broken amphoras were the result of the bull trying to get wasted. She began walking around in panic. The last thing she needed or could do was wrangle a drunk bull!

On the one day pater let me go to this festival! Pasiphaë collapsed on her knees, put her hands to her face, and began to cry. She shouldn't be this upset—it's only a festival after all. But no, there was more to it than that. That cursed boy Minos—he had managed to entrap her heart. He would be there, and Pasiphaë would have to suffer the embarrassment of entering without sacrifices. She thought herself a wise and willful woman, yet she couldn't help but succumb to and obey the whims of her love towards him. The way he constantly kept a smile on his face, the way he showed compassion to everyone around him, all of it had sparked love where there had once only been friendship. Minos would know exactly what to say here to comfort her. He could make anyone feel better. *Tartarus*, there were even rumors he was descended from the gods, he could likely do anything! Anything but this—for how could Minos feelings of love directed towards himself? No, that was something not even he could do.

Pasiphaë needed to clear her mind. She removed her hands from her crying eyes and clasped them together. She took a deep breath in . . . then out. She would go to the festival, despite having no tributes. Aphrodite would not be pleased, but she hoped that she would be kind enough to forgive her later. Regarding Minos, she would have to find a new way to impress him. With that thought, Pasiphaë couldn't help but glance at her breasts. She quickly looked around to see if anyone was there to watch her. Nothing but a dove, perched on the surviving part of the wooden fence. The bird of Aphrodite. Pasiphaë figured the coast was clear. She looked down to her breasts again, and cupped them with her hands through her gilded chiton tunic. They were only modest B-cups—certainly nothing that could ever win Minos over.

Pasiphaë sighed. She would figure things out once she got to the festival. She rose to her feet, and began the painful walk to the festival. At the same time, the dove on the fence flew into the clouds, higher beyond any reason.

. . .

Pasiphaë had reached the site of the festival. A sprawling plaza, with a glorious temple of Aphrodite sitting at its epicenter. The place sat on a mountain, giving a view beyond words, where one could see the mountainous beauty of Crete while simultaneously seeing the splendid

crystal blue of the Aegean Sea. She would have taken a moment to admire the sight, had she not been lost in thought.

She was so lost in fact, that she failed to notice Minos sitting on a rock near the entrance of the festival.

“*Chaire*, Pasiphaë!” Minos spoke, growing a large smile on his face as he got up from the rock and embraced Pasiphaë with a hug.

“Oh!” she squeaked. “*Chaire, chaire*,” she said, not being able to look Minos directly in the eyes.

Minos noticed. “What’s the matter? Are you nervous about being at the festival for the first time? I must admit, the *hetaera* here lack any form of subtlety, but I can at least appreciate the effort they put into designing the festival.”

“Oh no, . . . no, those prostitutes aren’t what concerns me,” she said, willing herself to look Minos in the eyes.

“What is it then, if you mind telling?”

“Uhhhhh . . . it’s more so that I’m unprepared.”

Minos was about to respond, but was cut off by a doting couple that walked between the two of them.

“Let’s walk and talk, so we aren’t standing in the way of everyone on the island of Crete,” Minos said.

The two began walking. After going through the entrance, they were greeted by festivities the likes of which Pasiphaë had never seen. Joyous wooden theaters adorned with silk brought many laughter, a musician enamored the crowd with his lyre, and vendors sold precious jewelry that rivaled the ones Pasiphaë’s *mater* had gifted her, even despite all her wealth. The jubilee immense and contagious. Even in the face of her troubles, she couldn’t help but feel a bit of happiness.

“It’s very much something, yes?” Minos said.

“I suppose, though I was imagining it’d be more oriented around Aphrodite.”

“Ah . . .” Minos’ smile faded, and he began looking sullen. “Unfortunately, I fear this festival is more of an excuse now for lovers to find each other, rather than for any worship to Aphrodite.”

Pasiphaë was embarrassed at unknowingly being called out, but tried to not let it show. “Well, to be fair they can hardly be blamed. Just imagine how difficult it is to lug tributes up this mountain.”

“Bah, that’s no excuse,” Minos said. “Anyone with enough devotion would be able to make this trek with little trouble.” His face turned slightly spiteful. “*Tartarus*, I alone even brought something up, I have no doubt that others could do the same with the benefit of having multiple people.”

