



The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

Notice: This material should not be read by, given to or downloaded by anyone under the age of 18, or viewed in a jurisdiction or area that prohibits the viewing of nudity, illustrations of naked men and women or the portrayal of sexual situations. You should also not view this material if you find such portrayals offensive. Any sexual situations involve characters over the age of 18.

Omphale lay on her back, eyes closed, panting with pleasure, her voice getting higher and louder as she rose toward her climax. Hercules, on top, thrust hard and deep, moving faster and faster. Even as he enjoyed the feeling of being a man, he imagined what she felt as he stretched her out, pounded deep inside. When he made love to her now, he always did so with two minds, both man and woman, knowing fully what the other felt.

After, he collapsed and lay beside her. He pushed his nose under her hair and kissed her on the neck, started to put his arm across her, getting ready for some serious after play, but she pushed him away. "I'm tired," she said.

Hercules rolled onto his back, disappointed. He was tired, too, but he still wanted more. He'd found the male orgasm wanting compared to what he experienced as a woman, and after sex as a man he never quite felt satisfied. "Maybe just a little?"



Omphale groaned, but then little Domina began to cry. "Feeding time, Mommy," Omphale said, patting Hercules on the knee, a wry smile on her face.

Sighing, Hercules got up and took off his ring. As he walked to the baby's crib, his body changed, hard angles replaced with

soft curves, milk-heavy breasts swelling on his chest, swaying with every

step. "Who's hungry?" He whispered, picking up his baby, the one he'd carried, delivered. The baby smiled at the sight of her pretty mother. Hercules carried little Domina into the next room, and sat, holding his baby to his breast and staring lovingly into her green eyes as she suckled at his teat. It was a challenge and sometimes exhausting to feed her all day and night, and he could have found a wetnurse, but he'd decided he wouldn't miss this chance to lovingly bond with his little baby for the world. He loved her so much, and he would do anything for her. He did do anything for her. What other father could say he bore his own child?

Giving birth was among the most challenging things he'd ever done, harder than cleaning the Aegean Stables by far, and being a mother was a life of constant worry that he would fail this helpless little baby. "But Mommy won't do that, will she?" He asked. Domina raised an eyebrow and seemed to smile around his teat, almost as if to say, we'll see.

She was already a willful, demanding child. She would make a fine ruler one day, Hercules felt, if that was even the path she chose to take. Much like Hercules, himself, she'd already shown incredible strength, and as the daughter of an Olympian Demigod and a Titan, she would know no limits. Perhaps she would take after her Father Mommy and become an adventurer? He thought that would be just fine, though Omphale was determined to groom her to lead, and they'd already had such arguments about it.

And all this marital bliss, Hercules mused, because my wretched stepmother thought to humiliate me. "It didn't work, did it?" He said to his baby. "No, it did not."

"It's a funny story I will probably never tell you without leaving out a whole lot of details," he said. "A whole lot." He thought back on one of those details...

Hercules had dragged the hapless titan down the mountain until he'd gotten clear of the protective magic. Hera whisked him clear back to Mount Olympus, and he found himself alone in a chamber with Prometheus. Hera had used magic to make Hercules more size-appropriate for the Titan. Hercules licked his lips and stared hungrily at his prey. Prometheus backed away, his hands held out in a defensive posture. "I really need to run before Zeus shows up. It was really nice of you to free me from the cave and—"

“Shut up!” Hercules screamed, slapping him across the face. Shocked at how aggressive he’d become, Hercules couldn’t help himself. He found himself wet, so wet and hot, consumed with a hunger for the man’s body such as he had never known. Pushing Prometheus onto his back, he climbed on, but the titan was—limp.

“I’ve been tortured for years, got almost no sleep with those freaky looking birds eating my liver and what not,” Prometheus said, apologetically. “I’m really sorry...”

