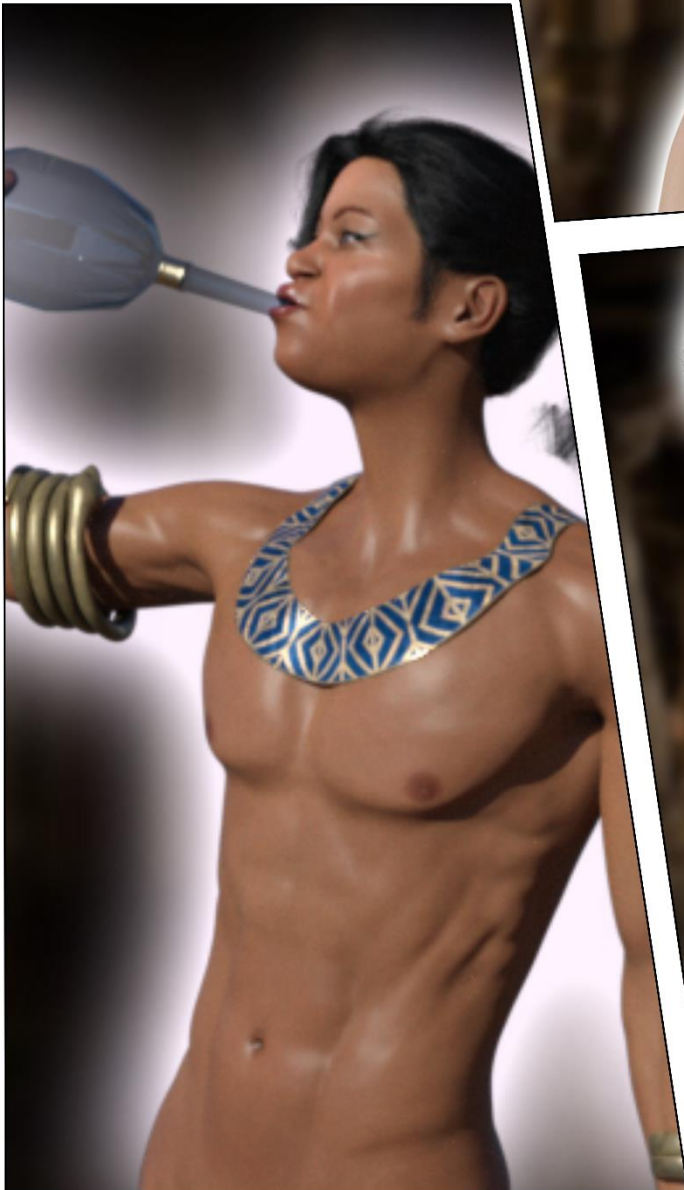


Chapter Seven



“Drink,” Omphale said.

Hercules drank.

