



The following material is rated

R

Mature Readers

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## Hercules Part 9

Hercules bent at the waist, arching his back and thrusting his breasts forward as he dusted. Queen Omphale watched, eyes hard with desire. She loved watching the once proud, arrogant male playing the seductive serving girl. When Hercules finished dusting her prized Persian vase, he minced over to a statue to continue working, a vacant smile plastered on his pretty face. Every movement celebrated his deepening submissiveness, his well-practiced femininity. “Come. Kneel.”

Hercules obediently knelt at his queen’s feet like the pet he’d become, and she began to play with his hair.

“I’m impressed,” Omphale said. “You have learned a lot about playing the girl in a very short time. It’s hard for me to believe you were ever a man. Are you proud of yourself, little girl?”

Hercules giggled and dropped his eyes. He recognized the trap. A girl like him could never admit to prideful thoughts but was to always express modesty. “I just want to please you, mistress,” he said in the sing song cadences of a little girl he’d learned so well.

Selene laughed. “Very good. I am most pleased, but I have left the decision on your promotion to Selene.” Omphale turned to the head of the serving girls, Selene. “Share your thoughts with me. Has Hercules earned the right to be elevated to the status of woman?”

Selene frowned and examined Hercules, pretending to be deep in thought, struggling with the decision. She could see the desperation in Hercules' eyes. The neediness. He wanted it so badly.

Indeed, Hercules heart raced, his lips parted as he his he practically panted, thinking please... please... please... he was sick of being forced to live among the little girls. They were so mean to him, and he had little interest in their childish conversations. Forced into this female shape and serving his sentence as a servant, the most he could hope for until his sentence ended was to at least be treated as a woman. Please... please... please...

"It's close," Selene said, "and I have my doubts, but I do think, by the skin of her teeth, this little one has earned the right sit among the women."

"Eeeeeee!" Hercules couldn't help but let out a thrilled high-pitched squeal, and he clapped his soft little hands, then clutched them to his chest. "Thank you... thank you... thank you..." he panted.

Omphale and Selene exchanged amused glances. They'd each enjoyed breaking Hercules, reducing him to this. "Selene, excuse us."

"My Queen." Selene bowed and left.

As soon as Selene left, Omphale said, "kiss me."

Hercules crawled into her lap and kissed her. Omphale pinched his nipple, hard, and gave it a cruel twist. Hercules moaned in pain and pleasure as Omphale shoved her tongue in mouth, grabbing his long hair with her free hand and pulling, hard.

Hercules moaned in ecstasy. He'd learned to love being the object of Omphale's sadism, to revel in the pain, the contempt. If she didn't punish him, he begged her to.

Omphale abruptly broke off the kiss and shoved Hercules from her lap. He landed on the floor and felt grateful, not for the first time, either, that he had such a big, bouncy butt. Hot and cold was one of Omphale's favorite games. She loved to get him all hot and bothered and then leave him frustrated for hours or even days. Knowing the game, Hercules felt himself getting hotter, wetter in anticipation of the sexual suffering.

Omphale, however, had a surprise. "I have a task for you," Omphale said. "Some bandits have taken up residence in the forest outside my palace. I want you to go there and kill them."

Hercules mouth dropped open. "My queen," he gasped. "I'm just a girl. I—I'd be so scared to go into the forest alone."

"You have no need to be scared, little one. I will give you a ring which will restore your strength, and I will lend you the use of **my** club."

Hercules didn't know what to think. After all this time learning to move and talk like a woman, on the very day he found himself finally promoted from little girl to woman, his queen would ask this of him? Was it a test? Should he refuse? His little brain raced.

Omphale saw the confusion and fear in Hercules' big, pretty eyes. The poor thing, she thought. He found thinking so difficult. She knew full well why her request had confused the pretty little thing, and she could easily have calmed his little fears, but why would she do that when keeping him confused and worried was so much fun? "Now, no more questions. I've

been patient enough with you, little flower. Keep this in mind, Hercules: It is not necessary that you understand my command. It is only necessary that you obey.”

