

When Antaeus met Herakles,
he learned: Keep your feet
on the ground and never turn
your back on a muscular Greek...

THE HERO OF THE GREEKS

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Herakles, Son of Zeus, pulled on the reins of his horse commanding the beast to halt in the middle of the dusty road. In front of him the road forked due east across the flat green Libyan landscape, and due south into the desert. Which was the road to Egypt? He tugged on his beard with his right hand. No signs pointed the way. Annoyed, he pondered this unexpected problem affecting his whole situation.

It was bad enough that his cousin, King Eurystheus of Tiryns, had blithely sent him on the Eleventh of his Labors in search of the golden apples of the Hesperides. Even worse, nobody knew where the Land of the Hesperides was. He had traveled from Greece to Italy and on to Iberia, but to no avail. He was in Africa in hopes that the trading men of Carthage could give him direction, but the story was the same.

The mystified Carthaginians shook their heads in regret, for they had never heard of this country, the Hebrides. However, they suggested rather helpfully that Herakles, the Hero of the Greeks, travel east to Egypt. Certainly in ancient Memphis on the banks of the Nile

the wise priests of the oldest kingdom in the world would know of that place which he sought. As a result, here he was, stymied, in the middle of nowhere under a warm spring noonday sun, trying to figure out which fork led to Egypt.

Herakles started to utter a curse, but stopped when he noticed a cloud of dust racing down the eastern road towards him. Curious, he waited for the rider and his vehicle to come into sight and reach him. His curiosity gave way to surprise when a two-wheeled Egyptian cart drawn by two horses flew into view. The driver, with two attendant lads, was in an obvious panic and urging the horses on for all they were worth. Only when the cart was several hundred feet in front of Herakles did the Egyptian notice him in the middle of the road. Herakles was hard put to discern which squealed louder, the driver, the horses, the two athletic lads, or the wheels as the hurtling cart braked to a sharp halt only a few feet in front of him. Herakles, Son of Zeus, smiled politely, for Egyptians were men of honor.

“Greetings, Egyptian,” he called in Greek to the floundering driver and his two attendants. “Why the great hurry? Is some demon chasing you?”

“Indeed not, Most Noble Sir!” The pudgy Egyptian gasped in fluent Greek. He straightened his dust-covered black wig on his shaved head. “Rather, we are fleeing the place of a demon!” The Egyptian gasped again, not because of what he was running from, but because of what he had run into. He stared in disbelief and his two attendants, both their first time out of Memphis, gaped open-mouthed at the sight of Herakles standing before them.

Herakles, mounted on his horse in the fork of the road, was a great bear of a man, the likes of whom the driver had never seen before in a dozen lands. Even seated, Herakles, Son of Zeus, was taller than the tallest men of Nubia. His

build was muscle whose cut mass was articulated by veins in which his hot blood visibly thumped. His naked legs, arms, and chest sprouted rushes of coarse black hair. A full black beard framed his square face. A gold circlet, the symbol of a Greek prince, held back the oiled hair on his semi-sacred head. His hot blue eyes gazed humorously at the comical Egyptians who had landed in a pratfall in the middle of the fork in the road.

His laugh revealed his white teeth. The tawny pelt of the legendary Nemean Lion was draped across his bare shoulders. Its sharp pearlescent claws, clipped to a golden ring in his left nipple, were tangled in the dense black fur of his broad bare chest. Herakles, who knew the full impact of his Olympian image, graciously nodded his head at the staring Egyptians.

“I am Herakles, Son of Zeus, of the kingdom of Tiryns in the land of the Greeks. Perhaps you have heard of me?” He let his voice rumble off on the warm Libyan breeze.

Immediately the Egyptian driver nodded his head respectfully to Herakles. “We are honored by your sudden company, Great Prince. Even in distant Memphis and Thebes, we know all about the famed Hero of the Greeks and his exploits. I am Rahotep of Memphis, a merchant on my way to Carthage with my attendants and a consignment of papyrus goods.”

Herakles nodded his head in recognition, and leaned forward in his saddle eyeing the Egyptian keenly. “Tell me, Rahotep of Memphis, why were you traveling—no, fleeing—so fast?”

Rahotep waved his right hand at the road behind him. “A few miles back down this road, Great Lord, is the main border crossing between Libya and Egypt. There, the ruler of the district on the Libyan side, Antaeus, has set up a roadblock. A great gate across the road! He collects a fearful toll from all travelers!”

