



## Part Six

As Hercules pulled down one of the straps on his braseri, Cygnus almost went cross-eyed, his mouth went slack, just the hint of the possibility he might get to see Hercules' bare breasts was enough to strike him stupid. Hercules struggled not to laugh, thinking men ridiculous, even as he remembered his own masculine obsession with the female breast, recalled being a man in the very same stupefied state as Cygnus.

He took his time working his way to the second strap, drawing his fingers across the top of his breasts, slipping his thumb under his other strap, tugging on it, sending a shiver through the soft swelling of his chest, watching as Cygnus' eyes grew even wider.

Hercules pressed his advantage. His own head swam with the intoxicating heat of the wine he'd been so recklessly drinking, the surge of erotic power he felt as he toyed with Cygnus. Hercules felt like a cat, claws out, batting at a mouse. A flirty giggle. A tug on an earring. "Oh, I shouldn't," he said, removing his thumb from the braseri strap and placing his palms in front of his breasts.

“Oh, no,” Cygnus said, voice aching with desperation. “No, no. You can’t stop now. Show me.”

Another flirty giggle. “I mustn’t!” Hercules said, letting his voice rise to an even higher pitch. “I’m shy!”

“I’ll tell you my secret,” Cygnus said. “Don’t you want to know who has made you a woman?”

Hercules dropped his hands, swiveled his shoulders as if rubbing his breasts across Cygnus’ chest. “Promise me you’ll tell?” He said, pouting as he slipped one slender finger between his lips.

It was too much. Cygnus groaned, the pain of his desire like a fire burning at his flesh. “I— absolutely. Show me.”



Giggle.  
Hercules cupped one breast, let his hand glide up over the perfect, tear drop shape, and slid his thumb once more beneath the strap, slipping it down

off his shoulder, letting it dangle against his upper arm. His braseri now slipped down, threatening to fall from his chest, but he cupped his breasts, holding his top in place. “Tell me first,” he said.

“Show me first,” Cygnus countered, reaching out as if to grab Hercules’ wrists and pull his hands away.

Hercules shrieked and dodged, slapping Cygnus’ hand away while using the other to protect his modesty. “Don’t you dare!”

“You must vow to give me my reward,” Cygnus said. “Then, I will speak.”

“I vow on my honor,” Hercules said, though some part of him wondered if he could even claim to have honor anymore, sitting here in a woman’s body, dressed like a harem girl. Dressed as a harem girl? He *was* a harem girl.

“Very well,” Cygnus said, eyes gleaming, hard, and hungry. “It is said that Omphale has been put up to all this by none other than your stepmother.”

“Hera?” Hercules hissed. Though he had not thought it, as soon as he heard Cygnus say, “Hera,” it all fell into place, all made sense. Of course, it was Hera! Long had she hated him. “I might’ve known. That infernal woman! Well, this changes all. I must—”

“Pardon me, old friend,” Cygnus said. Like all men, he had a one-track mind and was thinking of only one thing. “Your part of the bargain?”

“My— oh,” Hercules said, then remembered. He glanced down at his chest. “I suppose I must, given my vow.” He hesitated, giggled. He had not yet shown his breasts to another man. It was a step, another step, into the life of a woman, he supposed, using his breasts to get what he wanted, showing them to men. Well, at least it would make the infernal things and the backaches they gifted him worth it-- almost. “This is so embarrassing.” He removed his braseri, let his arms drop to his sides, his breasts swaying.

Cygnus grunted, a deep, masculine grunt sticky with male desire. “Gorgeous,” he said, eyes playing across his old friend’s chest, the fat,

meaty nipples, the tear-drop shaped swelling, the way they thrust out from Hercules' body, defying gravity, itself. "Exquisite. Sublime."



The cool air washing over Hercules' breasts woke his nipples, making them tighten, harden... blushing, he started to drape one slender arm over them, embarrassed, knowing well what the sight of stiff nipples would do to a man.

This time, though, Cygnus, consumed with desire too powerful to deny, *did* grab Hercules' wrist, pulling his arm back down. The grip was firm, strong, but not painful. Hercules didn't struggle. He liked Cygnus taking control, and he found himself staring into the other man's eyes, felt like he was being drawn in, deeper and deeper...