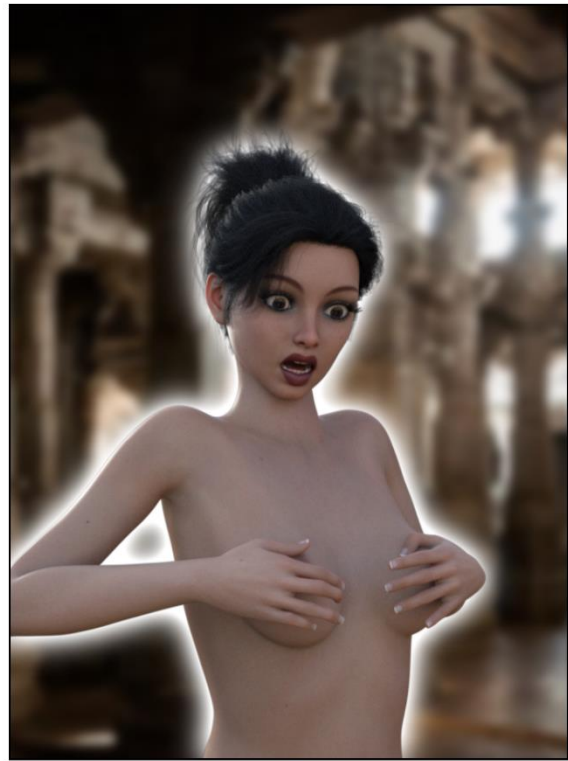
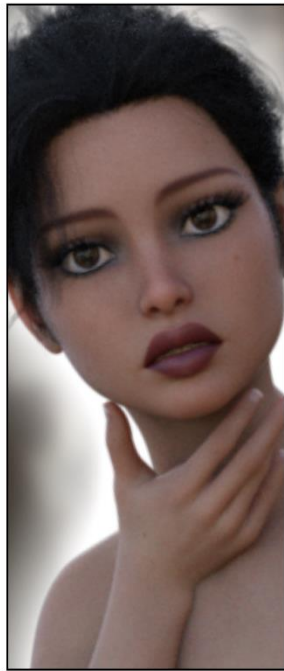
The liquid tasted of honey and spices: sage, cinnamon and mandrake. It went down easy, smooth, tasty, and as the liquid settled into Hercules’ belly, it warmed, and that warmth spread throughout his body, his skin tingling. The serving girls all began to giggle, and Hercules looked at them, puzzled. “What amuses you so?” He asked, his eyes immediately going wide, his hand going to his throat. The voice he’d spoken with was not his own. It was high, soft, the voice of a young woman or a girl. “What’s wrong with my voice?” He asked, glancing at Omphale. He did not even realize his face, already, had changed, looking like that of a beautiful young woman.

“Your voice sounds perfectly dear to me,” Omphale said. “I hear nothing wrong. What do you think, girls?”

They all laughed.

The ceiling seemed, suddenly to race away from the confused man, even as Omphale stretched, growing taller and taller. More giggles, and then Hercules glanced over at the serving girls, he reeled. No longer did he look down at them from above, but directly into their eyes. He made a mewling sound like a kitten.

Omphale just smiled, and Hercules’ now felt his nipples and chest growing warm, aching, his nipples and areolas felt like they were spreading, growing puffy even as he felt his chest rising. The girls laughed, and the audience. Looking down, Hercules yelped as he saw his stone hard chest was gone, and he now had small, soft breasts. The girls laughed, the audience laughed. Burning with shame, Hercules covered his blossoming breasts with his hands and felt his hands being pushed away,



away, away as his chest swelled, two firm, round breasts rising, jutting forward... his nipples felt like they were floating a foot in front of his ribs...

He now held a pair of large, soft breasts in his hands.

Hercules' attention was now drawn to his male member, his pride and joy, as it began to tingle, and then he felt a sudden wrenching as if there



were a hand inside him, yanking on it, pulling it into him. Looking down, he watched in horror as— yank— his organ grew smaller, shorter... yank... shorter still, smaller still... yank... Hercules squealed as it felt like his sex organs, balls and all, had been yanked inside his body, the hand now feeling as if it were opening a cavity within him, his balls rising and rising...

Looking down, Hercules' now saw nothing but the swell of his breasts. The audience laughed and cheered as Hercules' reached down with both hands and... "NO!" He gasped as his hands felt what he was certain was a woman's lips, the shock of feeling them even as he felt himself feeling them, made him stumble as impossible, feminine sensations overwhelmed his terrified and panicking male mind.

Regaining his balance, he stared at Omphale. "What have you done to me?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Omphale said, ready to stick in a dagger. "I've turned you into a woman."

"A woman? You can't. You couldn't. I am the son of Zeus," yet spoken in the minikin tones of his new voice, the claim sounded absurd.

He had no time to further consider Omphale's claim, shrieking as he felt a pair of powerful hands grip his waist and squeeze it into a pleasingly waspish shape. He screamed again as he felt those same hands grab his hips and yank them out, then smooth them into soft, round curve, the invisible hands molding his flesh sensually, like a sculptor modeling clay...

The room spun... Hercules looked in horror at his small hands, delicate wrists and tiny arms... the long nails now sparkling at his fingertips... His mind reeled with shock and denial. He couldn't be a woman. Not him. What would the world think the mighty Hercules diminished into female form?