Her lack of tributes would not please Minos. Pasiphaë tried to salvage whatever she could out of this. “I—I had planned to take tributes up here, but unfortunately the sacrificial bull broke free . . . it destroyed my cart and all of my amphoras of wine held in it . . .”

“Oh,” Minos responded, removing the angst from his face. “I am very sorry to hear that, I . . . I would try to not worry too much though. Most people don’t even attempt to bring anything, I’m sure Aphrodite at least appreciates the effort.”

“Yeah . . . effort. . .”

Minos suddenly stopped, causing Pasiphaë to awkwardly do the same. She looked away from Minos to see the local temple of Aphrodite lying in front of her. It was a building of grand boldness and scale, with beautiful art engraved everywhere in its structure, not to mention the adornments of pink silk that was present everywhere, from the banners to the tables. She couldn't help but feel a tinge of resentment towards it. Aphrodite, in all her splendor, refused to do anything to help poor Pasiphaë out recently.

Minos spoke up. "I think it best if we part ways for now."

"Oh! Oh . . ." Pasiphaë responded, with visible disappointment.

"It was nice to see you here Pasiphaë; I hope to meet again soon. Chaire!" Minos said, as he began to walk away, waving goodbye to her.

"CHAIRE!" Pasiphaë yelled through the crowd.

Chaire. This could not have gone worse for her. Her feelings would soon catch up to her. She would soon be left in nothing but gloom and despair.

There was only one thing she could think to do before that happened. She looked to the temple of Aphrodite and started to rush inside. She ignored the crowds of people around her, pushing past them until she got to the temple's heart. There was a statue of Aphrodite there, surrounded by other people. Her voice would only be one of many, but she did not care. Pasiphaë went in front of the statue, brought herself to her knees, closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in prayer. She begged Aphrodite for help, for guidance, for anything, *anything* that would sate her damaged heart

Unbeknownst to her, a dove had flown inside the temple, and perched gracefully on the outstretched hand of the statue of Aphrodite during Pasiphaë's moment of intense prayer.

. . .

Pasiphaë had left the festival early to go to her happy place. It was a small cave, located next to a secluded beach. The beach was special in its own right, as underwater ruins were visible from the land, with pillars from the ancient structures piercing the water. She had no interest in the ruins right now though. For now she wanted to rest.

Mater and Pater would kill me if they saw me here in the cave. Thankfully she could still have this spot for now, as neither parent nor the theoretical bear they would mention had come here to end her life. Yet at least. She tried to ignore the thought, no life here but some random bird that had flown inside of the cave . . . though she had never heard of doves living in either beaches or caves.

Then her eyes were blinded by a sudden bright light.

"AHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhh . . .?"

She had stepped back while screaming, trying to block the light with her raised arms, but now she could only stare in awe.

A floating figure had appeared in place of the dove. The figure was a woman of ultimate beauty, with an angelic aura of light surrounding her. Perfect, long blond hair flowed from her head, her eyes sparkled a penetrating ocean blue, she had curves in all the right places, and her—her breasts! They were the most plump, massive pair Pasiphaë had ever seen! The woman wore an ornate toga, which served to only make her boobs more noticeable. The clothes left one breast covered and the other one entirely exposed. Both mammaries were

easily twice the size of the woman's head, with her nipples looking as big and ripe as strawberries. Gods, even the tit covered by the toga was still noticeable, as it looked hard through the clothing. She couldn't help but stare intensely at the figure's breasts with her mouth agape. *Was it really her?*

"Are—Are you Aphrodite!!?"

The figure merely smirked. "Chaire, my lovely disciple~"

Pasiphaë was stupefied. *"But—But why are you here? What—What possible reason do you have to manifest to me, mis—mistress?"*

"Let's just say I heard a prayer of yours and saw an opportunity to help both of us out," Aphrodite said, with her smirk only growing.

She didn't have a response to that. How could she? All she could do was continue to stare at Aphrodite's assets.

The goddess noticed and laughed. "I think you've taken a liking to my hourglass figure."

Pasiphaë blushed in embarrassment. *"Oh! I'm—I'm so, so sorry!"* She sighed. *"What even is an hourglass anyways?"* she muttered under her breath.

