

Chapter Three

“You want me to do what?” Hercules said. He, along with the remainder of Omphale’s retinue, had returned to Lydia, and this was his first morning as a “serving girl” in her court. He’d put on his dress and gone to court, amused, wondering how long Omphale would keep up her little game. He had no doubt that she’d tire of it before too long and make better use of his strength— building walls, slaying giants. Rutting with her, of course.

“I do not **want** you to shave off your beard,” Omphale said. “I order you.” She was sitting on her throne, the skin of the Nemean lion draped over her shoulders, Hercules’ club propped between her widespread legs.

“But— but—” Hercules sputtered. His beard? “Do you know how long it took me to grow it out like this?”

“I care not. You are a girl now, and girls do not have beards. Selene, take young... young....” Omphale found herself at a loss, searching for a feminine name for Hercules....

Hera, hooded, leant forward from behind her and whispered, “Name him Hera.”

“Hera!” Omphale screamed, clapping and giggling. “You shall be called Hera!”

Hercules winced. He hated Hera, his horrible stepmother. Hated her; hated her name. “Not Hera—”

“Hera!” Omphale screamed.

Hercules planted his face in his palm, feeling his insides churning with disgust. Hera. He would find some way to endure.

“Now, as I was saying, go with Selene. She will prepare you as a proper girl— Selene, shave off all that disgusting body hair and-- You know what to do.”

“Of course,” Selene said with a bow. “Come along, Hera,” she said.

The other serving girls all giggled.

Hercules followed Selene to a stone enclosure that had been built over a hot spring. Inside candlelight danced in mirrors, and all about the room rested crates of soaps and jars of oils. The sound of delicate chimes filled the air as well as a gentle gurgling from the spring. “We’ll start with your beard,” Selene said, “then you’ll take a bath so you can start smelling like a pretty girl, and after that we’ll shave off all that body hair.” She smirked. “Does that sound fun, Hera?”

“No,” Hercules said, as he let his eyes drop from Selene’s beautiful face to her soft shoulders, the swell of her firm breasts. He cupped her chin and tilted her hair back. “Perhaps before we begin, you and I could get to know each other a little more intimately?”

Selene’s eyes sparkled. She licked her lips and traced a finger down the middle of Hercules’ rock hard, turtle shell abs. “You are quite a stud.”

Hercules leaned in for a kiss.

Selene covered his lips with her hand. “Oh, Hera,” she said. “The Queen has forbidden any of us from getting to *know* you.”

“The queen isn’t here,” Hercules said, undaunted, lunging in for another attempt at a kiss.

Selene dodged, and then slapped him. “Down!” She shouted, steel in her voice. “Sit! Sit!”

Hercules laughed. “I have a whole year to wear you down,” he said, “and I love it when a woman plays hard to get.”

“Sit down,” Selene repeated. “Perhaps once you’ve been shorn you will find yourself less randy.”

Hercules sat, draping an arm strategically between his legs to hide his rising manhood. He did find a stubborn woman got him hard.

Selene took a sharpened shell and began to cut away at Hercules’ bristling beard. As he watched the coarse, curly hair fall to the stone floor, he felt as if he were wilting. His beard was a point of pride, a sign of his masculinity, his virility. He’d gotten his beard early and had mocked other boys his age for their smooth faces— like girls.

When Selene finished, she stepped back and laughed. “Much better!” She’d said. “You look ten years younger.”

Hercules put his palms to his smooth cheeks. It felt— wrong. The smooth skin made him feel like he was a young boy again, less than he’d been. He felt a fool.



“Now for your bath,” Selene said, handing him a cake of soap. “You smell like a goat.”

“Rut like one, too,” Hercules said, slipping out of his dress, he let it fall to the floor at his feet. He didn’t bother to hide his impressive manhood. Framing it with his hands, he smiled at Selene and said, “Are you certain you can say no this this?”

Selene’s eyes went wide at the sight of Hercules’ abundant manhood, and she blushed, but shook her head. “Bath!” She said, pointing to the spring.

The hot, artesian spring ever flowed, and a trough had been cut in the rock so the water flowed gradually out and into the sea, assuring the pool was fresh soon after use. Once Hercules had bathed using fragrant, floral soaps, he lay on a stone table as Selene scraped the hair from his body, starting with his chest, dragging the shell along the bulging muscle.

As Selene drew the stone across his flesh, Hercules once more couldn’t help but feel he was being reduced, The only hairless men he’d ever seen had been eunuchs. Bah. There was nothing for it. He had to play along with Omphale’s games and face the embarrassment of being smooth as a child– or a woman.

Selene scraped and scraped, shaving the hair from his chest, his arms, his armpits... then his belly, his legs. “This is taking an eternity,” Hercules grumbled when she told him to roll over so she could shave his back. “I shall die an old man before you finish.”

“You are more like an ape than a man,” Selene said, exasperated.

“Thank you,” Hercules answered, his deep voice echoing around the chamber.