Hercules smiled with relief. Of course, he didn't need to understand anything. He was just a girl.

## Part Two

Hercules felt strangely wrong as he walked out the palace gates. It was the first time he'd left the palace since his sentence had begun, and the first time he'd ventured into the world in the shape of a woman. Within the palace, he'd grown accustomed to his new shape, the weight of his breasts, but out in the world, walking along a forest trail, he became hyper-conscious once more of the seeming wrongness of his body. The outer world was his world, the world he'd once swaggered through as the mightiest of men, and even though he had his strength once more, he felt oddly vulnerable facing this world with such a pretty face.

Omphale's captain had given him fairly precise directions to the brigands' camp. In fact, he'd sent a significant force down to roust them, only to have his men driven back. These were no ordinary brigands, but Aegean Mercenaries, battle-tested veterans of many battles who, given the now peaceful times, had turned to waylaying travelers as a way to earn the money they usually earned fighting other people's wars.

Peace, Hercules thought. Such a terrible thing. Then, club over his slender soldier, he began to skip down the road, his ponytail swaying back and forth as he sang one of the bawdy songs he'd learned from the girls:

Pretty is as pretty does  
Whatever is whatever was  
This morning I rise and seek to please  
On my back or on my knees



Thock! An arrow slammed into the ground at Hercules' feet. He hid his amusement. "Eeeeeee!" He screamed, stepping back, looking around as if in terror.

“Obey my commands and you will not be harmed,” a man in a mask said as he emerged from the forest.

“Please don’t hurt me,” Hercules said, making his voice even smaller and younger sounding than it already was.

“Why would I hurt such a lovely creature?” The man said, approaching Hercules. “Perish the thought.”

“Y—you don’t want to hurt me?” Hercules said, deciding to play the naïve young girl. “Well, then, whatever do you want?”

“Oh, just for you to come back to my camp so we can have a friendly chat and get to know one another. You wouldn’t refuse me the pleasure of your company?”

“Heavens no,” Hercules said, smiling. “I was only frightened because of this arrow you shot at me.” He nudged the arrow with his toe. “It made me think you might be a bad man.”

“Me? Bad?” The Brigand plucked the arrow from the ground and began to rub the feathered shaft along Hercules’ inner thigh. “Far from it. In fact, my name is Captain Goodfellow. This arrow, well, one of my company of men accidentally fired it.”

Hercules giggled and blushed. Indeed, the feeling of the feathers brushing against his soft skin was exciting. “How many men do you command?” Hercules asked, hoping to get a firm headcount.

“There are a score of us,” Goodfellow said, giving up the information to this harmless little girl without a second thought. He offered his hand to



Hercules. "Come. Let me show you my camp. It isn't much, but we do have some excellent wine."

"Wine," Hercules said, taking the man's hand and following him into the forest. "I love wine."

"I thought you might."

Hercules hid his smile. This was all going according to his plan. He knew well there would be many brigands, and his strength did not make him invulnerable to arrows shot from afar. He was not Achilles. Now, the fool would lead him right into the heart of their camp, where he could wait until most of them slept to make his move. Hercules scoffed as he thought about how easy it had been for him to get this fool to let his guard down. Being a pretty girl had its advantages.

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Hera watched it all, her chin propped on her hand. "Wouldn't this all be a bit more interesting if these two fell madly in love?"

Eros, who'd been sitting at her feet, nodded. "Infinitely more interesting he said, then shook his head. 'You're so bad.'"

"I know," Hera said. "Off you go."

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"I'm planning to paint it, maybe add a deck," Goodfellow said as he showed Hercules a ramshackle shack. Standing at a slant that suggested it was about to fall over, like some sad drunk.

“Wow. So amazing,” Hercules said, getting bored with the preening fool’s blabber. Growing impatient with his carefully conceived plan, he considered smashing the man’s head open with his club and just taking his chances with the rest of the brigands, but then again, he wasn’t sure how to kill them all without seeming rude.

