

Mini-Story: Myths Reinterpreted (Greek Monster to Sexy Siren TGTF)

By FoxFaceStories

One of the first of the ancient sirens, a being named Glaphyron, has finally freed himself from the chains of Tarturus and escaped into the modern world. Unfortunately for the monster, the idea of what a 'siren' is has changed dramatically in twenty-five hundred years, and now he finds his body changing to match a much sexier, and more aquatic, appearance.

Myths Reinterpreted

Glaphyron was filled with glee as he raced through the labyrinth. Eons of planning, or using his musically-laced voice to entice satyr guards and outwit that lord of the dead, Hades, and now it was all paying off. He was one of the first sirens, a creature to strike fear into the hearts of mortals. His body was like that of a great eagle's, nearly twice as tall as a man and with talons sharper than the most dangerous of mortal weapons. His wings possessed claws like those of a demon's, but instead of a bird-like face, instead the grim visage of a tyrannical man was in its place, albeit lined with needle-point teeth and permanently yellowed eyes. He had devoured flesh with those fangs, and stared down his prey with those sickened eyes, and he would do so again.

"Finally, freedom!" he roared, his voice monstrous and terrible, yet possessing a quality that would draw all future victims near. He broke through the last gate of the Underworld labyrinth, exploding out from the ancient sight of Ephyra and taking to the skies beneath the moonlit night. His wings outlined themselves against that celestial body, a taunt to Selene, Goddess of the Moon, herself.

"Beward, mortalkind!" he bellowed. "An ancient siren is among you now! Great Glaphyron rises to feast upon your kind once more, a hell on wings to tear you asunder!"

He took across the skies, far away from the entrance to the Underworld, crossing a great ocean in doing so. He could sense the failing magic in the air, the power of the gods lost to the sands of time. It brought him glee. He truly was free of their reign, and now that the Olympians were faded, he could live as he desired, given strength by man's own mythologising of him and his kind.

Something was wrong. Glaphyron had taken his rest in a great forest, but had woken to changes that made no sense. His wings were smaller, less capable, and his face appeared

softer when he looked into a pool of water to drink. His lips had gained a woman's fullness, and his figure a slimness that didn't match his former ferocity.

"Has humanity's view of me changed?" he wondered aloud. "Perhaps their myths of the ancient and terrible sirens now speak of our sleekness, our speed and dexterity; lightning death on wings."

It was a nice thought to consider, but one that began to fade. Glaphyron was busy becoming accustomed to this world, and the enormous cities that modern mortals built, the wonders in the sky that flew impossibly high, defying their former restrictions. It angered the monster, but at least there was food closer to the ground; such as in that lovely park, with so many mortals gathered with no guards at all. He descended in the morning light, licking his lips, ready to descend and - no!

He rose up, distaste in his mouth. He stumbled in the sky, careening further into the distance, passing the edge of the city and falling through the tree line. He was fortunate not to be injured, but the monster was left confused.

"Why can I not attack them? Why can I not . . . ahh, of course. I must regain my siren's call. How can I hunger for that which I cannot sway?"

Unfortunately, he could not fly anymore, much to his frustration; his wings were shortening, and his bird tail was shrinking back. Even his spiked plumage was thinning, leaving him more naked than before.

"Humanity's view of my kind is broken!" he whined. "What? Must I now sing to them in order to feed myself? Why am I earthbound?"

Still, he found a glen far away from mortalkind, aware that he needed to be careful around them now. He began to practice singing, the old throat-singing of the past that exuded power and dominance, but as the hours continued his voice rose in sweetness, becoming musical and light and feminine in a way that was shameful and yet . . . enticing. Somehow, it had its own hypnotic quality, and the more he practised, the more his body transformed to update to modern mortal interpretation of the siren legend. His feathers began to slide from his body, replaced by shimmering green scales upon his lower half. His wings turned to arms, and soon his upper half was naked and smooth, like the skin of a man. Very smooth, in fact, without blemish. Glaphyron's hair grew, becoming red and vibrant, his face delicate.

"They must view the siren kind as beautiful," he murmured to himself, gazing at his reflection in a new pond. "Beautiful and commanding. But alas, why do I look like I have the weakness of woman in me? Why am I not a powerful male creature? It makes no sense. I will stand for this humiliation!"

And yet, he felt compelled to follow the whims of man's imaginings. He could sense that something had changed in mortalkind's displays of sirens, had made them softer, prettier, and, yes, more feminine. But also more aquatic.