Aphrodite stopped floating, dropped to the ground, and began to walk towards Pasiphaë, all while keeping the smirk on her face. "Don't worry about staring; it's very flattering actually. Ah, and I wouldn't concern myself about that hourglass thing either. It's a word to be invented, sorta like how today will later be called 'Valentine's Day'," she said.

Surprisingly though, as Aphrodite reached Pasiphaë, only being a few feet away, she looked down to the cave rock, like she was—she was embarrassed?

"But let's cut to the point," Aphrodite said.

Pasiphaë began to tremble, wondering what could be so bad as to make even a goddess worry.

Aphrodite spoke. "So you see, I made a bet with Poseidon that that boy, Minos, would finally find love tonight, but Poseidon—oh, he has made things very difficult for me . . . or for the both of us actually"

The goddess sighed. "I was originally hoping I wouldn't have to get myself involved at all—that you would seduce him naturally, but Poseidon thought it funny to intervene by ruining your tribute for me." Her eyes flashed with anger. "Replacing your sacrificial bull with his enraged, prized Cretan Bull of all things, the nerve of him."

Pasiphaë's eyes grew wide as she realized what Aphrodite was saying.

The goddess continued. "However, now I have a plan of my own, and let's just say that I *may* have captured the Cretan Bull from him, and I *may* have a plan to use it to help sway Minos into loving you," Aphrodite explained, with the former anger and gloom on her face turning back into a smile.

It was already bad enough that Aphrodite towered over Pasiphaë, but when Aphrodite reached out and poked Pasiphaë's breasts, she *really* began to worry.

"You said you would accept *anything* that would help satisfy your love," Aphrodite said, with her smile broadening into something almost sadistic.

"Well, I have a nice solution for you, and it isn't just increasing your boob size."

Aphrodite snapped.

"Mmhhh!"

Pasiphaë moaned. She felt a warm feeling in her breasts. She looked down to see that her breasts had suddenly grown from a B-cup into a D-cup. She bent over and cupped her breasts between her hands, all while her face looked shocked.

Aphrodite chuckled. "It is still fun to increase tit size normally though! Anyways, I'll be going now; make sure to tell Minos that I said hi when he gets here. Chaire!"

Before Pasiphaë could ask her to repeat what she said about Minos, Aphrodite disappeared in another blinding flash of light.

But she left something behind.

There was a sparkling orb of pure light, floating where Aphrodite once stood. Pasiphaë awkwardly moved towards it, still trying to ignore and get used to the new weight on her chest. She stared at the orb and listened to the weird garbled noises it made intently.

Wait—did a mooing sound just come from it!?

Pasiphaë took a sudden step backward, causing her to trip then fall onto the cave ground. Still lying on the ground, she put her hands on the floor. She began to scuttle backwards with them and her legs, all while keeping her eyes on the orb. It hurt to look at it for as long as she did, but Pasiphaë didn't care right now.

Why would Aphrodite leave this here? Wait! . . . didn't she mention something about a solution? It involved the Cretan Bull from what she said.

Pasiphaë gulped as realization came over her. She slowly got up on her feet and walked over to the orb, stopping only a foot away. She reached out her hand, and, very carefully, using only her pointer finger, gently tapped the orb.

BOOOOMMMMM!!!

The orb exploded upon touch, knocking Pasiphaë up against the rough cave wall. She was dazed. The first thought that came to mind was why she felt a weird warm tingly feeling across her entire body. She sat against the wall of the cave. Realization of what just happened washed over her. *What—What have I just done!?*

"Ughh . . ." she weakly moaned, while still trying to prop herself up against the cave wall. Surprisingly there was a response.

Unsurprisingly, it came from the last person Pasiphaë wanted to see right now.

"PASIPHAË! PASIPHAË, WHERE ARE YOU!? ARE YOU ALRIGHT!?" Minos yelled.

She dared not respond. She did not want Minos to find out with her what the "solution" Aphrodite gifted her was. Yet her silence was useless, as she still saw Minos rushing into the cave towards her.

"Wait! Don't—"

STRCHHHH!!!!

