



The following material is rated

R

Mature Readers

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Part 8

Giggling and laughing, roars and playful screams. Eros chased Hercules about the glen, each knowing the God could have captured him at any time, but each enjoying the game. For Hercules it was such a change being the doe pursued by the mighty buck. Much as his time with Omphale had taught him the pleasures of surrender, so now he delighted in this new space where pleasure felt so much like fear. Running down a narrow path, Hercules ran out onto a golden beach.

Heart racing, breasts heaving as he panted for breath, Hercules crouched down behind some scrub brush, listening for the thudding

footsteps of his pursuer. Nothing. He heard only the distant shrieks of a flock of gulls, the whisper of the breeze as it slipped through the leaves, the rushing of the waves and the sound of his own heart thumping, his ragged breath.

Hercules smiled, raised his head and took a quick glance above the bushes. Nothing. Where is he? Hercules wondered, brushing some loose strands of his long hair away from his face. He crouched back down and bit his lip, waiting, taking deep breaths, trying to recover from all his running.

He lifted his head again. There was the sound of a harp, gentle, coming from the forest he'd just fled. It was the most beautiful music he'd ever heard. "Where are you, my love?" Eros called out from the shadowy depths of the trees. "Where have you run off to?"

Hercules ducked back down, grinning. Excited.

"I am forlorn," Eros called out. "My heart broken. She has escaped me." His voice and the music of the harp began to fade, as if Eros were walking away. "There is naught to do but return to Olympus."

"Wait," Hercules called, standing. "I am hiding right here."

"I know," he heard a voice whisper in his ear, even as Eros locked one arm around his waist and lifted him off his feet.

"Put me down," Hercules screamed, kicking his legs, even as Eros carried him toward the water.

"Time for a swim, little girl," Eros called out as he waded into the waves.

“Don’t you dare,” Hercules giggled, pretending to struggle. “I hate the ocean— Ahhhhh!”



He found himself plunging into the frigid brine, spinning as bubbles swam around him, tickling his skin, and then he popped to his feet, immediately using both hands to send water spraying against Eros.

Eros grabbed Hercules, the two of them laughing as Eros brought them down on the wet sand, grabbing Hercules’ panties and tearing them off him. Neither thought about what they were about to do. Neither of them thought to think about what they were about to do, but they began to move together, exchanging salty kisses as their slick bodies pressed together,

the waves rolling over them as Hercules arched his back and screamed with pleasure, his cries mingling with the calling of the gulls.



After, Eros made a fire and lay nude, the crimson light from the flames playing across his pale skin. Eros huddled under Eros's robe, plucking at a strand of hair, his mind a storm of uncertainty. He felt many shades of shame. He'd wanted to be taken as a woman. He'd needed to be taken as a woman. More, he'd loved it. He felt a sense of satisfaction now such as he'd never felt before, his whole body relaxed, free of the tension he'd been suffering for days. Yet, he was Hercules, was he not? How could this body have so much power over him?

“I came to rescue you from this shameful woman’s fate,” Eros said, though his voice was distant, almost as if he were talking to himself. “I came because I have long hated Hera. I sought to spite her, but yet it seems I have been captured in her web, visiting this shame upon us both.”

Hercules didn’t respond. Indeed, he’d never even thought about what it might mean to give himself to Eros, what the other Olympians might say. “What shall we do?” He asked.

“We must never speak of it,” Eros said. “It must remain our secret.”

“Yes.” Hercules smiled. He loved secrets.

“I will carry you away. Put you somewhere secret and safe until I can break this spell and restore you to manly glory.” He stood and offered his hand to Hercules, who took Eros’s hand and allowed the God to pull him to his feet. With their minds calmed and rational thought asserting itself over their mad passions, they felt awkward and stood somewhat apart. Each still, though, felt the powerful draw of the other’s beauty.

“This is a bit uncomfortable,” Eros said, slipping his arm around his brother’s slender waist, pulling his soft body close. “I am only doing this to carry to a safe place.”

“I know,” Hercules said, “but carry me back to Omphale instead.”

“I cannot do that,” Eros answered. “You must be freed from this female shape. Hera must be thwarted.”