Desperate, his passions blazing, Hercules wrapped his hand around the flaccid cock and began to work. “I’ll get it going...” Prometheus started to object, but Hercules put a finger over the man’s lips. “Shhssshh. You just lay back and enjoy the ride. Hercules is going to take care of everything.”

Hercules? Odd name for a girl, Prometheus thought, but, then again, he’d been gone a long time. Maybe it was one of those names that had switched genders, like Atropos.

It has been said that the male member has a mind of its own, and, indeed, despite Prometheus exhaustion and growing fear of this sex-crazed female, his soon found himself the possessor of a rigid member. Hercules climbed on top, settled onto Prometheus and squealed with pleasure as the Titan’s titanic member slipped inside him. “Ahhhh!” Hercules sang out as he started to bounce. “Eeee!”

Prometheus lay back. It had been what seemed like an eternity since he’d had sex, felt the touch of a woman—if you could use such prosaic language in this case, and as he felt the rising pressure, he closed his eyes and decided to just let nature take its—

“Play with my breasts,” Hercules, wanting and needing more pleasure, hissed. “NOW!”

As Prometheus reached up and squeezed one of Hercules’ big, firm breasts, the demi-god screamed and tossed his hair back, riding, riding, eager now, desperate for them both to orgasm. “Come on! Come on!” Hercules begged. “Zeus’ beard cum already!”



Hearing the name Zeus did it. Prometheus grunted as he shot his load, Hercules squealing as the truly miraculous occurred and they experienced simultaneous orgasms.

Hercules climbed off, stretching, sighing. Prometheus started to get up, heading toward the door, wanting to get away. Hercules grabbed his hair and yanked him back. "Where do you think you're going?" Hercules said with a smile. "Get on your hands and feet."

"Hands and feet?" Prometheus said, shaking his head, not knowing what this sex-crazed little female had in mind.

“Tabletop! Now!” Hercules screamed. Somehow, the incredible sex they’d just experienced had left him wanting more. Prometheus formed a tabletop. Hercules mounted him. “So, I really need to be—”

“Don’t talk,” Hercules said. “You’re pretty, but you’re annoying.”



Indeed, a thousand, thousand scrolls could be filled with the details of the Olympian love-making that ensued, but we do not have a thousand, thousand scrolls, so we must skip to the end, where we do find Hercules on his knees before an exhausted Prometheus, preparing to try and get the

Titan up one more time by performing fellatio. "A man can only go so many times," Prometheus said, his member aching, red, chafed and defeated.

"I'll wake you up," Hercules said, grabbing Prometheus cock, licking his lips, smiling seductively. "My mouth is ambrosia."

Just as he was about to slip the limp cock between his lips and try his best to bring it back to life, a booming voice shook the room: "Hercules!"

Hercules leapt to his feet, breasts bouncing. The spell that he'd been under broken, he flushed with shame at how he'd been acting, what his father had caught him about to do, the fact that he was a beautiful woman. "Father," he cried, wincing at the sound of his voice. "It wasn't what it looked like."

"It looked like you were about to perform oral sex, which I couldn't give two hoots about," Zeus said, striding into the room. He had Hera by the arm and pushed her roughly ahead of him. "I am, however, furious that you freed one of my most hated enemies right before you turned him into your own personal sex toy."

"Oh, that," Hercules said. "I can explain..."

"No need," Zeus said. "Your stepmother has filled me in on all the details." He let his eyes roam over Hercules' body. "You are one fine woman. If you weren't my son, I just might have to show you what it's like to sleep with a bolt of lightning."

Hercules blushed and draped one arm across his breasts, putting his other hand over his vagina. It was peculiar and disturbing to have his father looking him over, talking about sleeping with him but not, he had to admit, surprising. As his father drank in his soft curves, Hercules became conscious of crusty remnants of Prometheus semen on his legs, his belly, the salty smell. He felt ashamed for his father to see him like this. "I didn't want to be a woman," he whispered.

"Woman, man. I've been a swan, a bull, I think an eagle one time. Shapes mean nothing. However, we do have a little problem we need to address."

