Percy Jackson was just about to plop down onto the couch and spend a Friday night doing absolutely nothing, which would have been an interesting change from his usual routine. Just before he could actually sit down for his night of nothing, though, there was a sudden banging on the door to his apartment. Percy groaned, fearing that the kids from across the hall weren't out of town this weekend after all. He looked at the door and stood still, hoping that if it was the kids from across the hall, their mom would drag them back into their apartment and give him some peace. But then the banging resumed, louder and more insistent. Percy groaned again.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," he said. He gave his warm and inviting couch one last longing look before going to answer the door. He was half-prepared to defend a punch or projectile from one of the kids, but his eyes widened and he felt his breath leave him when he saw who was on the other side of the door.

"Hello, Percy Jackson." Standing front and center was the goddess Aphrodite, smiling brightly and looking as stunning as ever. She took tremendous pride in being the most desirable goddess in all creation, and she certainly did live up to the title. But as intimidatingly beautiful as Aphrodite was, it was the goddess standing to her left that Percy really couldn't take his eyes off of. Hestia definitely wasn't trying to stand out. It looked like she was trying not to be seen, if anything, since she was standing behind and to the left of Aphrodite and kept looking down at her feet. But that was the thing; Hestia didn't need to try to capture Percy's attention. Any time he saw the goddess of the hearth, he couldn't look away. She filled him with the same warmth now that she had when her smile motivated him to do what needed to be done to win the war against the titans. He was glad that his best friends Annabeth and Grover weren't here to see him stare in awe at Hestia in her simple brown dress, because they would undoubtedly have teased him mercilessly for it, just as they'd done for years.

"Are you going to remember your manners and invite us in, Percy Jackson?" Aphrodite said, clearing her throat. His head jerked away from Hestia, and he saw the goddess of love smirking at him like she knew exactly what had him so distracted. Percy blushed and looked away quickly from Aphrodite's eyes, which seemed to be changing shape and color as he looked into them.

"Uh, yeah," he mumbled, pulling the door open wider and stepping back to let the pair of goddesses into his apartment. Aphrodite's body was as perfect as everything else about her, but it was Hestia's butt that Percy's eyes followed as she walked by him. Her simple dress didn't hug her curves half as well as Aphrodite's gorgeous blue gown flattered her already perfect body, but that didn't stop him from staring. Fuck, Annabeth was right. He had it bad!

"So, uh, can I get you anything?" he asked, looking between the goddesses and hoping that they hadn't seen his eyes following Hestia's ass. Aphrodite's smirk may have meant that she'd noticed, or it might have just been her standard expression. "I don't really have much, but if you want water or something —"

"Mortal tap water?" Aphrodite said, wrinkling her nose. "I think not. We didn't come to your apartment for food or drink, Percy Jackson. We came because we need you to settle an argument." Percy thought he heard Hestia mutter something under her breath, but Aphrodite nudged her in the ribs with her elbow.

"Okay," Percy said slowly. "What's the argument?" Maybe there was some question about the world of mortals that they wanted him to answer? Or something having to do with Camp Half-Blood?

"You need to tell us who you think is more beautiful between the two of us," Aphrodite declared. Percy stared. And stared. And then he stared some more.

Wait...*what?*

"*What?*" he said dumbly. "Did you just...I thought you said, uh—"

"I asked you who you find more beautiful between us," Aphrodite said. "It's a simple enough question to answer."

"As if the question even needs to be asked when you're one of the options, Aphrodite," Hestia said quietly. Percy was pretty sure that most women would have sounded jealous when they said this about the goddess of beauty, but Hestia didn't sound upset at all. She sounded like she was simply stating a fact.

"Perhaps not," Aphrodite said, laughing. "Still, they do say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. And when I mentioned that I would come here to Percy's apartment alone to get his opinion on the matter and reward him or punish him depending on his answer, you did decide to come along with me. So, you must be interested in hearing Percy's answer, yes?"