Pasiphaë's eyes darted to her boobs. She was horrified to see that her tits had grown again, now straining her gilded, white chiton. It was bad enough to the point that her nipples were now visible through the chiton. *How does this keep on getting worse!?*

Minos finally reached Pasiphaë, stopping dead in his tracks when he saw Pasiphaë's growing bust. His eyes grew wide.

"Pasi—Pasiphaë, what's happening!"

"I-I don't know! Please, just please don't be here right—"

Guuurgle!

The gurgling came from Pasiphaë's chest. She began to whimper.

"Are—Are your breasts growing!?" Minos dared to whisper.

Pasiphaë gave up on trying to send him away. *"Y-Yes . . ."* Her eyes started to tear up.

"Minos, I—I don't know what to do—I just—"

STRCHHHH!!!!

"AAAAHHH!!!"

Pasiphaë's chiton was starting to tear as her breasts fought for freedom. She tried to hide her boobflesh with her arms, but that only made her horny, which was the last thing she needed right now.

Minos took a breath in and took a breath out to calm himself. *"Do-do you want me to carry you out of this cave?"*

Pasiphaë could only respond with a whimper.

Guvvuuurgle!

"I—I'll take that as a yes."

Minos went up to her, grabbed Pasiphaë, and threw her onto his shoulder.

SLOSH!

Neither wanted to comment on the faint sound.

"Th-Thanks . . ." Pasiphaë squeaked out, as Minos began to walk.

The two were silent as Minos strode out from the cave onto the beach. It was dusk now, causing the sky to be painted purple. The sky, in tandem with stars and the beach would have made for a beautiful sight, not to mention the ominous feeling also created from the barely visible underwater ruins. All of it would have been beautiful to admire . . . had Pasiphaë's view not mostly consisted of sand, had the silence not been interrupted by the sloshing and gurgling of her tits, and if Minos hadn't suddenly gasped.

Minos quickly grabbed her from his shoulder and laid her on the sand, with Pasiphaë's back to the ground.

"What—what's happening?" Pasiphaë weakly asked.

"I think it's best if I don't tell you . . ."

But Minos didn't have to say anything. Pasiphaë could *feel* what was happening. She didn't know what it was, but she knew it was there. The feeling was coming from around her butt. It felt as if she was . . . was growing something out of there?

Then she saw a cow tail appear between her legs.

"AHHHH, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!!?"

STRCHHHH!!!!

Guvvuuurgle!

Pasiphaë's chiton was not faring well. Its chest area was mostly torn now. One of Pasiphaë's nipples was exposed entirely now. It stood plumply—it had to at least be as tall as a coin!

"My—My tits!"

She also couldn't help but notice that something white was coming out of the nipple. She was about to ask Minos if he saw it too, before she felt warmth in her rear.

STRCHHHH!!!!

"MMMHHH!"

Pasiphaë rolled onto her side. Her butt was growing too! She brought her hands to grope it, and was astonished by its size. It had to be at least twice its original size!

Pasiphaë was scared, she was sad, and she was *really* starting to get horny. She didn't know what to do about any of her issues. Her chiton had already started tearing at her chest, and now she had no doubt that her ass was next. Soon enough she would just be a naked cow!

But she at least had Minos. There was not much he could do, but still, despite the awkwardness, his presence was helping. Minos apparently knew this too, as he went to lie down on the sand next to her, not caring about the sand now getting into his fancy toga.

"I'm—I'm sorry you have to see me like this . . ." Pasiphaë said, trying to bring her eyes to Minos, rather than to the horrors happening to her body.

"I'm . . . I'm not bothered. Only worried about you." He sighed. "You're my friend after all, I owe you this attention."

STRCHHHH!!!

Guuuuuurgle!

"Mmhhh . . ."

Her horniness was getting really bad now. Pasiphaë had half a mind to start touching her pussy, but the other half fought with all of its might to stop her. It was torture. She felt more warmth in her boobs and butts.

STRRRRCCCHHHH!!!!

"Nghhh!"

She figured that she now only had minutes before her milk-jugs and rear gained broke free. She still kept her eyes trained on Minos, but it was getting harder and harder to keep them that way.

"Do—Do I dare look at my breasts?"

