

## Part Seven

“Am I really doing this?” Hercules wondered as he lay back, smiling up at Cygnus. “Will I allow Cygnus to take me?”

Cygnus climbed onto Hercules, placing his hands on the insides of Hercules' soft thighs and pushing them apart. Hercules felt Cygnus' hard shaft press against his leg, and it was so wrong, and yet so perfect. Every part of him craved for what was about to happen, needed it more than he'd ever needed anything in his life.

Reaching down, he found Cygnus' member, and began to guide it into him...

“Stop!” A voice shouted. “I will not allow this!”

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Omphale, sprawled across her bed, smiled. Hercules stood before her in his dress, blushing, eyes downcast, looking every bit the virginal maiden she'd made of him. “Don't you want to make some smart comment?” Omphale said. “Taunt me in some way?”

“No,” Hercules whispered, still cringing at the soft, feminine voice he now possessed.

“No? Well, I have to tell you, I am not sure I have ever seen a more beautiful girl.”

Hercules closed his eyes.

“I just offered you a compliment,” Omphale said, her taunting tone turning angry.



“Thank you,” Hercules whispered, not wanting to make her more angry, dreading what new changes she might unleash upon him.

“Strip,” Omphale said.

“Yes, my queen,” Hercules answered. His whole life, he’d been proud of his body, but not anymore. To reveal his soft, curvaceous shape to anyone, let alone a woman, consumed him with shame, but he had no choice. He

reached back and untied his dress, then let it fall to his feet as he crossed his arms over his breasts.

“Oh, no,” Omphale said, enjoying it all. “I must see those gorgeous breasts, little Hera. Let me see.”

Hercules obeyed.

Omphale giggled. “I’m jealous!” She said, clapping. “They’re so big! You deserve them, Hera, don’t you agree?”

Hercules nodded, but it was in no way enough to please Omphale as she worked to further break the once arrogant male. “Don’t just nod. I want to hear you say it,” Omphale said.

“I deserve such large breasts,” Hercules answered, still unable to speak in more than a whisper.

Omphale laughed loudly at that, but she still wasn’t done. “Keep stripping,” she said. “I want to see all of you.”



Hercules still had his underwear on. He pushed them down, and though he knew it would not stand, he crossed his hands over his new sex. “You are all woman now,” Omphale whispered, getting up from the bed. She began to circle Hercules, letting her fingers graze his soft

skin, playing with his hair. “Such a tiny waist! Such long, silky hair. Big eyes and plump lips, and such narrow shoulders...” She ran her hands over his shoulders, then let one slide down his arm. “And such tiny little arms!”

Suddenly, she seized hold of his forearm and cruelly twisted it behind his back. Hercules gasped in pain. This was too much. The warrior and the man he'd been exploded with rage, and he began to fight, meaning to



throw Omphale off, to teach her a lesson with his fists. There was only so much a man could take, and—

No. He... struggled... but he could not break her grip, which only tightened as she twisted his arm further behind his back. Grabbing one of his breasts with the other hand, she dug her nails cruelly into his nipple and twisted... Hercules screamed, both due to the physical pain and the emasculating nature of the attack.. He redoubled his efforts to free himself, but— no. No. Hercules had always been dominant, had thrilled in wrestling women down, controlling them. He'd never had a woman dominate him, but now, strangely, he found himself growing aroused. "No. No. No."

Omphale laughed. She shoved Hercules onto the bed, grabbed his hair and pulled, hard. The pain felt so good, and Hercules fled from it, denied it even as he longed for more. Screeching, he rolled over and swung a fist at her, but she caught his wrist and then pinned his arm to the bed. "I'll kill you!" Hercules hissed in his pretty little voice.

Omphale, who'd simply wanted to dominate the man, looked into his eyes— they were dilated, hot and wet, and his cheeks were flush. "By Artemis' Bow," Omphale said as the realization hit her. "You like this."

"What? No!" Hercules screamed.

Omphale slapped him across the face. Then, again. "What do you say now?"