Hestia's cheeks flushed and she looked away. Percy was sure his face was even hotter than hers, because this felt like a no-win situation for him. Aphrodite's pride in her status as an unmatched beauty was no secret, and she was known for her temper as well. Should he tell her what she wanted to hear, and what even Hestia seemed to expect him to say? If she really had come alone, that would've been one thing. But could he actually say that he thought another woman was more beautiful than her with her right there to hear it? Could he really say that and make it sound believable when Hestia had been the one woman, the one *goddess*, that he'd been attracted to above all others for years?

"Be honest, Percy Jackson," Aphrodite said. "I will know if you aren't." She slowly crossed her arms under her chest, which simultaneously drew his eyes to her large breasts and served to warn him against lying. "And whatever consequence you might imagine if your answer is displeasing, I assure you that the consequences for deceit will be far, *far* worse." Percy nodded, swallowing thickly. He'd heard enough stories about the things Aphrodite had done to those who displeased her to take the threat seriously.

"Uh, obviously you're, like, perfect, Aphrodite," he began, trying to stay in her good graces. She laughed.

"I know I am," she said, smirking and shaking her head. "That still doesn't answer the question." Percy nodded, took a deep breath and prepared to tell the girl of his dreams just how beautiful he found her.

"As beautiful as you are, Aphrodite, I'd have to say that for me, Hestia is more beautiful," he said. Hestia had been staring at her feet, but her head snapped towards him when he said that. He felt her eyes on him, and it nearly made him lose his nerve. Annabeth and Grover knew all about his feelings for the kind goddess and had teased him about it for literal years. But this was the first time he'd ever even hinted about them to her, and it made him anxious as hell. How would she react? Would she thank him but try and let him down gently? There was no chance she would ever be intentionally cruel about it, but being rejected and having it out there in the open that his massive crush was not returned would still be painful for him.

Before he could elaborate any further, whether to explain his reasoning, attempt to soothe Aphrodite's ego or give Hestia a chance to respond in any way, the goddess of beauty's arms were around Percy's neck. He still couldn't say what color Aphrodite's eyes were, but they were getting closer by the second as her face leaned in towards his.

"Thank you for your honesty, Percy Jackson," she said. She didn't look or sound angry about his answer. It felt more like she'd been waiting for him to answer before she made her move. "But that just means I'll need to try harder to convince you that I'm the most beautiful of all." Before Percy could even figure out what he was supposed to do when the goddess of desire put her arms around him while his crush watched, Aphrodite's lips were on his.

It wasn't like Percy had never wondered what it would be like to kiss a goddess before. He'd just never really thought about this goddess that way. Sure, Aphrodite was incredibly beautiful, but he'd honestly always found her beauty and the pride she took in it to be more intimidating than anything else. She was more like the sun: something you could admire from a distance but were better off avoiding getting too close to unless you wanted to get burned. She was definitely beautiful though, and her lips were softer and tasted better than any he'd ever kissed. Which was a pretty small list, to be fair, but she was still easily at the top of it, for whatever that was worth.

He might not have a ton of experience when it came to kissing, but that definitely wasn't the case for Aphrodite. She was a great kisser, and she had no problem leading the kiss since he wasn't about to do so. Her lips moved against his confidently, and then her tongue was darting out of her mouth to lick his lips. Percy groaned into the kiss. He was keeping his hands to himself and letting her lead the way, slowly overcoming his surprise to more fully appreciate how great a kisser Aphrodite was.

Like she'd been waiting for him to relax and really start to enjoy himself, Aphrodite broke the kiss and pulled her head away from his right when he was about to start kissing her back properly. She grinned as she looked at him. He still couldn't say what color her eyes were, but her face was undeniably amused.

"I think I've made a fairly compelling argument," she said with some satisfaction. She licked her lips, and Percy's eyes followed her tongue automatically. But then she turned her head to look at Hestia. Percy's head followed, and he flinched a little bit as he saw her standing there. He'd been enjoying the kiss so much that he'd honestly almost forgotten that Hestia was there, and that she'd seen everything. There was a strange look on her face too. She looked almost...jealous. Was she actually jealous? Or was he just seeing what he wanted to see?

"Well, Hestia?" Aphrodite said, speaking up before Percy could get too far into his own jumbled thoughts about Hestia's look and what it might mean. "Are you going to make your own attempt to convince Percy that he was right to pick you? Or shall I just continue making my pitch?" She laughed. "You might be in the lead right now, but I can be very, *very* persuasive."

