

Giving Into Ourselves [Of Exes and Moans Pt.2]

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by [West_Way](#)

Summary

After much consideration, Aphrodite is determined to have sex with Hephaestus. Her desire for him has become too much to bear and she has to do something about it.

Notes

Writing a positive relationship between Hephaestus and Aphrodite is rather fun. I genuinely enjoyed making the sex more focused on the senses and emotion rather than the acts itself. There is something really intimate about that. I hoped you guys enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Aphrodite leaned against the pillar as she, admittedly, stalked Hephaestus to his new usual relaxation area.

He had his eyes closed as the water from the makeshift falls washed over his head and down his body. The hair on his chest and belly and all over clung to his shining tan skin. The volume of his chest and thighs became more realized thanks to the shine from the water.

Even the minute details that once disgusted her no longer send a sickening chill down her spine. His bloated eyelids on his right eye and his larger nose were features that seemed more like quirks than instant reasons to reject him.

Aphrodite resisted the urge to reach between her legs. His existence here, just being naked and wet, was enough to send shivers of arousal through the goddess of love.

After perfecting being able to summon a penis, the goddess of love rendered herself helpless to her desires as she spent any waking moment where she is free to moan into her hand as she pretends it is her ex husband.

Countless hushed moans as she spills her love into a warm palm, wishing it had been his mouth or chest or anywhere on his body.

When he finished making sure he was wet, he went ahead and began to bath himself. He didn't need a towel, he simply poured the concoction in his hands and rubbed all over his body.

Aphrodite licked her lips at the sight, longing to replace his hands with hers.

Gods, she was really down bad for him, huh?

She eventually had to leave, knowing that if she stayed any longer she knew she'd lose her self control.

Ares had noticed her changed attitude instantly. He at first assumed it was some new mortal that had wrapped themselves around her heart and groin, but when she gave a nervous laughter instead of the firm answer she usually did, Ares knew this was something serious.

He kept poking at who it could possibly be.

But she didn't budge. She merely asked for sex. Especially at odd hours. At the time, he had no idea that she was well aware of his affairs with the blacksmith. So it struck him as odd that the same nights that he'd bury himself within the lame god were the same ones that the goddess threw herself at him.

She'd lick and claw and grind at his body as if trying to pull something off of him.

He didn't know that she was trying to get any remnants of Hephaestus off of him and onto her. To taste him on her tongue and to have just the faintest bit of his smell on her.

She contemplated if someone had put a curse on her. That Hephaestus had ordered someone to put a spell that would make her desire him with each passing day.

But that wasn't the case.

Hephaestus seemed almost put off by her presence. Whenever the family gathered, he'd keep himself a good ways away from the others and would tense whenever the goddess glanced in his direction.

Though he had no issue socializing with the nymphs. No one ever did but Aphrodite was pleasantly surprised when one of them was willing to tell her about what conversations they have with the blacksmith. And fair enough, it was innocent.

The nymph explained that they helped him feel better about his body and image outside of sexuality. They often spent hours talking about stories of old and new. Rarely does the name of other gods and goddesses penetrate their conversations unless directly noticed.

The goddess of love pushed her luck and asked about if Hephaestus ever mentioned her. The nymph was hesitant but relented when the goddess offered her sweets.

“Once,” She says. “He mentioned a dream he had. One with you in it but presenting as a man down there. He said it worried him, because it felt really good and he had assumed he had gotten over you.”

“How recent was this?” Aphrodite asked eagerly. Again, the nymph bit her lips before answering.

“A few weeks ago.” She admits.

That night, the goddess of love cried his name as she rubbed herself to climax. He was still thinking about her. He had thoughts about her. Thoughts like those don’t change quickly. There’s a chance he still has them now.

A while later, the same nymph from before approached Aphrodite and let her know that Hephaestus accepted an invite to the latest party. She says that he was only coming due to them, and was going to tend to himself as much as possible. Aphrodite thanked the nymph, before going away and clenching her fist against her heart.

Hopefully, after the party she’ll be able to finally get rid of this illness overtaking her. She’ll sleep with him and drain all desire and want into him and be rid of it for good.