Herakles raised his eyebrows. “Ah, and what is this fearful toll?”

“Either three-quarters of your goods,” the Egyptian said, “or, if you do not wish to part with them, then you must wrestle with him. If you win, you go free with your goods.”

“And if you lose?”

“If you lose, he confiscates everything and kills you.” Rahotep was evaporating. “As you can see, Son of Zeus, I am no wrestler. Neither are these stripling lads. So I gave him my goods. It will take me years to recoup.”

These words caused a wave of anger to sweep over Herakles. “By all the Gods, I will not let such injustice stand unchallenged! Follow me, Egyptian, and I shall win your goods back for you and put this bandit in his place!”

“Thank you, Great Prince, but I must warn you that you have not met this Antaeus and we have. Dare you challenge him?”

Herakles shot him a look that melted his words in his throat. The desert shimmered around them.

The trio of Egyptians fell in line behind Herakles and retraced their tracks eastwards down the dusty Libyan road. They soon reached a low range of eroded hills through which the ancient road threaded into a gap marking the border between Libya and Egypt. Herakles turned them sharply to the right in the narrow road and guided them into a small clearing.

A great stone gate with barred wooden doors, and a large gatehouse, blocked the road where the passage tightened even more beyond the gate. No one greeted or confronted them as their horses stopped in the middle of the clearing. Herakles dismounted, tossed the reins to one of the Egyptian servants, and walked to the barred doors. With his massive right fist, as famous as his massive left fist, he banged loudly three times on the door causing the

huge structure to shudder as if in an Earthquake.

“Who dares to block the road to the Son of Zeus?” he roared. “Show yourself so that I may give you a well-deserved fist!”

As his last word rumbled into the desert heat, the tall door of the gatehouse was flung open and its occupant burst into view. The Egyptians cringed in dread as the huge man, Antaeus, who had robbed them stepped into the shimmering sun and walked, dripping with sweat and dazzle, over to Herakles.

“You dare challenge me, so-called Son of Zeus?” Antaeus’ tone was easy. His smile a menace. He balled his hands into his own famous fists. “Know now that you rashly challenge Antaeus, Son of Gaia, Goddess of the Earth, who has never been defeated by any God or man!”

“Antaeus, the Earthling,” Herakles said.

“Herakles, the Olympian,” Antaeus said.

“It’s the same old story,” the Egyptian whispered. The two lads from Memphis hid behind his caftan. “My family can beat up your family.”

Herakles had respect for any and all Gods and the progeny of the Gods like himself, but he was bored with challenges, even from Gods, for he simply wanted to get on with the Eleventh of his Labors as given to him by his cousin, King Eurystheus of Tiryns.

Antaeus, Herakles had to admit, was obviously progeny of Gods. Antaeus was the Son of Gaia. He was as giant, bearish, and heroic a figure as Herakles. He was broad-shouldered and thickly muscled and appeared to be every inch a match to the Hero of the Greeks. Unlike Herakles, Antaeus, affecting the Libyan style, wore his straight black hair and beard cut short and wore no signs of rank. He was stripped, barefoot, oiled, and naked but for a sweat-soaked linen loincloth that revealed his massive body pelted with tight black ringlets of hair. Antaeus’

Libyan smile and voice turned contemptuous as in the desert heat he coldly surveyed his challenger.

“You don’t want a piece of me, Greek boy-lover. So be gone, and thank your impotent Gods that I have spared you!” Antaeus had no respect for other progeny of other Gods. He laughed uproariously as he noticed the horrified Egyptians nearby. “Ah, Rahotep of Memphis, returning to Egypt so soon? You certainly aren’t picky about the company you choose for travel!” Antaeus flexed his powerful arms and shoulders and took steps towards the Egyptians’ cart. “What other treasures do you have to pay my toll today? Perhaps your Memphis buttboys?”

Herakles stopped Antaeus abruptly in mid-stride and mid-sentence by clamping a firm-fisted hand on his left shoulder.

“It is not the Egyptian today who will be parting with his property, Libyan, but you who will be restoring his stolen goods to him! Return his papyrus immediately or deal with me!”

Antaeus sniffed at the Olympian hand on his shoulder and sneered. “Ah, boy-lover. Will you wrestle me for the papyrus, or do you in truth wrestle to keep the buttboys for yourself?”

