

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Foursome, Ritual Sex, Clone Sex

Summary: Part 2 of [Godlaying](#). After Aphrodite, who could be next on his journey but Hecate, Goddess of Magic and the Crossroads? Under the moon's light, she answered the call of his midnight rite and accepted his offerings. However, instead of the Maiden, the Mother, and the Crone, she appeared as three identical bodies. Luckily, he was not one to back down from a challenge.

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His experience with Aphrodite confirmed that anything was possible. More specifically, it confirmed that his chosen path was possible. He could in fact become a God, one spark of divinity at a time. And by gaining his first spark of divinity, Antonious had opened up multiple paths forward... greater challenges were now available to him.

That's not to say Aphrodite was weak or anything like that. Far from it. The Goddess of Love and Lust's power was one reason that just a single spark of her divinity was enough to give him so many new options. However, she was definitely a bit more laidback than some of her fellow goddesses. He didn't think even Aphrodite herself would disagree with that.

Still, Antonious knew he had to be careful. Go after the wrong goddess next, and he might just be smote for his impertinence. But what made the 'right goddess' in this particular set of circumstances? He needed someone who would be willing. Perhaps not as willing as Aphrodite, but nevertheless willing to humor him long enough for him to prove himself worthy.

He also needed someone worthy of him though. Worthy of his plans. There were a thousand lesser goddesses out there. Barely more than nymphs, most of

them. But their own divinity was already but a drop in the bucket compared to the ocean of power Aphrodite commanded. He could bed all thousand of those lesser goddesses and only barely come close to matching the spark of divinity he'd gotten from bedding Aphrodite.

No... he needed someone powerful who would also hear him out. And in the end, unless he wanted to travel aboard to foreign locales, that really only left one option.

And so Antonious finds himself contacting his next goddess in a very different manner from how he'd contacted Aphrodite. He does not advance upon one of this goddess' temples, he does not seek an audience at all in fact. Instead, he stands at the intersection of two dirt roads late in the night, with only the moon shining overhead to provide light.

As he stands upon the crossroads, Antonious performs a ritual to call forth Hecate, Goddess of Magic and Crossroads. He offers up his sacrifice, beseeching her for a moment of her time... and under the moon's light, she answers the call of his midnight rite.

Antonious' breath hitches as Hecate appears before him... however, she does not appear alone... nor does she bring company. Instead, the goddess arrives in three identical bodies. Not the Maiden, Mother, and Crone... but simply Hecate in triplicate, all beautiful, all voluptuous, and all staring at him like he is an insect beneath their gaze.

"We know you, mortal. We know what you seek."

"Your offerings are enough to draw our attention."

"But are you enough to survive our power?"

A shiver runs down Antonious' spine... but he still stands straight, his shoulders squared and his chest puffed up as he meets each Hecate's eyes, one after the other.

“If I am not... then I deserve to fall here and now. What I seek is not for the faint of heart... nor for the weak or unworthy. Please Goddess... test me to your utmost satisfaction. I would not want to succeed with anything less than my full merits.”

Three identical sets of eyes stare at him for a long moment... and then the middle Hecate nods approvingly while the right one scoffs and the left one grins. Antonious stiffens as they all move at once, reaching up and pulling at their dresses until they flow down off of their identical bodies like water.

With that, the trio of bodies steps forward... and Antonious does the same, not hesitating to meet them. Anything less and he will falter here. Anything less than his best and he will fail.

There's a hitch of surprise from the Goddess of Magic when he meets her middle body by grabbing her by the hair and pulling her into a forceful kiss. He's not brutal or savage about it... merely firm... and perhaps a bit domineering. His tongue pushes past her lips and wrestles with her tongue.

Meanwhile, the other two bodies press against him from either side, running their hands along his chiseled form. Everything Antonious is, everything he's ever done, has been to prepare for this moment. Just as it was with Aphrodite, so too is it with Hecate. Every step along the way from here on out... will be the next step in his path.

He is walking along a row of stones that have been carved into massive pillars hundreds of feet above the ground. There is air on either side of him, the wind buffeting him. By all accounts, he should fall. If he does, there is nothing to hold onto. If he falters and slips, there is no coming back.

So Antonious will not slip. He will not fall. He will not falter.

“Mm~”

Middle Hecate moans into his mouth as he reaches up with his free hand and calmly begins to grope one of her tits until the nipple pebbles against his palm,

letting him pinch and pull at it. The Right and Left Hecates attempt to distract him, to split his focus... but Antonious knows the only way he can possibly survive this is if he takes them one at a time, focusing everything he has on one body and then the next.

That's why he doesn't hesitate to eventually grab one of the Middle Hecate's legs and lift it into the air. His cock, straining and throbbing hard from groping hands by now, slides right up into her sex, thrusting deep right then and there in the center of the crossroads.