Minos took a deep breath. *"I fear it isn't something that can be avoided . . ."*

Pasiphaë released a labored sigh. Her titties *REALLY* felt weird now. It wasn't just because of their tingly warmth or the fact that they had grown to the size of the melons she had once seen during her early childhood years when her family explored the lands outside of Greece. She felt a liquid flowing around her boobs and getting the remaining parts of her chiton wet. Something told her it wasn't water.

She looked to see the state of her mammaries.

"M-My breasts! Are they leaking . . . are they leaking MILK!?"

Minos tried to give her an apologetic smile. *"I'm afraid it appears so . . ."*

Pasiphaë could not hold back her tears. She covered her hands with her eyes and wept.

"What will my family think of this!? Aphrodite—she's forsaken me! She's turning me into a cow now! I—I—"

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Her boobs were loudly sloshing with her every movement, and she was getting soaked by her own breast milk. *I've become more milky than a cow, for the sake of the gods!*

She breathed heavily and her tail swayed violently. Any second now, her tits and butt would explode in size.

She felt a growth on her head. She didn't even want to start thinking about that now.

Minos, seeing her distress, went in for a hug. It should have felt incredibly awkward given the circumstances, yet somehow it felt perfectly natural. It calmed the tempest of emotions inside of her.

Minos released Pasiphaë from his embrace. “Look at me for a moment, please.”

She did as told.

“I will not hate you—your family will not hate you based on changes to your body; so long as you are you, we will be happy. That I can promise”

“But what about Aphrodite . . . I lost her tributes . . . I failed her . . .”

Minos paused. “I’m not sure of the specifics . . . but I feel it would be best if you try treating this as a blessing rather than a curse, as strange as it may sound.” Minos sighed.

“It may feel horrible now, but few can say how it may affect the future . . . I believe it best if you do everything in your power to see this as a positive thing; perhaps it will help make your future be positive as well.”

“I . . . I suppose it might . . .”

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMMPPHHH!”

“Please hold my hand Pasiphaë. Whatever you have to face next, you do not deserve to do it alone.”

She was breathing heavily and was more lustful than anyone ever deserved to be, but still, she had the will and capacity of mind to hold onto Minos’ hand. She rolled back onto her back, preparing for the inevitable.

STRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRCH!!!!!!

RIP!

“MMMMMMMGGGGGGHHH!!!”

Her boobs finally broke free, tearing apart her chiton completely, with her breasts swaying in the air with their new found freedom. Fountains of milk sprayed high upwards from her massive tits, with them showed no signs of stopping. The milk glistened in the sky, almost beautifully. After a moment in the air her mammaries fell back onto her belly. They were impressive things, somehow even larger than Aphrodite’s! They were shaped like teardrops and were so massive as to reach all the way down to her navel and a bit beyond.

Pasiphaë was breathing heavily. She needed to hold onto happy thoughts. Her breathing started to slow. She noticed that her boobs were heaving with every breath she took—with titties like this, she doubted she’d ever be able to wear a tunic of any kind again.

She looked at her nipples. Her areolas alone each covered the area of a bowl, and her tits were as wide as very large coins and at least twice as tall. They still were spraying milk into the air, albeit at a less severe height now at least. She could never even hope to be modest again . . . yet for some reason she felt the slightest bit okay about that.

STRRRRRRRRRRCCCHHH!!!!

RIP!

“Nghhh. . .”

She went back on her side, facing the opposite direction from Minos, as to not spray her breast milk at him. Her ass had now entirely torn apart her chiton in the rear area, leaving it fully naked. It felt plump, soft, and she thought it was probably heart-shaped. *Of course it would be heart-shaped, knowing Aphrodite.*

Her behind wobbled with her every movement. She now figured that she had the same “hourglass” figure Aphrodite had, as the size of her ass rivaled that of her breasts, not to mention all of the curves she had gained during the process. She felt slightly good about it and was the tiniest bit disappointed that Minos didn’t try to tease her ass when it was exposed so liberally. As per her tail, it had grown longer, and Pasiphaë could now fully control it, with her swaying it around all over the place to test it out. Having a cow tail excited her as much as it scared her though.

The warmth she had once felt throughout her body had disappeared now. She could finally start trying to relax. There was a moment of silence for a few minutes as she collected herself, but Minos finally chose to break it. “Pasiphaë, I . . . I think I see something on your head. I’m—I’m afraid to say they look like horns . . . they must have grown after . . . after . . .”