Herakles, smiling and flexing his massive forearms, stroking the hair on his renowned forearms, laughed at Antaeus’ jibe. Confident as a champion, Herakles said, “You will be an easy victory, for I am the best wrestler in all of Greece. Be warned, Earth Barbarian, that today you have more than met your match!”

“My Mother Gaia will see about that.” The Libyan sized up Herakles.

“My Father Zeus will see about Gaia.” Herakles duly noted the glint of secret knowledge sparking Antaeus’ dark brown eyes.

The men moved apart from each other. Antaeus spit

and menacingly stripped off his loincloth with which he wiped the sweat from his bearded face, his hairy armpits, his pelted belly, his furry balls, his olive-sheathed cock, and finally his asshole. He tossed the dripping loincloth at the attendants he called the buttboys of Herakles. His manhood swung free at an enormity that dragged the ground of his Earth Mother.

“In your honor, boy-lover, lover-boy, we shall wrestle in the depraved *gymnos*, naked style of the Greeks, and when I win, perhaps I will make you one of the boys.”

Herakles ignored the barbarian tongue as sharp as a woman’s coming from the Son of a Goddess. He peeled the fabled skin of the Nemean Lion off his broad shoulders, tossed the fur to the Egyptians, and flexed both huge biceps. He removed his princely gold head-circlet, sandals, and, finally, slowly, perfectly, his loincloth, handing them to the wide-eyed Nile Dwellers who were not unappreciative of two Sons of Gods stripped naked in challenge. One of the young attendants took hold of Herakles’ loincloth and pressed the wet strip to his lips, noticing that Herakles too dragged his enormity in the hot burning desert sand.

When both men faced frontal, naked, in the afternoon light, they crouched into the Greek wrestling stance and began to slowly circle each other. Rahotep shook his head in excited awe as the two semi-Gods jockeyed for position. What a tale this would make in Memphis! Why even jaded Babylon would hang breathless on every detail! Rahotep realized he would be able to eat his suppers free for years by recounting this tale of such a skirmish on the border.

Suddenly, thunderously, with bellowing roars that hurt the Egyptians’ ears, the two enraged beings charged each other head on. They collided with such force that the very Earth trembled as they became a snarling, grappling mass of hairy sweaty flesh. After a long, long struggle,

Herakles finally managed to knock Antaeus' legs out from under him and to send him sprawling huge, dick down, in the dust. Breathing heavily, Herakles grunted in triumph as his opponent lay face down, bested and beaten, in the dirt of the roadbed.

"Son of Zeus, you have won!" shouted Rahotep in delight as the Egyptians applauded the Greek victor. But their joy was short-lived.

Calmly and deliberately Antaeus rose to his feet and again assumed his wrestling stance. Herakles frowned in puzzlement. The Son of Gaia should have been as winded as he was, but he appeared as fresh and full of energy as when they started! How could this be? The Egyptians, too, lapsed into troubled silence over this trickster surprise.

"Come on, Greek boy-lover!" Antaeus taunted him maliciously as they began to circle each other again, dicks dragging like ropes in the sand. "Can it be that you are growing tired? Has it been that long since you tangled with a man and not some rosy-cheeked buttboy?"

Suspiciously, Herakles ignored these vocal barbs meant to rattle him. Once again, the two semi-Gods clashed and fought and grappled with each other like two enraged bears. Their grunts and snarls filled the air as they sought to dominate each other. After a long struggle, it was Herakles who a second time managed to throw the muscular Antaeus sweating into the dust.

This time the Egyptians, always ready to change allegiances, waited warily to see if Antaeus was truly defeated before they applauded the Hero of the Greeks.

"Have you had enough?" Herakles, winded, wiped the sweat out of his eyes with his right fist, and sand from his prepuce with his left. "Acknowledge defeat, Barbarian!"

"Never, Greek boy-fucker!" Antaeus sprang to his feet laughing. Stunned, Herakles watched his now-ominous opponent assume his stance and begin to circle him with

miraculously renewed strength and energy.

The Egyptians stood rigid in disbelief at this unfolding scene.

For a third time, the two Sons of Gods collided and struggled furiously in locked combat. Chest to chest, belly to belly, thigh to thigh, sliding sweaty back to belly, cock to butt, and butt to cock, they locked their fistful fingers together, palm to palm, in face-to-face conflict. Such was their rising blood-fury and so intimate the excitement they invested in their struggle that both sported raging hardons which rose rampant from the sand.

