



BLOOD OF HERCULES



J A S M I N E M A S

Blood of Hercules

Villains of Lore

Jasmine Mas

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Also by Jasmine Mas

Cruel Shifaverse

Psycho Shifters

Psycho Fae

Psycho Beasts

Psycho Academy

Psycho Devils

Psycho Gods

Villains of Lore

Blood of Hercules

Bonds of Hercules

Content Warning

This is a TRUE enemies to lovers Hercules retelling with a twist. The book is full of suffering, violence, sarcasm, and gallows humor. It's a slow burn and the villains will get the girl in the end.

Sometimes becoming a hero hurts—a lot.

Beware.

This book is dedicated to all the girls who like morally grey fictional men,
and who screamed out loud the first time they read “who did this to you?”

This one's for you.

THE 12 HOUSES OF SPARTA

OLYMPIAN HOUSES

THE HOUSE OF ZEUS.

THE HOUSE OF HERA.

THE HOUSE OF ATHENA.

THE HOUSE OF HERMES.

THE HOUSE OF POSEIDON.

THE HOUSE OF DEMETER.

THE HOUSE OF APOLLO.

THE HOUSE OF DIONYSUS.

CHTHONIC HOUSES

THE HOUSE OF ARES.

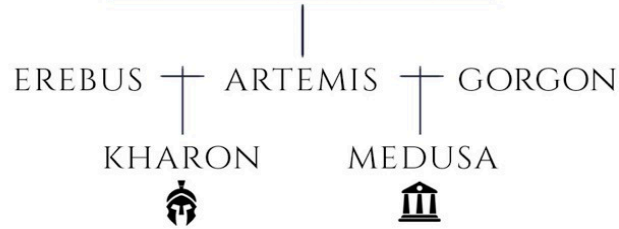
THE HOUSE OF HADES.

THE HOUSE OF ARTEMIS.

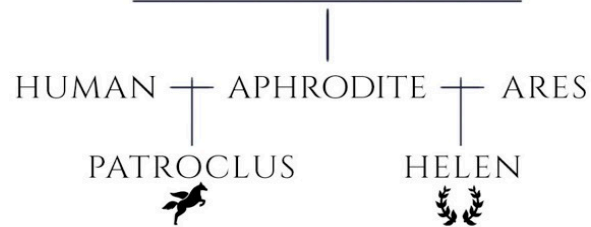
THE HOUSE OF APHRODITE.

CHTHONIC HOUSE LINEAGES

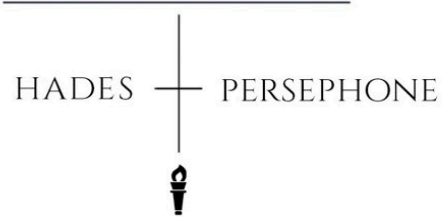
HOUSE OF ARTEMIS



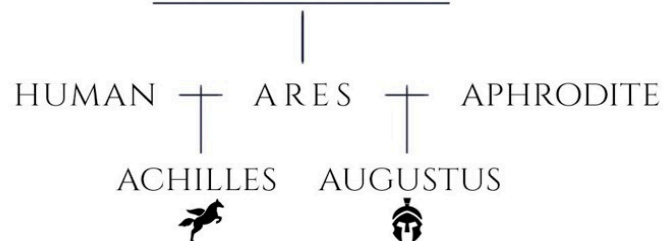
HOUSE OF APHRODITE





HOUSE OF HADES



HOUSE OF ARES



 HOUSE HEIR
 HOUSE HEIRESS

 MALE MUTT
 DECEASED

 INCARCERATED

Fides est periculosa ludum—trust is a dangerous game. She didn't know who was hunting her until it was too late.

Omniscient



FATE

I draped the long toga over my crossed legs and sat completely still in the field. Stones from Delphi were placed in a circle around me.

I'd collected the rocks when I was a little girl, thousands of years ago.

Palms relaxed and open.

Head tipped back.

A smoking pipe hung from my lips.

I inhaled the herbs, and pain pulsed through my closed eyes as I activated my powers.

Glimpses of patterns, numbers, and probabilities flashed through my mind, too many images to comprehend.

The path of existence was nothing but chance, and chance was nothing but a circle of events.

Sharp sensations transformed into agony, but I inhaled smoke and withstood the onslaught.

The nonsensical images changed into cryptic words.

They spoke themselves to me:

*“The lost one shall change what is before;
Chained to death’s soldiers, becoming evermore;
Or Titans will inherit the earth, and there will be nothing
but war.”*

My eyes shot open.