The shame. He felt he might faint and started to fall over only to have Omphale catch him and hold him up. Hercules, feeling his small, soft body

pressed against hers, looked up at her... he hadn't been held like this since he'd been a child...

"Let the room look upon you, little Hercules," she said, intentionally using his male name. She propped him back up on his feet, stepped away. Hercules, put one hand over his new sex, wrapped the other across his breasts, looking like any bashful young woman.

"Hercules," Omphale said in a taunting tone. "You are a beautiful girl. You have nothing to be ashamed of. Let us all enjoy your pleasing new shape." She smiled. "Or, do you defy me? Must I increase your sentence?"

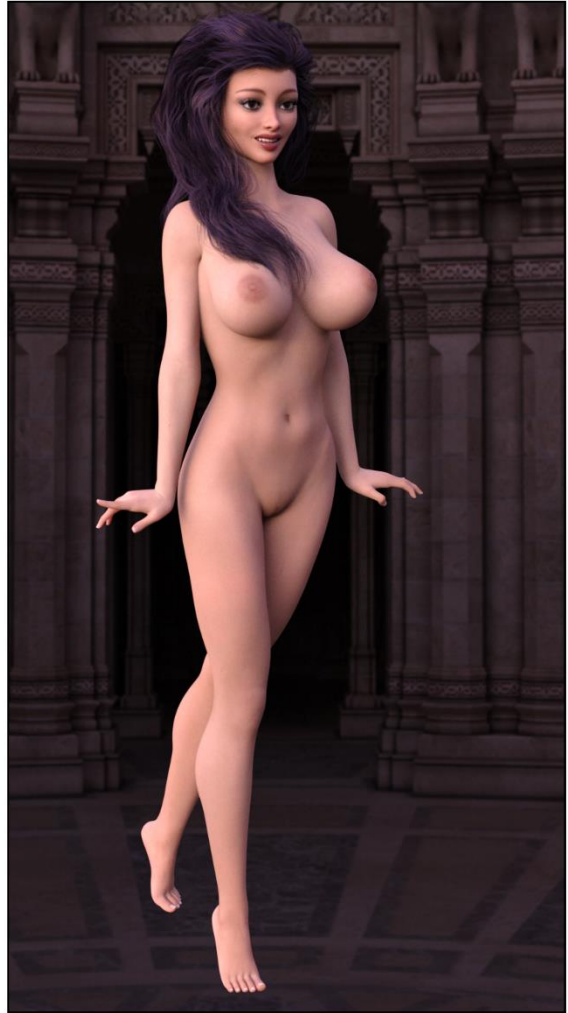
Hercules pleaded with his eyes, shaking his head. Please. No. He had never suffered or even imagined such humiliation. To let this whole room look further upon his woman's sex, his buoyant breasts?

"Selene, show her."

Selene stepped forward, smiling, posed with her arms out to the sides, wrists bent and then turned gracefully in a circle. Her posture, the way she bent her hands at the wrists, the way she moved all celebrated her femininity.

"Do it now," Omphale said, enjoying the sight of this arrogant man brought low. "And keep turning until I tell you to stop."

Hercules knew he had no choice. Omphale would keep him like this, extend his sentence, which now seemed so much worse, if he didn't obey. Imitating Selene, he moved his arms out to his sides, exposing his shameful new body to the whole of the room, all the gathered nobles, the serving girls, and he began to turn, letting them see his fresh and pleasing curves.



As Hercules stood on his tip toes and turned, the crowd gasped, murmured their appreciation, and then there was the constant giggles of

the serving girls, who loved seeing the man who'd thought he was too good to do women's work now stripped of any vestige of masculinity.

"I present to you Hercules, demi-God, son of Zeus!" Omphale shouted. "Does he not make the most gorgeous girl?"

The audience, taking their cue, began to applaud and cheer. Hercules kept turning, blushing, tears rolling down his cheeks. "You may stop. Now, girls," she said, nodding toward the serving girls, "welcome your sister to her new life."