It was for this reason that Glaphyron followed the passage of the nearest river out to the ocean the next day. He had a craving for it he'd never before possessed, a need to immerse himself. All his glorious spiked feathered were gone, and his legs were shrinking away, fusing together. He couldn't understand it; what the hell had humanity done to him in the last twenty five centuries? How on earth was he being depicted now?

When he reached the sea, it almost made his mouth water. His chest was starting to push out, and his member was sliding back into his body. It was humiliating beyond belief, almost as much as the punishments in Tartarus, but he *needed* to be in the water first; his legs were almost collapsing, and he needed to taste the ocean and swim in it.

"I still hunger!" he declared, his voice now beautiful and sweet like a beautiful maiden's. "I *will* still feast upon man!"

With that, he plunged in. It was strangely exhilarating, particularly as the changes rapidly advanced upon the ancient monster's flesh. His legs fused together and extended, forming a beautiful green tail that shimmered in the rays of the sun. He waved it, propelling himself further into the deep, his new instincts allowing him to manoeuvre his changed body. But even as he briefly revelled in this aquatic freedom, other changes occurred. His chest bloomed into two full, impressively sized breasts, sensitive and lovely. His waist narrowed, his hips flared, and the last vestigial remains of his once-proud manhood slid back into his body, leaving the transformed monster as a lovely female siren. Or, at least, the modern human conception of one.

"No!" she cried, swimming back up to the surface. "This can't be!"

She launched onto a rock, wrapping her fish tail around it to secure herself, and gazed upon the horizon. Her breasts were full and naked on her chest, and she knew instantly this was how modern mortals saw her.

"No, I refuse to accept this! I will feast upon man! They cannot take that from me, no matter how blunt my teeth or female my aspect!"

And so she sang. There was a boat upon the horizon, a yacht that seemed closer to what she remembered of ships from her time, eons ago. It began to turn, her music gentle and magnetic, carrying magically across the air. The yacht drew closer, and to her delight she could see a man upon it, a young man. All the better, to possess such fine flesh.

"Oh my God!" he cried. "It's a mermaid! An actual siren!"

She frowned briefly, then kept singing. It annoyed her how handsome this young man was, how fit and impressive he looked. It made her nipples stiffen, and her body react in a

way that was as foreign to her as this new world. The yacht pulled up alongside of her, the man entranced by her voice.

“Will you join me in the water, good sailor?” she said in a sweet voice.

“It’s a bit deep there,” he replied. “And a bit rough. I can get you up here if you want? I promise you no harm, siren. I can’t believe you’re real. I’m Anatolis.”

“And I am . . . Glaphyra,” she said slowly. “Fine, hoist me up! I am hungry!”

But she sensed something in her hunger had changed. The man leaned down to grab her soft hands, and she planned to pull him in to devour him, but found that she couldn’t bear the thought. Instead, he lifted her with ease, carrying her to the deck and resting her there in such a manner that made her feel very aroused.

“A real life mermaid,” he said, staring at her in a way that had her stroking her bosom gently and trying not to smile.

“What did you call me?” she said.

“A mermaid. You know, a siren?”

“*This* is what you think a siren looks like?”

Anatolis frowned. “Of course. Don’t you?”

“I - do you have a woodcut? A picture you can show me?”

“Oh, I can do way better. Check this out. It’s called a phone.”

He touched a little rectangle of metal and passed it to her. To her astonishment, numerous images of tantalising women with fishtails much like her appeared on it, and as he pressed the rectangle, more of them appeared, each the image of gorgeous half-fish women, often holding a man and kissing him lovingly, or singing to attract handsome sailors.

“By the Gods and felled Titans,” she whispered, realising the source of her hunger, and exactly why she looked and felt like this. “Damned mortals. They took a being of power and horror and changed it to fit their endless, *endless* passions!”

Anatolis raised an eyebrow. “Pardon?”

She cringed, hurling aside the ‘phone.’ “Damn it! And here I wanted to feast on you!”

“Wait - what!?”

Her lust was getting out of control. She was staring at the mortal’s crotch, her desires growing ever more powerful.

“And now I shall just have to feast upon you in a different way. Come here, Anatolis, and satisfy my hunger.”

She pulled the man down onto the deck and began to grope and feel and kiss him, making love as a new siren of the modern age. It wasn’t the worst mythic reinterpretation, really.

The End