"You're just cheating," Hestia mumbled. Aphrodite laughed loudly.

"When it comes to matters of love and lust, one cannot be timid," she said. "And I've always been willing to use any means necessary to make a man mine. If you don't want me to snatch brave Percy right out from under you, I suggest you learn to be bold."

"You know I couldn't do something like that," Hestia said, blushing as she looked over at Percy. He felt his face blushing too, mainly because Aphrodite had just basically told Hestia that she should do things that were straight out of his dreams.

"No, I know that you haven't done it," Aphrodite said lightly. "You are a virgin goddess, after all." There went his blush again, darker than ever. "But that doesn't mean you have to *stay* a virgin goddess, especially if you've finally found someone you want to give yourself to after all this time."

"Aphrodite…" Hestia whined, her voice shaking. But it was Percy that she was looking at, and he couldn't take his eyes off of her. It didn't matter that the literal goddess of lust was standing right in front of him, or that her hand was actually rubbing his chest through his shirt at that very moment. Her words strongly indicated that Hestia might feel the same way about him that he felt about her, and Percy's longtime crush hadn't said or done anything to refute it thus far.

"It's not me you should be talking to," Aphrodite teased. Her hand was still rubbing Percy's chest and was actually getting dangerously close to his dick at this point. But he was taking far less notice of her wandering hand than anyone else probably would have in his position. Right now, he only had eyes for Hestia, who seemed to slowly be moving towards him without even realizing it.

"You have this handsome young man right where you want him, Hestia," Aphrodite said. "Even with my hand heading places most men would only dream of, he can't take his eyes off of you in that embarrassingly plain dress. If you were anyone else, I would take this as a personal affront and make sure he didn't look at anyone but me for the rest of the night. But you've always been one of the best of us; always giving, and never taking or being selfish." Her hand left Percy's body altogether. "So, I'll step aside and let you take what you want for a change. I'll even guide you through it. But you have to find the courage to reach out and grab what you want, Hestia. If you don't, I *will* take him to bed and make sure he looks at me and only me for the rest of the night."

"Percy," Hestia whispered, staring up into his eyes. She was right in front of him now, though he wasn't sure how or when that had happened. His crush stood shorter than him, and even with no makeup on her face and immediately after he'd been kissing Aphrodite, she looked like the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

He wasn't imagining the look in her eyes now. He couldn't be, not after what Aphrodite had said. Maybe it would have been smarter for him to sit back and let her try and articulate how she felt, but Percy had always been someone who preferred to act rather than hang back, and that side of his personality came through once again now. The girl of his dreams was staring at him with longing in her eyes, and he couldn't just stand there and watch her struggle through it. He took her into his arms, pulled her against him and kissed her. She gasped against his lips and stood still, letting him kiss her but not exactly kissing him back.

"It would seem he took care of grabbing what he wanted," Aphrodite said, laughing. "You might want to do something more than just stand there with your hands at your sides, though. He might lose his nerve otherwise."

Percy didn't know if Aphrodite's words had something to do with what happened next, but if they did, he owed her a huge favor. Not long after her little comment, Hestia's hands rose from her sides to rest on his shoulders, and she started kissing him back. Percy, encouraged by this first sign of active participation in the kiss on her end, kissed her more deeply and let his hands run down her back. He

wasn't quite bold enough yet to go lower down, or to slide them under her dress, but just feeling her sigh into his mouth and kiss him back while he held her in his arms was enough for him to be happy with where things currently stood.

"You two are adorable," Aphrodite said. "Surely you haven't spent all this time pining for each other just to be satisfied with some simple kissing, though? It's obvious that you both want this, even if you never did work up the courage to say as much on your own. I think you've both waited long enough for this, don't you?"

Hestia broke the kiss, but she made no attempt to pull away from him. Instead, she took his hand and looked into his eyes while biting her lower lip.

"Percy," she whispered. Hearing his name come out of her mouth all low like that made him shiver a little bit.