One by one the serving girls came forward, giving Hercules a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Some even took the opportunity to cup a breast, squeeze.

Finally, a dazed and defeated Hercules found himself kneeling at Omphale's feet, his head bowed. "You are just a little girl," Omphale declared. "You will do a little girl's work, and you will do it well. Say it."

"I am a little girl," Hercules whispered...

"Louder, so all can hear."

"I am a little girl," Hercules called out, though his now soft voice carried none of its former power. "I will do a little girl's work and I will do it well."

"Very good. And what is your name, little girl?"

"My name is... Hera."

"Azada," Omphale called. "Take this girl-child and put her to work. If she gives you any trouble, send word to me, though I think this little female has learned her lesson."

"Come, Herinia," Azada said, using the diminutive form of Hera. "Let us see if you can work the spool now that you have delicate, graceful little hands."

Hercules followed her from the room, head bowed in shame. His body felt wrong. His hips felt too wide. His legs too long. His breasts jiggled and swayed with each step, and even his butt bounced as he moved. With each and every step of his small, soft feet, his jiggling body reminded him he was now a woman. Or, that he had a woman's body. I am not a woman. I am a man. I will always be a man. A cool breeze blew down the hall, and he felt his big, plump nipples begin to harden and rise from his chest.



Disgusted, Hercules made a resolution: "I may have a woman's body, but I will always have a warrior's heart."

Chapter 8

“A secret?” Hercules said, turning, giggling, his big eyes flashing with glee. There was nothing his little heart loved more than secrets!

“Oh, never mind. I promised I wouldn’t tell,” Cygnus said, getting up and pouring two glasses of crimson wine from a crystal decanter. His back turned to his diminutive former rival, he grinned.

“Tell me!” Hercules said, stomping one little foot, sending tremors through his breasts. He hardly noticed anymore. They were always bouncing and swaying. Cygnus, who’d turned back to face Hercules, most certainly noticed. He, like most men, found a woman’s breasts endlessly fascinating, particularly when they were in movement. “Tell me, or I’ll slap you again,” Hercules said, looking adorable as he raised his little hand.

“Do you promise?” Cygnus said. Indeed, the feeble and feminine slap had aroused him. He handed Hercules a glass of wine, then stood close, invading Hercules’ space just a little bit. “To old friends,” he said, raising his glass. The shadows in the room grew deeper as the Apollo’s chariot began its descent.

“To old friends,” Hercules repeated. With Cygnus so close and still shirtless, he felt on edge, anxious that Cygnus might try and kiss him again. More, the Cygnus manly scent filled head, the enticing odor making him feel just a little dizzy. He even had to confess to himself that he found the sight of a man’s hard, muscular chest, bristling with thick hair, almost as fascinating as he’d once found a maiden’s bust.

Glasses clinked. Cygnus drank. Hercules hesitated. The wine smelled so good, but he’d experienced many a woman swear she would not lay

with him only to drag him into the hay once she'd sipped of the cup. Would he, now that he wore a woman's form, grow drunk with lust?



“Do you refuse to raise a glass with me?” Cygnus said, putting on a sad face.

“Of course not,” Hercules said. I am being a fool, he decided. Ever since he'd become a woman, he'd found himself worrying about this and that, fretting, anxious. Be a man, he said to himself. Show Cygnus you are yet a man. He Drank deeply, wanting to show Cygnus he could still out drink him on any day. The dark, red wine had been mulled in spices. It was a superior vintage. Wiping his lips with the back of his hand, which if Azada had seen she would have been furious, he nodded. “Good vintage. I

haven't had so much as a drop of wine since I became—" he stopped, not wanting to say it out loud.

"A woman?" Cygnus offered, brushing a strand of Hercules' hair away from his face, letting his hand graze Hercules' soft cheek.

"I was going to say, serving girl," Hercules said, taking another sip of wine, then laughing. "Or, perhaps, wench."

