



In a flash of light, Hercules found himself transported to Mount Olympus, holding hands with his mother as they appeared in her private palace. Hercules' head buzzed with confusion. Hera had appeared at the Court of Omphale and publicly reprimanded the queen for turning him into a woman, and yet had not Cygnus told him it was none other than Hera who had planned his transformation?

As soon as the two of them had appeared, a small army of servants had rushed forward and now knelt around Hera, heads bowed. "Girls, this is my daughter, Hercules. Please prepare her for a royal feast."

"Feast?" Hercules said as the girls took him by the hands and began to lead him away.

"In your honor, sweet girl. You were lost and now you are found."

While Hercules life as a girl, even a serving girl, had been softer by far than his life as a man, he now found himself pampered to an extreme known only to the Gods. The girls bathed him in steaming oils, rubbing sponges over his soft skin. They anticipated his every desire— When he was thirsty, they brought him wine. He merely thought of grapes and tilted his head back as a girl appeared and began to feed him, one sweet, juicy grape at a time, and when a little juice escaped from the corner of his mouth, another girl immediately wiped it off with the softest of cloths. He felt a bit hot, and two girls appeared waving palm fronds, cooling him. *A girl could get used to this*, he thought. *How well goddesses did live.*

After, the girls brushed out and put up his hair, trimmed and painted his nails, and then helped him dress before leading him to the dining hall. He made a grand entrance to a blast of trumpets, smiling brightly, glad he'd worked so hard on his walk as he found himself being looked over by so many goddesses and demi-gods. Demeter was there, Iris, Eileithyia, Hestia, Persephone. They were all so pretty, and Hercules had become so much a woman he felt self-conscious and worried how he compared to such perfection. He glanced at Hera and his heart melted. He'd never seen this look on her face before, certainly not directed at him—pride? She was beaming with pride?

One of the servants handed Hercules a bouquet of roses, and he clutched them as he made a small circle in the center of the room, as was expected. Smiles. Appreciative looks. He heard whispered comments. "She's lovely! Such radiant skin!"

As he finished his circle, Hera took his arm and the two of them moved about the room, Hera re-introducing her new daughter to the Olympians. "You know Hercules," she said to Demeter. "Though I suspect last time you saw her she had the most disgusting beard."

"You are much improved," Demeter said, brushing the back of her hand against his cheek. "You have the loveliest face."

"Thank you," Hercules said, favoring her with a smile even as he felt himself get all tingly. It was so important to him to have the approval of these goddesses.

“Why anyone would want to be a stinky, hairy man escapes me,” Demeter said. “You must certainly be happier as a woman.”

“I have discovered many pleasures as a woman I never knew of as a man,” Hercules answered.

“Not the least of which, I suspect, is men,” Demeter said with a chuckle. Hercules blushed, thinking of his time with Cygnus and Eros. Men were, he’d found, delightful fun to play with.

Just then, Persephone came up and took Demeter by the arm. “Pardon us, ladies,” Persephone said. “I need to borrow my mother.”

The night went on, Hercules re-meeting everyone, this time as a young woman. Everyone loved the new him, and they all complimented him on how pretty he was, how sweet and delightful. No one seemed to miss the old Hercules at all.

The feast, when it came, was divine, the wine ever flowing. After, when the guests had gone, Hercules found himself alone with Hera, feeling pensive, confused. She’d been so loving, so caring and proud of him it had been—disturbing. Hera had always hated him, hated his mother. She’d tormented him throughout his life, and when Cygnus had told him it was she who was behind his transformation, it had struck him as so obviously true he’d felt a fool for not seeing it himself. Was this just part of some new game she was playing?

“Come,” Hera said. “I have something I want to show you, and then a task for you to perform.” Hera once more took Hercules’ hand and led him to a room. Hercules immediately noticed the large portrait hanging prominently on the back wall. “That’s me,” he said, looking at a painting of his face, and thinking—I *am* pretty. “How?”

“Oh, you know, privileges of being a goddess,” Hera said. “Look.” She drew his attention to a statue, also of him in his new, female form. “I’m so proud of you, Herania. I want everyone to know you are my daughter.”

“I don’t understand why you’re doing all this,” Hercules said. Fighting his feminine nature, he clenched his fists. “I was told *you* are the one who did this to me,” he said. “This,” he gestured at his curvaceous body, “was all part of your plan to—to humiliate me.”