Pasiphaë sighed. She had felt the change too. Her tears had subsided now at least, but her changes still made her shudder in fear. But she did feel prepared enough to accept this change though. She wouldn’t have to handle it alone after all.

She reached her hands onto her head, and, sure enough, she felt cow horns. They were not too big, but not too small either. It would be okay, she could handle this.

Pasiphaë went back onto her back and lied there in silence with Minos for a moment again. Both simply stared at the sky as it turned fully dark. She took a moment to look at her tits. They had stopped spraying milk, but still made slight sloshing moments as they heaved up and down from her breathing. She was hoping her boobs or butt would have shrunk at least, but nothing had happened. They were truly going to stay this size for good. Pasiphaë wasn’t sure how to feel about this, but she tried to listen to Minos’ advice of keeping a positive outlook.

15 minutes passed before Pasiphaë broke the silence. She had seen a bulge coming from Minos’ crotch, and had thought it best to break the awkwardness between them by addressing it. She would get the topic over with. “How . . . how do you feel about the changes to my body?”

“I must admit that they are beautiful, but I’ll try to give you the respect of whatever privacy is possible in this situation.”

Pasiphaë still felt love towards Minos. She knew at this point it was now or never to admit those feelings, and, quite frankly, she felt ready to face the results either way.

“It’s okay if you do . . . I—I’ve been afraid to say this, but I fear that I may have started to love you . . .”

Minos slowly turned his face from the starlit sky to Pasiphaë. “Ah, well I’d think I would be willing to see where that may lead us.”

But with that acceptance also came a sigh. “I feel I should make this clear though: I choose to love you not because of your body, but because of your spirit. You are a beautiful person Pasiphaë, and that’s why I made this choice.”

With that they both smiled happily, turning their heads back to the beach starlight, each hoping to enjoy whatever adventures the future may hold for them.

. . .

In a mountain, tall beyond words, laid Olympus. Despite its height, the place was still as warm and vibrant as anywhere else you could find in Greece.

In a temple on that cloud-piercing mountain sat Poseidon on his throne. He noticed a dove suddenly flying in, causing Poseidon to sigh deeply. There was a flash of bright light, which entirely unfazed Poseidon, as Aphrodite appeared.

"It seems you have lost your bet," she said, with a broad smile.

"I do not appreciate your bragging, nor especially do I appreciate the loss of my prized bull," Poseidon spoke, with a frown. "I will remember this, Aphrodite."

"Of course, of course, but first you must give your blessing that Minos' future kingdom will be one devoted to my splendor, rather than your's."

Poseidon sighed again. "As I am a man of my word, I, with extreme reluctance, shall give it."

"Wonderful~" Aphrodite chirped. "Just imagine it now! A kingdom ruled by a lactating queen with a rear and tits that rival even my own! I may even decide to bless her further . . . making her milk taste addictingly wonderful is a given . . . perhaps I may make her breast milk bolster one's health too, or maybe even allow it so that woman who drink it also start to lactate and have their tits grow in—"

"Enough!" Poseidon yelled.

He calmed himself.

"Please leave this place already."

"Gladly," Aphrodite said. "Chaire, my friend~"

With that, in another flash of light, Aphrodite turned back into a dove and flew out of the temple.

Poseidon reclined back in his throne, and started to consider the consequences of his lost bet. It was an unfortunate loss for Poseidon, and he couldn't stand that Aphrodite of all people had won Crete, but the situation was at least not crippling for him.

He got up from his throne and started to pace around his temple. Things were changing in Greece. Poseidon had no doubt that Aphrodite would turn Crete into an island filled with lust and desire, which was, at bare minimum, harmless.

It wasn't just Aphrodite though that he was concerned with. He had heard rumors of Artemis turning Chios into an island of huntresses, and rumors that Hecate was turning Korinth into a land of magics. He needed to do something similar if he were to maintain his power and people.

Poseidon suddenly stopped in his tracks and realized what a fool he had been. He always thrived in the sea, so why should this situation be any different? He would build an underwater city near the island of Thera. Atlantis would be a good name. He would bless his people in his own way, as to make them capable of surviving in the waters. He would call them Merfolk.

A smile grew on his face. Times were changing, and Poseidon had no doubt that it would all be for the better.