But a part of her fought that. A part of her enjoyed being on this side of one sided longing. She enjoyed acting like a naughty child hiding away to pleasure themselves whenever they pleased.

She lays in bed, eager for the night to come and hopes that maybe something new can be sparked from their dead relationship.

The night of the party, the goddess of love lingered near the table decked out with foods and drinks. Through squinted eyes she sipped her drink slowly as she eyed the blacksmith bashfully laughing with his nymph companions.

She could see some of the lingering jealousy from other gods, more so about the fact he was surrounded by beautiful women more than the other way around.

His smile and laughter was music to the goddess of love. She ignored the catcalls and the sound of music just to focus on him and him alone.

Removing the cup from her lips, her mouth twitches into a frown. He's refusing drinks, only allowing himself water and nothing more. To make matters worse, while she had assumed that the other male gods were approaching as a means to get with the nymphs, it became apparent that their attention was drawn on the blacksmith.

His laughter was infectious it seemed, as the other gods visibly blushed whenever he chuckled at a joke or two. They were like puppies sounding a friendly hand that gave them scraps of meat. Dionysus was the one doing the most touching as he constantly managed to draw amusement for the blacksmith.

However, one good thing did come up. Dionysus' friendship allowed him to ease Hephaestus into starting to take sips of wine. The glow on his cheeks was a good sign that the alcohol was taking effect. It made the goddess of love smile.

Slowly she crept over, a smile plastered on her face as she dipped into the conversation with ease. The light buzz alcohol hit her too, putting her and the blacksmith on the same wavelength as the tension between the two lessened.

Hephaestus even let her playfully pat his arm after the countless baseless jokes that only turned up laughter thanks to everyone being tipsy.

At some point, as the party moved about into the long hours of the night, Aphrodite finally was able to be alone with the blacksmith, undisturbed and both deep within their conscious but still slightly loopy state.

“Hephy,” Aphrodite husked out as she reached up to touch his face. He flinches but nevertheless allows her to touch him. “Gods Hephy, you’re so beautiful.”

“Heh,” Hephaestus chuckles. “You must be really drunk to say that.”

“I mean it,” She says, pushing herself against him. “You’ve been driving me mad. Mad. Mad. Mad. You’ve cursed my mind with your body and your eyes and your voice.”

“I’m sorry,” He says bashfully, attempting to look away. “I don’t mind to be a bother.”

“No no,” She says. “I like it. I like seeing you in my dreams.” Her hands begin to rub up his body, only to stop at his ass. “I like seeing you naked and moaning my name or others.”

“Oh-”

“Hephy,” She says, going to kiss his neck. “Come to bed with me tonight. While we’re both on the edge of drunkenness and lust. I can feel it within you as much as it is within me.”

“Aphrodite,” Hephaestus quivers under her touch. He finds that he is against a short wall as she pushes between his legs and continues to litter his neck with kisses. “My lady, please.”

“To bed,” She moans, feeling herself lose control as her cock starts to manifest outside of her control. “To bed Hephy.”

It takes a few minutes, but eventually the two find themselves within her chambers, panting between heavy kisses. The goddess of love groped every inch of him, biting and kissing on whatever her mouth could find.

“Oh Aphrodite~” Hephaestus moaned as she nursed one of his nipples. Swirling and flicking the nub with her tongue. Her hand grabs his stiff member and pumps it with passion as she grows erect. The blacksmith moaning underneath her. The only source of light and warmth outside their bodies being a dimly lit candle.

“Hephaestus~” She moans against his skin as she moves her mouth to lick from his neck all the way down to his thighs. She doesn’t mind the hairs that touch her tongue. She is merely blinded by her passion and the noises he is making. “I’m sorry I denied you for so long.”

She sits back, opening his legs and pushing them against his chest. He gives little resistance, merely letting out a whine as she moves to start rimming him. He clenches the bedsheet, thrashing his head around as her lips touch his pucker.

He is weak under her. Despite his muscles and size, he is puddy in the hands of lust.

With a wet pop, she removes her mouth and smiles at him as she licks her lips. Sitting up on her knees, she reveals her throbbing erection. The size was comparable to Ares minus about an inch.