“Well, your apish tendencies will soon be gone,” Selene said, running her fingers over his now smooth back. “The soaps have already begun to work! Your skin is so soft!”

“Wonderful,” Hercules said, mocking her feminine verbal style. “A girl just loves being soft!”

Having gone over his whole body, Selene now ran her fingers along Hercules’ soft, glowing skin, finding a few patches of stubble here and there, shaving them until she was satisfied that the demi-god was now smooth as any girl. “Done,” she said, her arms tired from the effort.

Hercules rolled over and sat up, looking down at himself, taking in his smooth legs, running his palms over his smooth chest. His skin did feel sky and soft, and to his surprise he found himself getting slightly aroused at the sight and feeling of his smooth skin. Unnerved by the feeling, he took solace in the fact he was still a mass of powerful muscle. “How often must I endure this?” He wondered.

“With as much hair as you have? Everyday.”

“Everyday!” Hercules shouted.

Selene just laughed.

“Why do you find that funny?”

“I love seeing a big, strong man have to put up with the things we girls have to endure,” she said with a smirk.

“You jest,” Hercules said. “You do not know what it is to be a man.”

“Oh? So, tell me, then.”

“It is hell,” Hercules said. “We have to put up with women.”

“Haha! Now, you must be anointed. Each serving girl in Omphale’s court is marked by her scent. I am sure you will be pleased. You want to smell like a pretty girl, right?”

“What more could I ever wish for?”

“Kneel.”



Hercules knelt. Selene cupped his chin, staring down at him. “You look good from up here,” she laughed.

Hercules just stared back. He had never allowed a woman to treat him like this, speak to him like this. It was—new, and strange feelings welled up in him as he stared up at the tiny little woman, into her arrogant eyes.

Selene then took two jars of oil. Hercules could see flowers had been crushed and now

floated in the bottom of one of the jars. Selene poured. “This is the scent of a girl,” Selene said, pouring the oil over Hercules, the smell of jasmine

filling his head as the oil dripped down onto his shoulders and chest. “Rub it into your body, that the scent of a girl might permeate your very flesh.”

Hercules hesitated. Come down to it, having the scent of a girl shamed him just as much as losing his beard, but he knew he had no choice.

Hercules began to rub the oil into his skin.

“Rub it all over,” Selene said. “Especially into that clam digger.”

“Truly?” Hercules said.

“Truly.”

Chagrined, Hercules rubbed the flowery oil over his manhood, his balls. This whole serving girl thing was taking a stranger turn than he had expected, and yet it was still all just part of some game, he felt, so he decided, once more, to play it up, to pretend he was not bothered at all. “Delightful!” He said. “So nice to smell like weakness.”

Selene smirked and smacked him playfully on the head. “Now, the scent of a servant.” She unstopped the jar and poured this one, too, over Hercules’ head, which immediately swam with the sweet odor of vanilla. Once more, he rubbed the oil into his skin.

“Are we done?”

“No! We must paint your pretty face.”

“Paint my face?” The thought appalled Hercules. “Enough!” Hercules bellowed. “I will not!”

“Shall I tell the Queen you refuse?” Selene said. She’d known Hercules’ had been faking his bravado, hiding his growing shame, and it amused her to see his masculine mask crack. “You know that will result in a longer sentence.”

“Do you know how people will laugh to know the great Hercules has had his face painted like— like some— harlot?”

“I do not care,” Selene said, a smile playing along her own painted lips. “I have my orders, as do you. Come.”

“All I did was kill a man, and a criminal at that,” Hercules grumbled. “This punishment far exceeds the crime!”

“You will need to learn to do this yourself,” Selene said as she rubbed a pink powder onto his cheeks. “It is expected of you as a *harlot*.” She laughed again, and then rubbed a red oil onto his lips before darkening his lashes.



When Hercules looked upon himself in the mirror, he felt sick. He looked a fool, makeup painted over his masculine features. More, the paints were

identical to those worn by Selene and the other serving girls, further driving home his new status.

One year, he reminded himself. One year.

“Put on your dress, and let’s go see your queen. I am sure she is quite excited to see you now.”