“And I will be— when my sentence is complete.” Seeing the hardened resistance in Eros’s eyes and knowing how persuasive a woman’s charms could be, Hercules made his voice higher and softer, while giving Eros’s arm a squeeze. “I need you to do this for me. What sort of man would I be if I didn’t complete the sentence for my crime, however disgraceful it might be?”

“You are noble, indeed, to find manly pride in remaining a girl,” Eros said, staring down into Hercules’ big, pretty eyes. Hercules tilted his head back. Eros ran his thumb along Hercules’ lower lip.

“Quick,” Hercules said, forcing himself to look away. “Before we make another mistake.”

Whoosh. Eros swept Hercules into the air, and in a flash, he found himself back in his room. “Go before someone else sees you. I am sure I can swear Cygnus to silence.”

Eros began to leave, but Hercules called out, “One moment.”

“Yes?”

“I– I’m glad you were my first.”



Hercules screamed as the hot wax dripped onto his chest. Omphale laughed as she set the candle aside, then climbed onto Hercules, checking his blindfold to make sure it was secure. “Guess what I have in my hand?” She said as she waved a large, firm cucumber in front of his blindfolded eyes.

“How am I supposed to guess that when I can’t see?” Hercules answered using the sing song, little girl voice he’d been taught, playing the naive girl. He knew Omphale loved him like that.

“What a good question,” Omphale said, pretending to consider. “Hmmm. I have an idea.”

Hercules squealed and arched his back as Omphale, um, let’s say, showed him what she held. After, Omphale lay back as Hercules fed her grapes. “My queen. May I ask a question?”

“I suppose,” Omphale said.

“I would like to sit among the women and not the little girls,” Hercules said.

“That’s not a question, dummy,” Omphale said, grape juice dribbling down her chin. “Were you always this dumb, or is it because all the blood is going to your tits?”

Hercules was insulted and felt a flash of anger, but he just smiled and giggled. He’d learned his place. “I don’t even know,” he said.

“You wouldn’t.” Omphale considered, then smirked as an idea occurred to her. “So, what you’re trying to tell me is you want to be a woman.”

Hercules paused. “Um, well, it’s more that I don’t want to be treated like a little girl.”

“You want to be a woman,” Omphale said, sitting up, eyes sparkling with glee. “Oh, say it. Admit it, Hernia! You are so utterly reduced and defeated you now wish you were a woman.”

Hercules felt he had no choice, though it shamed him to say so. “I want to— I want to be a woman.”

Omphale clapped and laughed. “Oh, my poor little Hercules. I must say no.”

“But, my queen?”

“Do you really wish to renounce masculinity? To embrace womanhood?”

“Truly.”

Omphale cupped his cheek. “Then, beg me.”

Once more, Hercules swallowed his pride. “Please make me a woman,” he said. “My glorious queen and master.”

“Very well,” Omphale said. “I will speak to Selene. You must then beg her to make you a true woman.”

Hercules found himself on his knees, head bowed. He'd just finished begging Selene to make him a real woman- and he'd been made to do it in front of all the serving women and girls. He found himself staring at her feet as she considered. "You must earn the right to sit among the women, little girl," she said. "Are you willing to renounce masculinity?"

Once more, Hercules ignored the insulting taunt. "Yes, mistress," Hercules said, though he was beginning to wonder if he was making a huge mistake. As much as it shamed him to be placed among the girls, would he really be better off among the women?

Hercules' training began with dancing, which Selene assured him would also help him learn to not just walk with feminine grace. He also found himself tasked with learning to do hair and spent many of what would have been his free hours braiding and brushing and working with the other girls' long, silky hair. At the end of his long days, his legs ached from all the dancing lessons, and his hands from all the braiding, but he vowed to keep going, to make it another day. He had to free himself from the company of those hateful little girls.

Selene also placed him with Estrid and told him he must learn to move and speak like her. His mannerisms were yet manly, Selene assured him, while Estrid was utterly feminine. He burned with shame. He'd admitted to all he found the exotic northern woman attractive, and now he was meant to act just like her, to mirror her feminine allure to the point, Selene said, that "people will think you her sister."

"How sweet," Estrid, who like many of the women, found the idea of this formerly big, strong man learning to act like a woman, amusing, laughed. "I always wanted a sister," she said, cupping Hercules' breast and giving it a squeeze. "I will make a perfect girl of you."