“Like it?” She purrs. “I’ve made them just for you hephy. No one else. No one else has been worthy of it.”

“No one...else?” Hephaestus said, flattered, that the goddess had done something specially for him. He holds his legs open like a bitch in heat for her.

She laughs and rubs it against his hole, letting out breathless moans at the sensation of contact alone.

“Yeah,” She says. “No one else~”

She looks around and sighs in relief when she spots her lubricant. With steady hands she coats his hole and her cock with a heavy dose of slickness. She doesn't want to hurt him after all. Not yet that is.

She pokes the head against his opening thus making both shiver with anticipation. She leans forward, pressing her breast against his and kissing him deeply as she pushes inside, swallowing down his choked cry.

Her hands replace his in holding his legs up. The blacksmith with his now free hands roamed her body. His fingers tangle into her long dirty blonde hair before moving down the curves of her back and landing on her ass. He pulled her close, deepening the contact between them.

The goddess of love raises her head and grunts as she humps harder and deeper; her eyelids flutter when the blacksmith's lips find her breast and partakes in them.

The wetness of her entry and partial exit was music to her ears. The sweet and soft moans from the man who spent days hammering metals and surrounded by heat wrapped around her brain. It sounded better than anything she could have imagined.

After a few more thrusts, she sits back on her knees to enjoy the view of her conquest. To watch his sweaty body move as she fucks him. To watch the tears form in the corner of his eyes as she increased her brutality.

She purrs in delight at his rough hands gripping her waist, not knowing whether he is pulling her in or merely desperate to just touch her.

She feels compelled to look up and when she does she notices a figure quickly scurry away. She huffs. Whoever it was got an eye full for sure.

The two gods change position, with the blacksmith holding on to the pillows as she holds up his hips and fucks him deeper and harder. His eyes roll in the back of his head as he bites down on the pillows to suppress his noises. All the while the goddess of love does not hide her arousal. She happily pants and cries aloud for any passerby to hear.

“Hephy,” She cries out as she is starting to reach her climax. She pumps Hephaestus as best she can, hoping that he will cum before she does. “Hephy cum for me.”

He tightens up as he does, as her words alone forced him into orgasm. His hips raise slightly as he spills himself onto the sheets below. His teeth tearing the pillow he had been biting on. All the while, the goddess of love groans as she is edging closer and closer until moments later she follows.

Her cries are loud, ringing in both their ears as she gives him every ounce of love she can. Flooding his hole and draining whatever she can inside him. Her hair sticks to her sweaty forehead as she finishes, gasping for air from the intensity of it all.

When she pulls out, the blacksmith's hole leaks with white as his hips fall onto the bed, his heavy gasps and shakes rock the bed.

Aphrodite crawls up beside him, wrapping her arms around his waist and giving him another kiss. Between them, neither notice the faint glow of Hephaestus' stomach before it fades. They are merely focused on each other for the time being, finally sharing a bed with love between them. No bitterness of an arranged marriage anymore. Just two immortals floating in bliss.

At first, the two gods acted as though nothing had happened. The blacksmith isolated himself again outside the company of a few nymphs and Aphrodite went about her usual niche. The dreams had come to a close and it seemed as though she had solved her problem.

No longer did envy fuel her heart. No longer did she only see Ares as a bridge between the two. She had finally been able to move on it seems.

Until she learned that Hephaestus was pregnant.

Ares had let it slip during one of their nights together. He laid beside her, mentioning how Hephaestus was growing fat in the areas that are related to pregnancy. And based on the timing, Aphrodite had no doubt that it was hers.

“Oh Hefhy!” She said cheerfully, bursting into his workshop and hugging him tightly from behind. “Oh you’re having my child!”

“I’m sorry,” Hephaestus cries. “I didn’t mean-”

“Don’t apologize,” The goddess of love turns him around, cupping his cheek in her hand. “If the fates didn’t want it, then it wouldn’t have happened.”

The blacksmith smiles and kisses her palm.

“Why couldn’t we have been like this when we were married?” He jokes. She laughs.

“Your mother makes marriage look miserable. I guess it rubbed off on us, haha,” She kisses him. “I love you Hephaestus. Let’s give this relationship another try.”

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