“I long to touch your sweet breasts,” Cygnus said. “Just a caress. What harm is there in that?”

“Cygnus, no. Please. I am Hercules. You must remember.”

“I do remember. I remember well. I know it is you inside that soft body. I want to help you, old friend. I want to help you return to your rightful form. All I ask in return is this one small act of kindness. Is it too much?”

“I can’t allow another man to— fondle me. What if word got out? I would be shamed, even when I return to my true body, I would be shamed.”

“No one will know. I will never speak of this. Come. For an old friend and ally.” Cygnus had always loved this— a woman resisting, he bringing her along, luring her down the path to fulfilling his desires. “It is just a small thing,” Cygnus continued. “I promise to be gentle.”

“Very well,” Hercules’ whispered. He closed his eyes, arched his back and pulled his shoulders back, presenting his breasts to Cygnus as if they were on a tray.

Cygnus reached out, placing just the tips of his fingertips on the soft, round under breast, then letting them rise until they grazed Hercules’ nipple, flicking it, the hardened flesh bouncing. Hercules sighed, a soft, womanly sigh of pure pleasure. Emboldened, Cygnus now cupped Hercules’ breast, lifting, gently squeezing while running his thumb across the once great man’s nipple.

*I said one touch*, Hercules thought, annoyed, but at the same time it felt so good, so, so good, those rough, calloused hands on his delicate breast, the squeeze, the feeling of that thumb teasing his nipple... he wanted to get away, get away, to tell Cygnus to stop... but he couldn’t, and in shock he realized he wanted, needed to feel the man’s touch even more than he feared it.

Cygnus didn't want to push his luck too far, and though he longed for more, he started to remove his hand from the soft crescent of heaven Hercules had offered him...

No! Hercules felt himself panic at the thought Cygnus was done playing with his breast, and he felt such a powerful flash of desire he grabbed Cygnus' hand and pulled it back to his breast. "Don't stop," he whispered, opening his eyes, meeting the heat of Cygnus' gaze with his own.

Cygnus smiled. He was now the cat, and Hercules the mouse. He leaned forward and kissed Hercules' breasts, on the side, the top, the bottom, and then he planted his hot, wet mouth over Hercules' nipple and began to suck while teasing with his tongue.



Hercules' eyes rolled to the back of his head as he cried out, arching his back, head swirling with such feminine pleasure as he'd never imagined possible. It was so different with a man who seemed eager to please him, better than when he'd been with Omphale. He dug his nails into Cygnus' shoulders. His sense of self shattered. He was no longer Hercules, no longer a man but just a flame of female desire. He wanted Cygnus inside him.

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Hera, back in Olympus, watched. She was joined by Iris, her handmaid and messenger, along with Demeter, goddess of the harvest and fertility and Eileithyia, goddess of childbirth. All three of the goddesses laughed as they watched the mighty Hercules consumed with feminine needs. "It seems your son is about to lose her virginity," Demeter said. "Shall I prepare her womb for the delivery of Cygnus' seed, making her ready to conceive her first child?"

"Not yet," Hera said, glowing with malicious delight at the sight of her hated stepson being brought low. "The day will come soon enough when Hercules stands before his father, belly swollen with child."

Hercules was now on his back, legs spread, as Cygnus mounted him. "He looks quite like his mother," Iris joked, then paused, wondering if she'd made a mistake. She glanced at Hera, but the queen of the gods only smiled.

"It makes me hate him all the more," Hera said. "How it has vexed me all these years that she, that wonton whore, had born such a son, such a man, the pride of his father, a man whose fame spread throughout the mortal world. Well, no more. Hercules will be forever remembered for her

shameful end, a weak, sad excuse for a man who allowed himself to become enslaved to a woman's passions."

"And when the time comes for her to deliver her child?" Eileithyia asked, knowing what the answer would be, but wanting to hear it.

"Give her such pains as no woman has ever suffered," Hera said. "A long, agonizing delivery full of all the agony you can conjure. Each of his children will bring him great pain as he squeezes them out from between his legs."

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Hercules knelt, holding the spindle, carefully letting out the yarn in perfect rhythm to the weaver's work. Azada came along and watched, hands on hips. "Very good, Herania," she said.