“Come,” Hera said, drawing Hercules in for a hug. He pulled back, at first, but she pulled him in, slipped an arm around his waist. “As for this rumor you’ve heard,” Hera said, then pausing, pausing before finally admitting: “It’s true. I am the author of your womanhood.”

“I knew it,” Hercules hissed, once more trying to pull free, but Hera held him tight.

“There’s more. Let me explain. I did scheme to have you sentenced to serve Omphale, and even planted in her ear the notion you should be made to live as a serving girl, and then become a young woman. I did do it

all to humiliate you. Then, something strange happened. I fell in love with the girl you've become. You're so poised, so graceful, so feminine. You truly are the daughter I always wanted, and that's why the change, why I now embrace you, celebrate you, show you off to my friends. I am hoist by my own petard," she said. "My intentions, though foul, did result in the birth of a lovely butterfly." Hera felt the timing was right and allowed herself to



begin crying. “I didn’t make you less of a man. I made you more of a woman.”

Hercules, as empathetic a girl as there ever was, began crying as well in response to his stepmother’s tears. “Mother!” He said, tightening his hug. “Mother, please don’t cry.”

The two hugged, cried, kissed away each other’s tears. When the sobbing ended, Hercules had never felt closer to anyone. He felt—light. So many years of anger and resentment had been lifted. Hera loved him as her own daughter. It was another unexpected gift of his new sex. He needed to show her his thanks. “You said you had a task for me? I will do it to repay you for the love you have shown me.”

“Dear girl,” Hera said. “It is a terrible quest, full of many dangers. I need you to free the titan, Prometheus.”

“Prometheus? Who my father did punish for giving fire to man?” The thought of freeing him bothered Hercules. Zeus would not be pleased.

“May I ask why?”

“My reasons I cannot at this time reveal, but I have a gift for you.” She looked up at the sky. “Hephaestus?”

In a flash of light, Hephaestus appeared holding a suit of armor. Or, rather something that looked like a cross between a suit of armor and something

a lady of the evening would wear in a bordello. “What do you think?” Hephaestus said, wiggling his eyebrows.

That ugly men should wear sacks over their faces, Hercules thought, but hid his revulsion behind a big, bright smile, as a girl was expected to do. Looking over the armor, Hercules had mixed feelings. On one hand, it would leave a lot of skin exposed. That struck him as impractical. On the other hand? “It’s so cute,” he said, clapping his hands and prancing in place. He threw himself into Hera’s arms. “Thank you, mother!”

“We have named this armor Terranian Sheath,” Hera said as Hephaestus strapped the shapely hero into his new armor. “It is woven tight with spells that will protect you from elemental attacks—fire, ice, wind, lightning.”

“It leaves a lot of my skin exposed,” Hercules said. Looking down, he confirmed that the armor also lifted his breasts, enhancing his cleavage. He smiled. I have great breasts, he thought, proud of how well he filled out the armor.

“Never fear,” Hephaestus said. “The magic protects all, even that which is revealed and, may I say, you have a body that calls to be revealed.” As he said the last words, he ran his fingers along Hercules’ arm.

Repulsed, Hercules stepped away. “You have my thanks,” he said.

“I will deliver you close to the base of Mount Kazbek,” Hera said.

“Protective spells make it impossible for me to deliver you directly to the

entrance.” She took Hercules by the shoulder and kissed him on the forehead. “Make me proud.”



“I will not fail you, mother dearest.”

Hercules left on his quest. Hera, finding herself alone, chuckled, then laughed, then laughed louder. She’d fooled the air-headed dingbat. “I didn’t make you less of a man. I made you more of a woman.” She couldn’t stop laughing. How could that dunce have believed her? Why would he believe her? After all these years? No matter. She went

to her pool to watch the ultimate demise of little Hercules.

Meanwhile, across Olympus, Eros found himself in the sauna with Apollo. Slightly drunk, he'd found himself talking freely of things that were probably best left unsaid. "Right there in the ocean. I took her, and she loved it."

Apollo nodded as if in respect for Eros conquest, but he was deeply concerned. Hercules a woman? Offering himself to men? There was only one person who would author such a fate: his lifelong enemy, Hera.