More than once, he'd daydreamed about all the things he'd like to say to Hestia if given the opportunity. He'd always been all eloquent and passionate in his head, though there had never been much chance of that happening in reality. But now that the moment was here, he realized that it didn't matter. That look in Hestia's eyes told him everything that he needed to know. It told him that he wasn't the only one who'd been dreaming about this happening. Maybe she'd wanted this for as many years as he had, or maybe her feelings were a more recent development than his.

That was something they could talk about later, but Percy wasn't in the mood to do any talking right now. He'd always been someone who was better in action than he was in thought or speech, and he trusted that he could show her what she meant to him far better than he'd ever be able to say it.

And that was just what he did. He showed Hestia how beautiful she was to him and how much he desired her by taking her back into his arms and kissing her even more deeply than he had the first time.

This time, there was no hesitation from Hestia. The goddess of fire matched his passion with her own, and it was *incredible*.

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"Remember to be patient, Percy Jackson. This is a *goddess* you're about to deflower." Percy nodded, not taking his eyes off of Hestia. The identity of the woman he was pressing up against was not lost on him. How could it be, when being with her like this had been his biggest wish for years now?

"Go ahead, Percy," Hestia said, staring up at him with her legs parted and her eyes open. He was the first man to ever have the honor of seeing her like this, but she didn't look at all nervous about it. She looked ready for him. She *felt* ready for him. She was definitely wet enough for him to tell that all the kissing and touching that he'd done while undressing her and getting her into bed had gotten the virgin goddess aroused. Impossibly, she seemed as excited about this as he felt, even though he'd never felt as excited for anything he'd ever done in his life. Percy slid into her carefully, making sure to keep his eyes open so he could see the look on Hestia's face as he took her virginity.

He was not disappointed. Hestia's beautiful face looked amazed by the feeling of being penetrated for the first time, and she reached up to touch his face and cup his cheeks as he slowly pushed deeper into

her. Percy was careful, mindful of the fact that she really had been a virgin goddess up until now, but he never saw any pain or discomfort on her face. He saw only amazement, pleasure, and even love. He was sure he wasn't imagining any of them, including and most importantly that last one. Maybe they hadn't said the words outright, but Percy didn't need to hear them from her, at least not yet. He could feel her love for him and see it all over her face.

"Oh, Percy," she sighed. "Oh, it's so perfect. I can't believe this is really happening!"

"You're not the only one," Percy said, shaking his head as he grinned down at her while continuing his slow pace. How was any of this real? How had Hestia decided that he was worthy of claiming her virginity, and even her heart? Not to mention, how did she feel this damn good?

Percy didn't exactly have a wide range of experience. He'd been with a grand total of two girls in his life up until tonight, and he'd enjoyed each occasion that he got to get intimate with either of them. He'd thought that he knew what sex was, and even though his feelings for Hestia were much stronger than they had been for either of his previous partners, he hadn't thought the physical act itself would feel that much different on a fundamental level. But he couldn't have been more mistaken on that. Being inside of Hestia was like nothing else. Was it because she was a goddess or something, or was the love he felt for her adding to the physical pleasure in some way?

He didn't know what it was, but he hadn't been able to fathom anything that felt this good before tonight. He was so surprised at how good she felt and so caught up in the euphoria of knowing that this was Hestia he was deflowering that he'd almost cum far faster than he would have considered acceptable, but he was somehow able to rein himself back in and attempt to give her a first time fitting of a goddess. It probably wasn't possible for him to ever be good enough to show her just how happy he was to have the honor of winning Hestia's body and heart, but he wanted to at least do his best. Fortunately, even the slow back and forth pace he settled into seemed to be making her feel quite good, judging by the way her smile just kept growing.

"I must admit that I am impressed," Aphrodite said from her spot standing beside the bed. Percy had honestly almost forgotten all about her with how much he was focusing on Hestia. Being forgotten could not be a feeling she was used to, but she didn't sound angry. "A demigod lasting this long during his first time with a goddess, and a virgin goddess at that? I would never have expected it, Percy Jackson. It almost makes me wish I'd been a bit more serious about attempting to seduce you."

Hestia seemed to reflexively respond to that, because she pulled Percy down on top of her and hugged his head against her neck. The seemingly possessive hug made Aphrodite laugh.