The Middle Hecate cries out into his mouth, while Antonious quickly begins to fuck her, holding her close and grunting as his muscles flex, his body undulating. Her own body, so soft and voluptuous and undeniably feminine, quivers and shakes under the onslaught, trembling with pleasure.

The more he fucks her, the more her other bodies pull away and watch, their faces and gazes unreadable but their attention undeniably focused on what's happening. Antonious can tell he's making progress... they're no longer trying to undo him, no longer trying to make him fail. No... now they're starting to wonder what it might be like if he *succeeded*.

In the end, that's what he was counting on. It wasn't just enough to have Hecate's consent to try and satisfy her. He needed her to come to want it. He needed her to long for it.

With one last grunt, Antonious spills his seed inside of Middle Hecate's body, filling her womb with his cum. Then, he immediately pulls out of her, pushing her none too delicately into Right Hecate's arms before grabbing Left Hecate and pulling her in next.

They kiss furiously, their lips smashing together with enough power to pulverize a lesser mortal. But he's no mortal anymore, not truly. One spark of divinity may not make him a god, but it does put him above all of the rest of humanity.

With that in mind, Antonious takes her and Left Hecate to the ground. She winds up on her hands and knees before him, her body twisted around so that

she might reach back and grasp his hair as they continue to kiss. He uses her position to grope at her tits as well, finding them just as perfectly shaped and sculpted as her other body.

At the same time, his cock drives into her from behind, slamming home as his hips clap against her ass. He holds nothing back there, fucking her just as aggressively as her first body.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh fills the cool night air... only to be met with some quiet moaning from the side. Antonious glances over, only able to see some of what is happening since he's stuck in a lip lock with one of Hecate's bodies. But what he does see... encourages him to go faster.

The other two Hecates are... enjoying one another as he and his Hecate fuck. The Middle Hecate is moaning as Right Hecate holds her in place, scooping Antonious' seed out of her freshly fucked pussy and bringing it up to both of their lips to share between them.

The sight is certainly enough to further stir Antonious' already enflamed lions. His engorged member pulses as he pounds in and out of Left Hecate, fucking the gorgeous goddess from behind like some sort of beast.

Until finally, once again, he can hold back no longer. He unleashes his seed with a heartfelt groan, shuddering all the while, muscles flexing as he cums deep inside of the second of the three Hecates.

By the time he's finished, things have changed. Middle Hecate has taken charge and when he pulls out of Left Hecate, panting a bit but still ready for more... it's to find the other two Hecates are on the ground now, with Middle Hecate holding Right Hecate up in offering to him.

The last of the goddesses' bodies offers no resistance or protest to this. But she does have a challenging glint in her eye, even as her other body spreads her legs wide for him. Sinking down to his knees between her thighs, placing his

cock at her entrance, Antonious finds he can tell what the goddess is thinking in this moment... after all, he's thinking it too.

If he is to fail... now would be the time. So close to the finish, so close to the end... has he measured his strength correctly, or has he given too much of his stamina up early? If he cannot seal the deal, so to speak... then this is where he will fall.

But Antonious did not come this far to succumb simply because he didn't calculate correctly. He thrusts into the last Hecate with all of his being, his cock sinking into her molten hot depths as she moans and arches her back beneath him.

At the same time, he leans forward and captures the other Hecate's lips with his own, kissing her as she holds herself aloft for him. His cock plunges in and out of one Hecate's body while the other acts as a bed.

Of course, he's unsurprised when the final Hecate comes up behind him in no time, pressing herself into his rippling back muscles and squishing her beautiful tits against his body. Antonious grunts as she moans into his ear and moans in front of him and moans into his mouth.

There's no more focusing on just one of them... all three bodies demand some level of his attention now. His earlier tactics will not work. But Antonious doesn't let this daunt him. He doesn't allow himself to falter. Three beautiful divine beings demand his attention. Will he lose? No... no he will not. He will win.

With that in mind, he picks up speed. He fucks the last Hecate all the harder, making her squeal under him while the other two kiss him and suckle at his neck respectively. And there at the crossroads, a place of immense power for the goddess, under the light of the moon... Antonious completes his ritual for the second time.

Beneath him, he feels it as Hecate cums for him... and not just the one he currently has impaled on his cock. All three bodies reach a mutual climax at the same time, orgasming and shuddering as they cling to him with all their might.

Antonious tips over the edge for the third time as they do so, his seed filling the third Hecate's womb as he groans his appreciation.

And just like with Aphrodite... he feels another spark of divinity joining the first. His own divinity grows, his power continuing to coalesce as he takes that second step across the perilous path of rock pillars hundreds of feet above the ground.

He could still fall. He could still falter. But it won't be tonight. It won't be with Hecate. Here and now, Antonious has succeeded fully... and they both know it.

What comes next is mere celebration as they continue to fuck the night away. Antonious is stronger than ever now, making it all too easy for him to indulge both himself and Hecate. And indulge they do, all the way until morning~