"I'm engaged," Hercules said, holding up his hand to reveal his sparkling ring. It was actually the ring he'd been given which restored his strength, but this was what seemed like the hundredth man who'd decided to approach him, and they were all so pushy. It was soooo annoying.

"Well, engaged is not the same as married," the Corinthian said, moving in closer, putting his arm against the wall as if caging Hercules in. "Besides, I can teach you a few tricks to satisfy your future husband once you are married. You'll thank me. I am a love-making artisan. Ask any of the ladies."

Hercules had had enough. He put a finger to the man's chest and gave him a tiny shove, sending the man flying backward to land on his butt, a

shocked look on his face. "Oops!" Hercules giggled with a little shoulder raise. "I'm so clumsy!"

The other men who crowded the Inn where Hercules had stopped for the night on his way to the peak of Mount Kazbek took note. This was no mortal woman, they decided, and for the rest of the night Hercules was unbothered by all, save for the waitress, who pulled down one shoulder of her dress and gave him the glad eye. Tempting, Hercules thought, eyeing the plump, inviting maid, but he was on a mission and could not risk getting sidetracked.

The next day, he climbed and climbed and climbed until his legs burned and his lungs ached, straining to draw air as he rose to higher altitudes. He looked down off the side of the path and saw a steep drop into a misty gorge. Above him, he could see clouds forming as the air currents passed over the volcano's peak. Great gouts of steam and smoke rose from volcanic crater. Hercules pressed on, his face hard and determined, though on his new face those expressions looked rather adorable. He climbed even when he did not think he could climb anymore, his body aching, throbbing, screaming for him to stop, but he did not. He was Hera, daughter of Zeus, and he would not fail Mother.

The path wound around and around the mountain. As he neared the peak, he saw that it came to a platform and an opening with thick, stone supports. Relieved, excited, he reached the platform, for the first time in hours standing on even ground, and the change made him wobbly, he'd grown so used to standing at an angle as he ascended the mountain. The sun

descended to the west, painting the sky in purple and gold, and Hercules resolved to rest here for the night and regain his strength before facing whatever perils lay within the cavern. His stomach growled. There was no food, but no matter. He'd endured worse conditions. He would rest just inside the entrance to the cave in order to stay out of the wind.

He heard the screeching before he looked up and saw the harpies descending, their clawed feet thrashing at him. Hercules growled, though with his new voice it sounded more like the purring of a kitten, and swung his club.

Later...

The cave entrance smelled of savory, roasting meat. The orange and yellow flames danced in Hercules' eyes, shadows flickering across his face as he watched the fat dripping from the harpy leg. It looked done, a perfect brown crust on the skin. He took the leg and bit off a mouthful, chomping and tilting his head to the side. "Not bad," he thought. "Tastes nothing like chicken."

Having eaten his fill, he lay down on the bed of harpy feathers he'd made for himself and slept a dreamless sleep. When he woke, he felt bloated, achy, cranky. He realized he was starting to get his period. Great, he thought. Such wonderful timing. Well, there was nothing for it. It was just part of being a woman. He grabbed his club and entered the cave. He heard Prometheus' screams and looked down to see the titan chained to a rock, a flock of condors picking at his body, ripping at his liver, more flying



down to join the feast. So, the legends were true, Hercules thought. Each day, the condors tore Prometheus apart, eating his liver, pecking out his eyes, and each night he was restored, only to be torn apart again.

While the man he'd been would likely have had little compassion for one who dared defy Zeus, the girl he'd become sighed, a single tear rolling

down his cheek. "I must free him," Hercules thought, adding, "he looks cute."

As Hercules descended toward the bridge where Prometheus suffered, a high pitched, squeaky voice like a little girl called out, "If you turn around and leave now, I won't kill you, 'kay?" The voice echoed around the cave and seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere.

"I have come to free Prometheus," Hercules called back in his own soft, buzzy voice. "Stay out of my way, and I will not kill you."

"By Hecate's three bodies, that is sooo lame," the voice huffed. "You just copied what I said. Come up with your own threats. Please!"

The girl's snippy tone irked Hercules. He threw a hip out to the side and planted a fist on it, his club over his shoulder. "Like 'do this and I won't kill you' is soooo original? You didn't even come up with that, slut."