"You can rest easy, Hestia," she said. "I'm not going to interfere now that you've finally grabbed what you wanted. But I do wonder if you're content to let Percy stay on top of you all night? There's nothing wrong with being pampered and tended to, of course, but I would've expected you to want to be a bit more active after waiting for all these years. Aren't there other things you've dreamed of doing to this foolish heroic demigod?"

While Hestia had seemed quite content to let Percy slowly make love to her, Aphrodite's words again seemed to light a fire under her. One minute, Percy was still on top of her and slowly thrusting, and the next, he'd been rolled over onto her back and she was sitting up straight on him. How had that even happened? Once he got a good look at Hestia smiling down at him while wiggling her hips slightly and

testing out what this felt like from this position, he decided that it didn't really matter how it had happened.

"If your only goal is to break your lover as quickly as possible, I'd recommend bouncing straight up and down and concentrating on speed," Aphrodite said. "But since feelings seem to be so paramount between you two, might I suggest grinding back and forth? I've always found that to be more sensual, and it'll be easier for you to stare into his eyes too. Additionally, it should make it more enjoyable for you, at least if your tastes are similar to mine."

Percy was in favor of anything that brought Hestia more pleasure; it wasn't like this would feel anything short of fantastic for him regardless of how she moved. But he didn't need to voice this thought, because Hestia took Aphrodite up on her suggestion. She put her hands on his shoulders and began rocking back and forth on him, and Percy could with all sincerity say that he'd never seen anything that looked more beautiful to him than Hestia smiling down at him while she gently moved her hips and found her pleasure. That warm face and welcoming smile he'd fallen in love with years earlier had never looked warmer and more inviting that it did right now. This wasn't just the normal friendly, warm smile that she gave to everyone; the smile that made even her constantly bickering fellow gods and goddesses feel almost uniform fondness for her. This was a smile Hestia was showing to the one she loved as she gave herself to him, and in all her years, he was the only one who had ever seen it or had it directed at them. He really was lucky beyond belief.

"Oh, now *that's* a look I never thought I'd get to see," Aphrodite said. "It feels good to take what you want, doesn't it, Hestia?"

"Yes!" the black-haired goddess said, nodding her head while looking only at Percy.

"What are you waiting for, then? Keep going! Take the satisfaction that you've long been owed!"

As always, Aphrodite's words served as motivation for Hestia, who promptly started rocking harder on his cock. Percy groaned and brought his hands up to her full breasts, giving them a squeeze as he tried to hold on for as long as he could. Considering he was being graced with the virginity of a goddess, he felt he owed it to her to give her an orgasm if at all possible. That was clearly going to be difficult though, because having sex with Hestia was pleasure above anything he'd ever felt or had ever been prepared for. He just had to hang in there and give her his best.

"Oh, Percy!" she moaned. She was really rocking hard now, and he was captivated by the look on her face as much as anything. She looked as blown away by what she was feeling as he was, and just as caught under its spell. "Percy, yes! Oh, yes! *Yes!"*

Hestia sat up straighter on him and let out a little whimper as she came. By some miracle, Percy had not only been given the gift of her virginity but had lasted long enough to witness her feeling her first climax with a partner. Her look of wide-eyed, dazed pleasure as she came was one he would never forget. He was helpless before it, and there was simply no way for him to stop his body's natural reaction to seeing it and feeling her sex clench around him. There wasn't even time for him to get out a warning or do anything other than grunt as the unavoidable outcome occurred. His hips jerked up to meet her, and his cock began to let loose inside of her. If Hestia was bothered by the sudden rush of seed filling her previously virgin pussy, she didn't say anything about it. She just leaned down to kiss him. He kissed her back, putting his arms around her and feeling her bare breasts pressing against him. The moment was as perfect as it was unexpected. Somehow, someway, the goddess he loved happened

to love him back. She loved him so much that she'd just given him her virginity and shown him a side of herself that no human, god or demigod had ever seen before. How could his life get any more perfect than this?

"Quite a risk to let him finish inside of you like that, given how easily goddesses like us can get pregnant," Aphrodite said, bringing him out of his daze. "But don't worry, Hestia. If you do get pregnant, I'll be happy to help out. After seeing a performance like that, it would be my pleasure to keep brave Percy here satisfied any time your body needs a break."