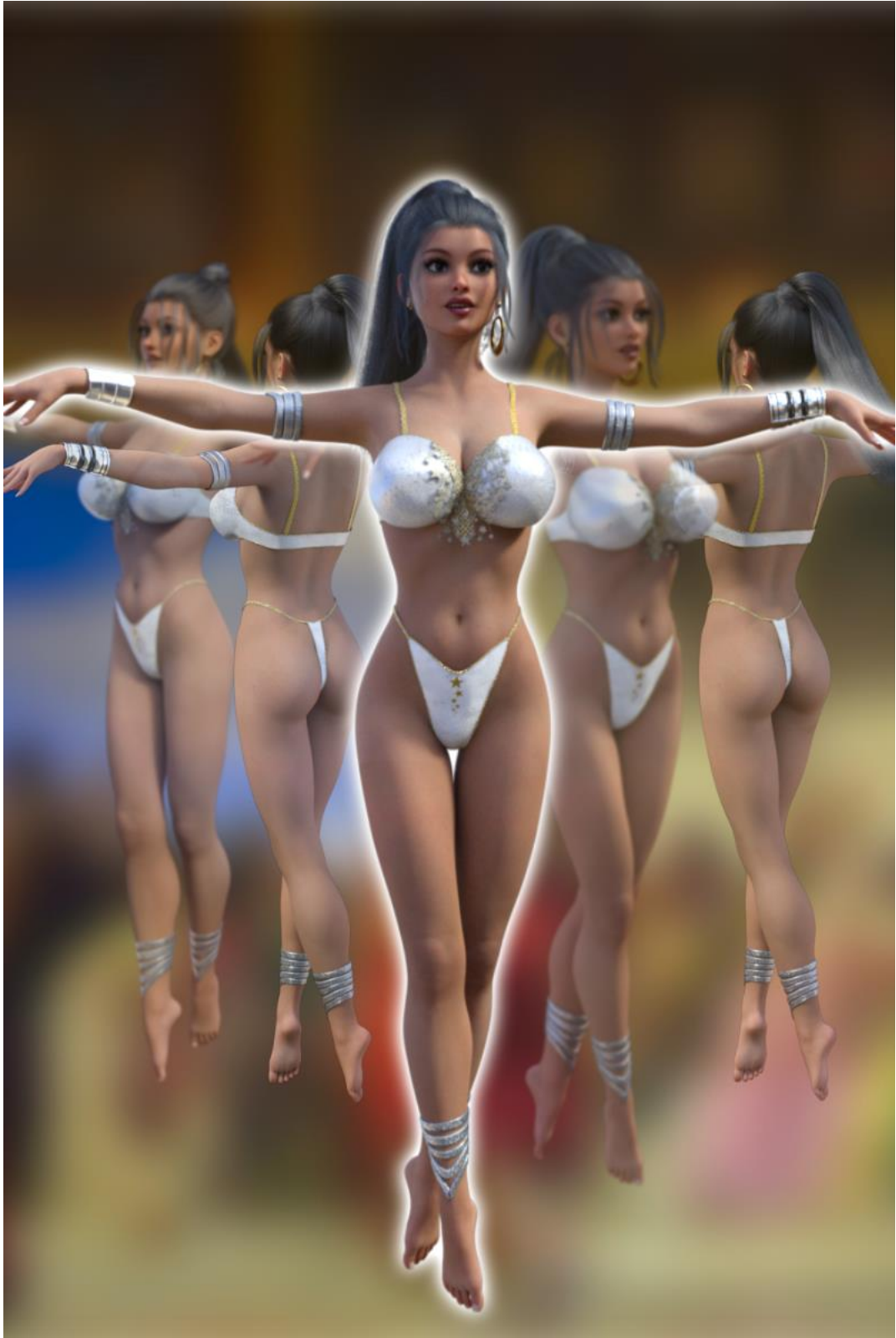
Hercules’ musing were broken off as he heard clapping and then the music began to play, drawing him back to the present moment. Quickly adjusting his top, he moved out from behind the curtains, raising his arms above his head and shaking his breasts side to side while swaying his hips. The crowd gasped at the sight of him, his beautiful body, radiant skin.

“Honored guests,” Zerix, Omphale’s vizier, called out as Hercules danced into the center of the room. “The Great Omphale, Queen of Lydia, presents her captive, the Mighty Hercules!”

The crowd cheered, applauded. Hercules heard a few titters, but he tried to stay focused on his dance, arching his back, bending, thrusting— the dance displayed and celebrated his fitness as a woman—his long legs, full breasts, wide hips and full, inviting rear... his slender little arms...

The music sped up and grew more frantic as the dance rose towards its climax, Hercules spinning faster and faster and faster, the court, the faces in the crowd all a blur as he spun and spun, his long braid whipping around his head and—





“Oh!” Hercules called out in his soft little voice as he stumbled and fell to the ground.

Laughter echoed around Hercules as he remained on the ground, head bowed, unable to stop himself from crying, ashamed both at the way he’d been put on display as a dancing girl and the fact that he had failed, failed to do what the other girls could do with ease. He knew the girls would be merciless in their taunts, and he seethed with shame both that he’d been forced into this absurd, girl’s life, and that he had failed to conquer.

“Allow me,” he heard a familiar, masculine voice say as a pair of sandaled feet came into view. He felt a strong, calloused hand take his soft little arm. Hercules’ eyes rose, rose from the thick calves, up past the bulging thighs, the ridges of a man’s belly, past the powerful chest.

“Cygnus?” He whispered, blushing deeply with shame to have his old friend and rival see him like this.

“Give me your hand, and allow me to help you up,” Cygnus said, his voice booming. “After all, you are only a girl, Hercules.”

