

“Astyanax,” Apollo addressed the boy. “See the dolphins? Why don’t you go and swim with them for a while? They enjoy playing with you.” So bidden, the boy ran to play in the surf with his aquatic playmates.

“Helle, I watch you always and I have come to you in your dreams. Now though, I think it is time to go further than dreams.” He drew her closer, enfolding her in his arms as his lips touched hers, tentatively, gently. Light kisses rained down on her lips, her cheeks and her neck. They sank to the sand. He had waited so long to touch her that he found it difficult to stop. Her response was genuine. Zeus had said she loved him and was worthy to sit at his table. Was this the one woman in the world for him, the one who would not flee or turn from him? Her lips were sweeter than the nectar of ambrosia, her response eager.

“My lord, it is unseemly that we go further out here where Astyanax would see.” She laughed a little. “Let us go to my bed, humble though it is.”

“Yes, my Helle, and your humble home is a palace to me,” Apollo assured her, and lifting her in his strong arms, he bore her to bed. He loosened her long, heavy waves of raven hair and entwining his fingers in the mass, drew her mouth to his, covering her lips with his demanding kiss.

Helle gave herself to him, their tongues tasting each other’s, stoking, arousing.

Stopping to gaze into her eyes then to kiss her face, to tug on her earlobes gently with his teeth, Apollo’s urgency was overpowering. His tongue tasted the salt of the sea on her skin mixed with the petals of wildflowers that scented her bath. Her body was a celebration to him. Each heavy breast a work of art by the finest artisan the gods could employ. So many women he had loved. Many had toyed with him, rejecting his affection. Not this woman; she was eager for his touch, and returned his ardor. She caressed his muscles, not like Cassandra’s soft hands, for Helle was not a princess, but worked to care for Astyanax, to provide food and a home for them both. Apollo longed to take her from here and put her in a place of higher safety where she would be well cared for, but that time had not yet come. Astyanax still needed to gain a feel for Troy and know it as his, but soon, so soon.

Oh but she was sweet. Her hands boldly moved over him, pushing his tunic from his body. In turn, Apollo released the belt around her waist, freeing her simple garment to further fondle her firm breasts. In so many dreams, he had left her at this point, but not today. Today he would make love to her fully, taking her to the pinnacles of Olympus. He kissed her wonderful breasts, with their hard nipples, firm olives he teased with his tongue, rolling them in his mouth. Helle moaned. He chuckled, a deep resonate sound of conquest. His lips moved lower over her firm, flat stomach to her ample mound of dark, thick hair that covered white skin the sun had not reached to tan. His fingers combed slowly through her nest of hair to caress and tease her nether lips, feeling the slick wetness of her arousal. Apollo rejoiced at her gasp of new sensations while his fingers gently worked her labia lips feeling them swell under his manipulations.

“Has no one ever loved you here, Helle?” he asked hoarsely, his breath short.

“No,” she gasped as his mouth closed over her clit. “It has been so long, my lord, since I have been loved and then so little.”

“No longer, my love. I will love you often,” he promised. His tongue teased her wet, heated sex before he tenderly explored her burning center. He slowly inserted a finger, intensifying her craving for his hardened cock. Knowing her weakness, he held back her nether lips to explore that sensitive flesh with his tongue. Helle’s gasps sharpened his hunger, heightening his arousal. Her hands grasped the coverlet, lest she succumb to the desire to clasp his head to her. She cried out her climax in controlled mews, fearful of Astyanax hearing.

His tongue replaced his digit and plunged into her softness bringing her ecstasy she had known only in her dreams. He stopped when she begged him for sweet mercy from the assault of sexual exploration on her mortal body. He placed light kisses over her stomach, to tickle her navel with his tongue. Then he moved upward to tease her nipples again, lastly to gaze down into her eyes, bright from her climax. Each action was an act of devotion Apollo bestowed on his love, his faithful servant.

Now, positioning his mighty cock at the tight entrance to her waiting, burning body, knowing she was not a virgin, but knowledgeable that many long years had passed since her last lover, he was slow and gentle. He took great delight in watching her eyes widen as he joined with her.

Passion took her when he thrust into her body and he gloried in the color change of the brown in her eyes. Helle raised her legs, laying one across his waist to allow him better access. Her hand touched his cheek tenderly. Taking her hand reverently, he lovingly kissed the palm before lifting her hips with his strong hands to steady her as he drove into her fevered body. She gasped each time their bodies met, his scrotum thumping her tight buttocks. Her groans changed to cries of passion. The pitch from low throaty groans to a higher pitched whimper of uncontrolled rapture such as she had never known. She covered her mouth to squelch the noise she made lest Astyanax think something wrong and come to investigate.

Apollo neared his own climax. Helle once more stifled her cry of rapture as another swirling rush of sensations filled her body. With her head thrown back lost in pleasure, her hips met his thrusts as she reached her second peak with him. Then she felt his hot seed spilling into her hot, fevered body. Holding her precious form to his, they remained entwined together, lying still for a while. At last, she was his. No longer just a remembered dream, but reality, he would visit often in the coming days. Apollo knew he had found his love at last and would fight Olympus if he had to, to keep her.