Just then, Eros flew down and unleashed a pair of arrows that struck the hapless pair. Hercules, whose eyes had been on the shack, glanced at Goodfellow, then did a double take even as his pupils dilated, and his cheeks turned pink. Goodfellow, too, suddenly saw Hercules in a whole new light. Moments before, this girl had just seemed like she’d be a pleasing lover, but suddenly, she was everything.

Hercules stepped closer to Goodfellow, who immediately cupped the little man’s soft chin, tilted his back and kissed him. Hercules lifted his thigh and rubbed it against the man’s leg while also pressing his breasts against Goodfellow’s hard, angular body. As soon as the kiss ended, they stared into each other’s eyes, and then, in unison, announced, “I love you so much” then laughed at how amazing it was they both said it.

Goodfellow led Hercules into a cave. “This is my temp hangout while I fix up my mansion. I’m going to--”

But he couldn’t finish the words as Hercules threw his arms around the man’s neck and kissed him hard. Fade to black.

After, Hercules snuggled against Goodfellow, idly running his fingers through the man’s wiry chest hair. He’d never been in love before as a woman, and it was so—different? Amazing? Other worldly? He found himself fantasizing about marrying Goodfellow, the life they’d have

together—he'd demand a better house and no one waylaying travelers, and they'd have the most beautiful babies.

Yet, oh, how cruel the fates? He was under orders to kill this beautiful, perfect man. It was such a shame. The sun had set. The camp had grown quiet, other than the throbbing hum of the forest insects, the occasional hoot of an owl. Hercules tried to untangle himself from Goodfellow without waking the man. He thought it would be easier to kill him while he slept. Goodfellow woke and got to his feet. "Hey, beautiful," he said, putting his hands on Hercules' soft hips and pulling him in for a kiss.

After the kiss, Hercules looked away.

"What's wrong?" Goodfellow said, already attuned to the moods of this vision of female perfection.

"Oh, nothing, really. It's just that, well, and please don't take this personally, but I have to kill you?" Hercules felt so bad, not just because he loved Goodfellow, but because it just seemed so unladylike to murder someone. There was nothing for it, though. His queen had given him his orders.

"What?" Goodfellow said, then screamed in agony as Hercules kned him right in the family jewels with the strength of a demigod. The knee sent Goodfellow flying across the room, crashing against the cave wall, falling to the ground and grasping his groin in agony, crying out in a high-pitched voice.



Hercules picked up his club. "I really do like you," he said as he walked daintily over to where Goodfellow writhed in agony on the floor. "And I'll always remember our night together." It was so important to him that Goodfellow wouldn't be too angry with him. "So, anyway, sorry?" He brought the club whistling down on Goodfellow's skull and blood splashed across Hercules' face. Hercules winced at the sight of Goodfellow's shattered skull. The man's limbs flinched and his body spastically bounced

on the cave floor. "Are you dead?" Hercules asked, putting his little finger to his lips. "I better make sure," he whispered. "Sorry..." He brought the club down again and again and again. "Sorry... sorry... oh, yeah, I am so sorry!"



With Goodfellow taken care of, Hercules snuck around the camp, first killing the guards, then each of the rest of the sleeping bandits, each of whom he woke and apologized for murdering them before bashing them to death with his club. Finally, Hercules set fire to the camp and pranced out,

feeling just so rude and embarrassed he'd been such a poor guest. It was so ungracious to murder one's hosts and burn their village down. What an awful start to his first day as a woman. He needed a bath and maybe a cup of tea, and he couldn't let the other girls see him all covered in blood. It was unheard of.



He found a small creek and bathed, then headed back to the castle, thinking, well, it had been kind of fun to be Hercules again and not little Hera. Smashing people's bones was, actually, pretty fun. He'd forgotten how much he enjoyed hitting people with his club.