Cygnus laughed at that. "You really did get yourself into a fine mess this time," he said. Meanwhile, he was watching and listening to Hercules intently. Yes, the great swallow of wine had been impressive, but if Cygnus knew women, and he felt he did, the once mighty demi-god was about to discover he could not belly so much wine, especially given the fact he, himself had confessed, that he hadn't a drop since he'd changed.

Indeed, as Cygnus glanced at the fine quilts and linens piled impressively on his bed, he began to imagine what it would be like to feel that soft little body pressed against his, to hear Hercules, the great Hercules, sigh in his pretty little voice as Cygnus sounded the stoppers of his body like a great lute.

"Instead of killing him, I would have carried that fool to Tripoli on my back," Hercules said, "if I had known I was going to end up fitted with these," Hercules said, gesturing at his bosom. He finished off his glass of wine, poured himself another. He appreciated the wine and was already beginning to think of other ways having his friend Cygnus around could prove beneficial to him. Hercules knew well that Cygnus could not say no to a pretty face. It was a weakness he and Hercules had in common. Hercules had seen he now possessed a face to compare to any, even the goddesses of Olympus. Perhaps I can lead Cygnus on, Hercules mused, and use this cursed shape to my advantage?

It seemed like a very good idea, so long as Cygnus, the randy fool, could keep his hands to himself.

“What’s it like having such majestic peaks?” Cygnus said, taking the opportunity to let his eyes linger once more on Hercules’ impressive bust.

“Majestic peaks?” Hercules rolled his eyes and shook his head, his ponytail swishing fetchingly. “You are no poet.”

“Oh, you are too cruel,” Cygnus said. Hercules’ shape was a marvel. Even Gallonius working for 1000 years uninterrupted, could not have formed such a perfect woman. Yet, the girl Hercules had become commanded Cygnus’ interest for more reason than his soft body. Cygnus could not get over how much Hercules now acted a girl— he moved and spoke just like the young female he appeared to be, and there was something potent in seeing the formerly great man Hercules had been moving like a hummingbird and not an eagle. Cygnus didn’t quite understand it, but he feasted upon the perfection of Omphale’s work. “What is it like, though, to have such--- melons?”

“They are all bouncing and backaches,” Hercules said. “They get in my way. They ache sometimes for no reason. You cannot imagine.”

“I am sure,” Cygnus said. “Tell me the truth on the following matter. You play with them, don’t you? You must!”

Hercules saw no point in denying it. He actually felt in some small way it was a claim to manhood. “I cannot cease caressing them,” he said. It was not entirely true. When he’d first changed, he had, indeed, been obsessed with his breasts, but over time he’d grown less interested in caressing them even as the desire to have others fondle and kiss his peponis had grown.

“Let’s sit,” Cygnus said. He saw Hercules tense, hesitate. “I promise you, little one, that I will not try anything.”

“You better not,” Hercules said, trying to look tough and managing to only look more adorable.

They moved back to the couch, sitting close, Hercules, head swimming with the pleasing fumes of a fine wine, no longer retreated. The wine had brought a pleasing, rosy glow to his cheeks and across the bridge of his nose.

“You told me you had a secret?” Hercules said.

“I do,” Cygnus said. “Yet, as I said, I have made a promise.”

“To what does this secret pertain?”

“Oh, just some rumor as to who is truly behind reshaping you into such a perfect specimen of womanhood.”

“Who is truly behind--?” Hercules’ eyes went wide. “It is Omphale. All know that. You are a liar!”

“Some say Omphale has been— guided,” Cygnus said. “Never you mind. It is just a rumor. Let us speak of more pleasant things, like those big, sparkling eyes of yours.”

Hercules’ head spun. Someone else behind his shameful transformation? Who? He must know! “I’ll get it out of you,” he said. “You will tell me.”

“Oh, and how would a little girl go about forcing a big, strong man like me to do her will?”

Hercules slipped a thumb under one of the straps to his top, pulled it down and let it dangle against his arm. The cup slipped down as well, exposing more of the pleasing swelling of his maiden breast. “I have an idea or two,” he said.

Cygnus throat went dry. “Go on”, he whispered, hoarse.