"What's that?"

"Thanks to your conniving stepmother, my boy, you are now with child."

"A child?" Hercules looked down at his belly, then over at Prometheus.

“My enemy has planted his seed, so now we just need to figure out what to do about you and the baby. Hercules, I have to say, as many messes as I’ve found myself in over the years, you really have claimed the fleece on this one.”

“As the father of your grandchild,” Prometheus said, “I beg your forgiveness for my past crimes and beg permission to be there for Hercules—that’s Hercules?—during his or her, time of need. I—”

“Hahahahaha.” Zeus’ laughter shook the room. “You expect me to reward you for getting my son knocked up? No, no, you, my friend, will be returning to the Cave of Agony for additional suffering.”

A group of Olympian warriors took Prometheus away. Hercules, still aching for the titan, waved, “Bye, now. Be good.”

“So, my daughter son, what’ll it be? Do you want to keep the baby, or should be find some magical means to spare you the old swollen belly and fat feet?”

“I knew right away,” Hercules whispered to his baby, “that I would carry you. It was a shock to learn I was with child, especially Prometheus’ child, but then I learned Hera had planned it all, even slipping me a potion during my “feast” that would make your mommy— er, um, --interested—in Prometheus and ensure he would—we would have a baby together and that’s how you came to be you pretty girl.”

Domina just stared, like, cool, story mom.

Once Domina had finished feeding, Hercules put her back to bed. He didn’t feel tired now and decided to go out on the porch and look at the moon, the stars. He pulled his pony tail out and let his hair flow free. A fat, pendulous moon hovered in the sky. Hercules too a deep breath, filling his lungs with the brisk, fragrant night air, then sighing it out, enjoying the simple pleasure of breathing as a woman, the weight of his breasts, the way they moved, rose and fell. When he was a man he missed them, felt almost undressed in some way with his flat, hard body. He looked up at the sky and laughed. He was a man-woman, a daughter-son, a Father-Mother. He did have

everything, was experiencing everything, feeling everything. It was good to be alive, good to be her, him, them. He even had the perfect marriage.

It had been the experience with Prometheus that had made him realize the solution to his dilemma with Omphale. She'd become bored with him as he'd become too feminine, too passive. He'd been turned into such a woman by Hera's magic, but her magic also made him seek to please her always. If she needed him to be more of a man, he would and could do that-- for her. He'd gone to her room one night, uninvited, and ravished her, much to her delight.

And then, once he'd delivered his baby, he'd been given the choice to return to the man he'd been, or to remain the woman he'd become. Zeus, sitting upon his throne, watched with interest, but Hercules had made up his mind before the question had even been asked: "I choose neither, and both," he'd said. "I would be both man and woman."

"Like Hermaphrodites?" Zeus said, surprised.

"No, like Tiresias, only that I should be able to change back and forth at my pleasure."

"Very well," Zeus said, shaking his head, impressed. "You dirty girl. You'll have the best of both worlds. I'm jealous. Maybe I'll join you some evening."

Hercules shrugged and giggled. "All I want is everything all the time. Is that too much for a girl to ask?"

"Not one as gorgeous as you, and the daughter-son to the king of the gods. Let it be so!"

Omphale had loved the idea, and the two of them had been married. Hercules, of course, was the bride. Some days, she wanted Hercules as a girl, sometimes as a man. He was whatever she wanted him to be, even if sometimes that meant defying her, and they were both happy. She, the husband. He, the wife and mother, whatever the sex of the body he wore. It can be said that there are many such marriages in this world, where the wife is the man, and many of them work quite well, as we all know.

And so, dear readers, there you have it, the story of Hercules and Omphale. Perhaps the tone shifted at times, and the author seemed to lose

the plot scattered. Was it a bit all over the place? It may well be so, but we beg you for your forgiveness and hope you found some pleasure in this tale of a man made woman, and the baby that made him truly a man.

The End