The Egyptians, being of a modest race, were shocked at this frontal display and were tempted to avert their eyes from such transposition of emotion. But they were not in Egypt, and what was correct along the Nile hardly applied to life on the Libyan border. Watching both men grappling hardon, with erections that put the enormous Apis Bull to shame, Rahotep himself grew rigid and reached for the two attendants whose own hard erections he stroked with both his hands. These lads were more to him Rahotep suddenly realized than any papyrus goods. Only Herakles could save them from Antaeus who certainly would fuck them to death.

As Herakles struggled mightily with Antaeus, a growing exasperation came over his Greek heroism. How did the Libyan keep up the trick, renewing his strength every time he cast him down into the dust?

The dust. The Earth, Herakles thought as furiously as he fought. *Yes, the Earth!* Antaeus, the Earthling, was the Son of Gaia, Goddess of the Earth! Every time the Hero of the Greeks sent him sprawling in the dust, his Mother, the Earth, renewed his strength! That was the secret! But how to undo him? Put simply, he must prevent him from coming into contact with the Earth.

Herakles reached to grab Antaeus in a back hold and

felt his hard prick slide into the river of sweat between the hot asscheeks of the Libyan. The shock of this contact caused Herakles to grin, for he was before all a Greek and a member of a most crafty and randy race. A plan formulated quickly in his mind and he waited for the right moment to strike.

That instant came when the Libyan rushed Herakles. The Son of Zeus ducked and deftly flipped his opponent upside down and held him airborne, inverted, in his arms. This position put the Libyan's sweaty, hairy ass right in Herakles' face.

Rahotep had seen such positions in statues in Athens where the sculptors loved movement more than Egyptian sculptors who were more wooden and still. His hard cock gifted him with a fresh understanding of Greek art.

Herakles moved to lean back against the Egyptian's cart for support, surprising the amazed Rahotep who nevertheless did not unhand his attendant lads. With a shout of glee, the Hero of the Greeks shoved his bearded face between the asscheeks of the startled Libyan and began to furiously lick and suck his puckered hairy hole while holding him tightly off the ground. The Libyan fought awkwardly against this tongue-lashing invasion, but to no avail. Lust had become a welcome weapon in the battle between the two men, and in matters of lust, Herakles was legendary worldwide for his Olympian prowess.

Erotically, Antaeus could not fight the artful rimming Herakles was giving him. Physically overwhelmed, Antaeus, whom the mighty Herakles held upside down, legs in the air, arms thrashing, found even his fists and palms unable to touch the ground of his Earth Mother. Sexually, the Libyan was faced with the Greek's enormous hard cock slapping his nose, and eyes, and lips. His own short beard rasped back Herakles' foreskin revealing a large olive-oil head, clotted with feta, copiously oozing a stream

of clear pre-cum down the shaft. In the throes of his sexual frenzy, the Libyan opened his mouth and began greedily to suck on his opponent's manhood. Herakles grunted in pleasure and rimmed Antaeus' Earth-chute even harder. A few moments longer, thought Herakles feverishly, as lust adjusted his thinking, and I will spring my trap.

When Herakles finally felt his tongue begin to penetrate roughly into the throbbing hole he was assaulting, he went into action. Without warning, he pulled Antaeus' mouth off his cock and flipped his body in his arms, keeping him elevated off the ground. In one swift motion the Hero of the Greeks grabbed Antaeus by his asscheeks, spread them and forcefully shoved his entire cock into the Earth Son's orifice. Herakles laughed in triumphant satisfaction as the Libyan gave such a bellow of pain and outrage that the Son of Zeus guessed they probably heard the fuck-cry even in the remote northern villages of Rome and Byzantium. Antaeus went wide-eyed and rigid with shock as the Greek's raging member tore relentlessly in and out of him.

"Greek boy-fucker am I?" Herakles roared in the Libyan's ear. "Oh no, my friend, I much prefer fucking a bear of a man like you! Feel my hard cock up your tight hairy hole? Show me you are the true Son of your fuckable mother, Gaia. Tighten your Earth-Hole around my cock. Make me bury my seed deep inside you! Go on, Barbarian! Beg me plant the dirt of your ass with my seed!"