Hercules responded by lunging forward and kissing her— a desperate, hungry, needy kiss. It was, Omphale thought, pleased, confused, delighted, the kiss of a woman.

Was it entirely the magic of the potion that had brought about this change? Or, was it that Hercules had never had an opportunity to explore this side of himself before, trapped as he was in male form? Perhaps it was

both? Whatever the case, Omphale was playing rough, and the newly female Hercules found that he liked it.

Later, he lay in Omphale's arms. Omphale stroked his smooth cheek with the back of her hand as she gazed into his eyes. "And so, little flower, you must tell me, is sex better as a man or a woman? Tiresias has said he found more joy as a woman, but what of the great Hercules?"

"I don't know," Hercules said, gazing in wonder at this woman, this amazing woman who'd made a woman of him. "I cannot say whether it is better for a man or a woman. I can only say this: nothing I have experienced compares to your kisses."

"And when I slapped you?"

"Sweeter than wine," Hercules giggled, feeling shivers of pleasure pass through him as he remembered the stinging pain and the blazing rush of desire.

"Well, don't worry little one," Omphale said, patting him on the cheek. "There's plenty more where that came from."

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Cygnus froze, and Hercules sat up, desperate to have the other man inside him, furious at whoever had interfered. "Get out, I—" his voice caught in his throat, and he forgot all about Cygnus as he gazed upon the most perfectly formed and beautiful man he'd ever seen. "Apollo," Hercules sighed, his eyes roaming over the golden hair, broad shoulders, hard chest, rippling abs...

"Come," Apollo said, reaching out his hand. "I will not allow—" the words caught in his throat as he gazed upon the radiant woman Hercules had become. "I— I will— are you truly Hercules?"

Hercules recognized the signs, and every inch the woman he'd become tingled with pleasure at the effect he was having on Apollo. "I was," he said, tossing his ponytail and biting his lip. "I am?"

Apollo longed to kiss this girl Hercules, but he marshaled his will. "I have come to free you from this shameful imprisonment," Apollo declared. "Take my hand."

Hercules giggled, then reached out a small, soft hand, feeling his whole body tingle as the handsome God took it in his own. As much as Hercules had wanted Cygnus, all thought of the mere mortal man fled from him as fixated on this vision of male perfection. Any thoughts of his sentence being



extended also fled from his mind. This hunk of a man wanted him, and Hercules would risk anything to be this God's girl.

"Hold on tight," Apollo said as he wrapped an arm around Hercules. Hercules eagerly nuzzled up against Apollo, pressing his breasts against the man's ribs, taking the opportunity to put a hand on the man's hard chest.

Whoosh. They rose in the air and flashed across the sky. As they flew, they each enjoyed the warmth of each other's bodies, pressed together, soft and hard.

Apollo landed in a secluded glade and set Hercules gently on his feet. "I heard what your mother did to you," Apollo said, putting his hands on Hercules' bare shoulders. "I would bring you to Hecate. I can... I could not..." the words died in his throat. He'd never seen such a lovely face, such big eyes... "More lovely than Daphne, herself," he said, cupping Hercules' chin, tilting his head back.

Hercules licked his lips and smiled. Apollo, who'd every intention of freeing Hercules from this prison of female flesh, could not resist himself, and he leaned down and kissed Hercules on the lips. Hercules welcomed the kiss at first, leaning into it, letting his breasts graze against Apollo's chest, and then, he pushed Apollo away and fled in a cloud of silvery laughter. "You'll have to catch me if you want more!" Hercules sang out as he ran through the glade.

"You can't escape me!" Apollo shouted, laughing as well, running after the fleeing female. Of course, he could have easily caught her, but he was as excited by the game as Hercules.

He ran slow, enjoying the sight of Hercules' long legs flashing as he ran, letting Hercules gain some distance, and then, he launched himself in



the air and came crashing down five feet in front of Hercules with a roar. Hercules screamed, a pretty, feminine scream of excitement, then turned and ran the other direction. “You’ll never catch me!” He sang out. “I’m far too clever!”