"Thank you," Hercules answered, smiling. Azada's praise

made him happy.

"Are you happy with her work?" Azada asked.



“She is a perfect little helper,” the weaver answered.

Azada patted Hercules on the head. “You’re such a good little girl,” she said, laughing.

Hercules burned with shame but also smiled once more. What was left of the man hated being talked down to, praised for being a good little girl, but the girl he’d become lapped up the praise like a thirsty puppy. “I just want to please you,” he sang out.

Azada nodded. It did please her to see this arrogant man defeated. It pleased her very much.



Days passed. Weeks. Hercules cleaned, held the spindle, spent his days exiled to be among the little girls. They teased him and mocked him for his clumsy walk, wove flowers in his hair and gushed over how pretty and sweet he was. They even mocked him for having such large breasts, coming up with cruel nicknames for him

like Jiggles or Pidima. He endured, always looking longingly over to the woman, his desire to be one of them growing ever stronger.

One day as they ate, the girls had all begun talking about which boys they found cute, the ones they wanted to kiss. At a pause in the conversation, Azada turned her attention to Hercules, eyes flashing with amusement. "What of you, Herania?" She asked. "Which of the boys do you long to kiss?" The girls all laughed, and Hercules dropped his eyes, blushing in shame. It still stung to find himself brought so low that even the little girls mocked him, looked down at him as the least among them.

"I asked you a question," Azada said, seeing and enjoying the shame that consumed the beautiful woman Hercules had become. "Which boy would you long to kiss?"

Hercules looked up at all the cruel, mocking little faces. He almost lied, hoping that if he fit in perhaps the girls would stop being so cruel, but he could not. "I don't like boys," he whispered.

The girls all laughed. "Well, then, you must long to kiss one of the girls? Who? Tell us."

"I don't know," Hercules said, his small voice barely even a whisper.

"Don't be boring!" Azada demanded. "We are playing a game, and you must answer. Name your crush, girl. Now."

Hercules sighed, knowing his answer, whatever it might be, would only bring more scorn. He glanced at the red girl, the one from the north, he'd thought to pursue when he was yet a man. "Her," he said, pointing.

The girls all giggled. "Estrid!" Azada called out. "Estrid."

"No. Don't," Hercules said, ashamed of his manly desires.

"What is it?" Estrid called over.

"Herania likes you!"

Estrid covered her mouth, eyes dancing with glee. “Oh, how sweet,” she said, “but I prefer men who are not little girls.”

The women all laughed. The little girls all laughed. Hercules hung his head in shame.

The day came when Omphale visited as Hercules held his spindle and fed yarn to the weaver. “Azada!” She said, “Selene!” The women approached. “Tell me, does little Herania please you these days?”

“She has been broken,” Selene said. “There is no more of the man in her.”

Hercules winced to hear them describe him so, the more because he could not deny their words. To find himself a soft, shapely woman, stripped of his strength, his voice, his name, it had shattered his will and these days he longed only to be good, obedient, to do his time and escape this life.

“She is as meek as a kitten,” Azada said.

“Oh! It pleases me so much to hear it,” Omphale said. She went over to Hercules, who’d kept his head lowered, eyes on his spindle. Cupping his chin, she squeezed and tilted his head back. Hercules averted his gaze, knowing it would be disrespectful for him to meet the queen’s eyes, unless—  
“Look at me,” Omphale said.

Hercules looked up, met her eyes. They were hard and glassy. It shocked him to see she gazed upon him with desire. “Is it true? Are you being a good little girl, Hercules?”

“I live to serve,” Hercules answered, using the pretty, singsong cadences he’d learned from the girls.

“He is utterly destroyed,” Omphale said, laughing as she played with Hercules’ hair. “It’s too much.” She turned to Selene. “Tonight, I want to see her in my chambers after dinner.” With that, she turned and left.

Hercules, kneeling at their feet, looked up at Azada and Selene. ‘Her chambers? Tonight? What does—’

His cheek stung as Azada slapped him across the face. “Remember your place,” she said. “You know better than to question your orders. Now, get back to work.”

“Yes, mistress, forgive my insolence.”