Antaeus gritted his teeth as he was repeatedly impaled on the Greek's prick, but quickly pleasure betrayed pain. Herakles knew his own Godlike power to cause such a change of heart. He sensed the change coming over the Libyan and snickered mischievously in his face.

"Ho, Libyan, you are your fuckable mother's fuckable son. I will make a Greek out of you yet today! I will lift you from Earth to Olympus!"

All the Libyan could do was gasp for air as wave after wave of unknown and undreamed of pleasures orgasmed through him. He flung his arms around Herakles' neck to steady himself as he drooled in his ear.

"Damn you, Greek dog! I will make you pay..."

Herakles cut him off. "You are going to get my payment...in a moment!" The Hero of the Greeks thrust with renewed energy into the slick orifice. Antaeus felt the heroic prick inside him swell and grow harder, signaling the Greek was close to climax. This knowledge suddenly provided extra excitement to him, also, as he felt his own hardon sliding furiously between their sweaty hairy stomachs. Quite unexpectedly, Antaeus gave the Greek a fierce grin as he began to meet the upward thrusts with matching downward thrusts of his own. At long last, they were both rocking like two Cretan bears in raging full heat.

"Fill me with your seed, Greek, and I will cover you with mine!"

Rahotep, his own dick rampant, was furiously jacking off both his attendant lads.

Herakles threw his head back and roared in full animal lust as he gave a mighty final thrust of his cock into the hot tight anal canal he had conquered. Antaeus went glassy-eyed as he felt the Son of Zeus begin to spurt jet after hot jet of his seed into him. The heat of the Greek's flowing seed inside him sent him over the edge. With a roar of pleasure that fully matched that of the Greek, his own iron-hard cock swelled up and suddenly shot a fountain of his white Godseed up into the air between them.

In a second both their faces and beards were covered with the sticky, slimy fluid of life.

Rahotep, in salute to the two giants, shot untouched into the hot desert air, stroking both his Memphis lads who followed his rhythm to orgasm.

Herakles and Antaeus, panting heavily in the

inevitable exhaustion that follows sexual release, slumped against each other for support. Herakles laughed as he felt his softening prick slowly pull out of Antaeus' well-plowed Earth-Hole.

"Now, Barbarian, will you acknowledge that I have planted my best in you?"

"Aye, Son of Zeus, plowing and sowing I learned at my Mother's knee, and if plowing and sowing are victory, then Gaia bows to Zeus." He smiled sardonically. "I see why men say one should never turn his back to a Greek!" He paused. "I must admit, though, that you have taught me pleasures today that I here in my desert wilderness did not know existed. I thank you. Now, put me down. Put my feet on the ground. Let me touch the Earth, and I swear I will restore the Egyptian's goods."

Rahotep, caked with cum fast-drying in the desert air, took a cautious step back.

Herakles nodded at the trio of Egyptians, and released the Libyan who, to Herakles's amusement, walked rather unsteadily to the gatehouse to get the purloined papyrus rolls. While Antaeus busied himself, Rahotep warily came over to Herakles.

"Son of Zeus, that, mmm, was quite a display."

"You obviously enjoyed it," Herakles said. "As did I." He made a show of wiping the Libyan's Godseed off his face with his hands. The ursine Antaeus had been a tasty diversion, but it was time to return to the Eleventh of his Labors to find the golden apples of the Hesperides. Suddenly to his own surprise, Herakles started to chortle with amusement at some private joke that Rahotep hoped was not at his expense.

The Egyptian, his caftan still tented, stared at the Greek semi-God. "I fail to see what is so funny, oh, Hero of the Greeks."

Herakles was laughing so hard that tears had come to

his eyes. He playfully whacked the scandalized Egyptian on his butt with his right hand.

“Don’t you see? I feel sorry, Egyptian, for the next traveler who wanders down this road! Imagine the toll that poor fool will have to pay! Where once you paid in papyrus...”

“Indeed, I can imagine the coinage of sex.” Rahotep of Memphis mumbled as he gazed nervously at the still semi-hard cock of the naked Hero of the Greeks. “By Holy Mother Isis,” he swore. He pulled his attendant lads closer to him, holding them by their still-hard goods he intended to keep for himself. “I vow the next time I travel to Carthage, it will definitely be by sea!”

“You are,” said Herakles, Son of Zeus, and Hero of the Greeks, “such a liar.”



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