"Slut?" The voice called back. "Who are you calling a slut?"

"I just called you a slut," Hercules said, shaking his head side to side.

"What're you gonna do about it?"

A huge, serpentine head emerged from a cave entrance above him. A dragon? Hercules was—surprised. He'd never heard of a bitchy dragon before. "You're a dragon?"

“I get that a lot,” the dragon responded as she fully emerged, began to flap her wings and descend towards Hercules. “I’m 250 years old, which is, like, 15 in human years, or something.”



Ah, Hercules thought, taking on a fighting stance as the dragon approached. That explains it. Teenager. The dragon roared and belched fire upon Hercules. He felt calm, confident, in many ways like his old self—

a fearless warrior and a man, yet, also so different. He felt he was no longer man nor woman, but both.

The Terran armor worked. The fire did not touch him. He didn't even feel the heat. When the smoke and flames cleared, the dragon's mouth dropped open in surprise. "Oh. So, you're going to be difficult?" She sighed dramatically. "Guess I'll just have to tear you apart. I am so not in the mood for this." She reached toward Hercules with one of her massive claws. Hercules swung his club, and the whole cavern shook as he smacked the claw away.

"Ow!" The dragon screamed, then looked at her claw, eyes widening in horror. She looked at Hercules, then back at her claw, then back at Hercules. "You broke one of my nails!" She roared, smoke and flames pouring from her mouth. "Do you have any idea how long it took me to grow them out like that?"

"Oh, believe me, sister," Hercules said, showing her his nails. "I feel—"

"Die!" The dragon screamed, snapping at Hercules with her mighty jaws.

The cavern shook, quaked, filled with smoke and flames, then suddenly grew quiet. As the smoke slowly cleared, it revealed Hercules standing atop the broken body of the dragon. "I, mighty Hercules, have once more triumphed over..." he shouted, then winced and put a hand gingerly over his belly.

“Stupid cramps,” he whispered, jumping down from the body and crossing the bridge to where Prometheus lay bound. He shoed the condors away with a wave of his club, and then stared in wonder at Prometheus’ chiseled features, his hard muscle, the impressive bulge under his loin cloth.

Hercules felt his mouth go dry at the sight of that bulge, the potential it suggested for—adventure. In fact, the mere sight of Prometheus’ titanic proportions and other-worldly physique set Hercules aflame with feminine desire.

He shattered the chains holding Prometheus down. The titan rose, rubbing his wrists, looking in wonder at the girl who had freed him. “What is your name?” He asked. “That I might thank you?”

“I’m—call me Hera,” Hercules said, giggling.

“I thank you, Hera,” Prometheus said. “For freeing me. I only wish there were some way for me to truly show my gratitude.”

Hercules put a finger to his lips and put on his breathy, sexy voice. “Maybe there is a way?” He said, looking down at the bulge. “We could. You know.”

“We could what?” Prometheus said, confused, exhausted from his many years of suffering. “I don’t follow.”

“Make love!” Hercules screamed, his body aflame. “Take me now, you big, handsome beast! Take me right here on this filthy, blood-stained stone!”

Once more, Hercules felt as if he had somehow fused his two selves, becoming both at once, and also neither.

“Oh,” Prometheus said, realizing what the girl was asking. She, however, struck him now as a bit nuts, so he thought better of getting involved with her, however beautiful. Besides, he was tired from having been tortured for hundreds of years. “Yes. I see. I am truly flattered, Miss Hera, but I must.



Thunk. Prometheus sank to his knees, eyes swimming with stars. Hercules had thumped him on the head with his club. "Ow!" Prometheus shouted as Hercules grabbed a fistful of his hair and began to drag him from the cave.

"You're coming with me!" Hercules, furious with need shouted. "You and I are going to make love!" Prometheus started to say something, but Hercules yanked hard on his hair. "Don't say anything! I'm horny for you! That's it!" Hercules squealed.

Prometheus kept quiet. The girl was clearly mad. Also, incredibly strong and not unattractive. He would, if she insisted, make love to her. He just hoped she wouldn't be too clingy afterwards. He didn't know how long it would be until Zeus realized he was gone, and he wanted to be far, far away when the wrathful king of the gods figured out he'd escaped.

Bonus pics