Dark possibilities tasted bitter on my tongue, and I felt the paths forward in the marrow of my ancient bones.

My brand of Spartan power was nothing without action, but I never shied from unsavory choices. It was why I'd survived, while the rest of my kind had perished.

The future hinged before me on a razor-sharp edge: apocalypse and peace were two sides of the same coin.

It could tip either way.

Action was needed. After all, *nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementia fuit*.

There has been no great wisdom without an element of madness.

Gasping out smoke, joints aching as I got to my feet, I tripped and stumbled as I ran through the field, into the palace, then hurried down a long white marble hall.

My purple eyes and white hair reflected off the mirrored walls.

When I got to the heavy onyx door of the inner chamber, I didn't bother to knock. I pushed against it and threw it open.

The members of the federation were standing behind gold podiums in the grand arena, arguing.

They turned and looked up at me.

Crack.

They fell to their knees.

Pulling the smoking pipe from my lips, I waved it in the air. "The marriage law we've discarded must pass—today," I rasped. "The age to wed must be twenty-six."

The room erupted with a roar. "But we were discussing a century!" someone shouted. "Twenty-six is *far* too young to be bound for all of immortality!"

I held up my hand.

Everyone shut up.

Immediately.

"That's not all," I said. "Kharon and Augustus *must* be professors in the crucible this year."

Everyone blinked with confusion.

"Why?" Zeus asked with narrowed eyes, electricity sparking off his skin as he knelt next to the speaker's podium in the center of the room.

I arched an eyebrow. "Are you questioning my abilities—young boy?"

“Of course not.” He lowered his head. “My apologies for my disrespect. I was just curious.”

I stared at him. “Don’t be.”

The silence expanded.

One by one, the House leaders bowed deeply—their foreheads pressed flush against the red marble floor.

Slowly, I walked down the long black-rug-covered stairs that led to the center of the arena.

When I got to the leader’s podium, I picked up a pair of scissors and reached into the basket, where the laws that hadn’t passed were wrapped in scarlet ribbon.

I snipped.

The ribbon fell away.

The scroll unrolled—“Marriage Law” was printed across it in black ink.

“Pass it,” I said as I leaned low and handed the previously discarded law to the still-bowing Zeus. “Pass it now—make the age changes and assign the two new professors.”

Electricity sparked across the paper as he took it, then he immediately resumed his position.

I turned.

Slowly hobbled back up the steps, with immortal beings prostrated on either side.

I scoffed as they cowered—*Kronos, if only you could see what your empire has become. . . Spartans have become so weak.*

Unlike the House leaders, my word was absolute.

I was the only thing standing between the rise and fall of Sparta.

Kronos save us all.

The Great War



SOFTLY IT BEGAN.

Eons before humanity was born, the state of Sparta was spread across thousands of archipelago islands in modern day Greece.

Sparta was composed of a hundred immortal Spartans, their animal protectors, and local creatures. *Creature* was a blanket term Spartans used to classify all races of civilized people who had special powers but weren't Spartan.

Ruled by an oligarchic federation, Sparta's immortal citizens were content to live quiet, slow lives of island luxury.

They knew nothing of conflict, greed, or jealousy.

All was peaceful.

Then humans arrived.

Humanity was in immediate awe of the immortal people.

Sparta taught humanity art, agriculture, and governance.

Humans worshipped them.

Thus, Spartans became humanity's gods.

Centuries later, Spartans and creatures migrated with the humans to modern-day Italy, enjoying the wealth and status of godhood.

The Roman Empire was born.

But the affairs of man were not to be taken lightly.

The mortal population exploded in size.

In contrast, Sparta struggled with fertility—its numbers stayed around one hundred.

Then humans discovered Spartans weren't completely immune to death—they could be chopped into tiny pieces and scattered, or starved and tortured into comas.

Humanity turned on their gods.

Emperors declared war against Spartans because they wanted all the power and wealth for themselves.

But humanity forgot it was dealing with a race more intelligent than themselves.

Sparta disappeared.

Completely.

Spartans and creatures migrated to Northern Italy and went into hiding in the dolomites.

But before they left, they destroyed all the advancements they'd shared with humans—the Library of Alexandria burned to the ground.

Without Sparta's guidance, Rome fell.

As the centuries passed, the living gods who had steered humanity toward greatness became nothing but myths.

Time trudged forward.

Protected by anonymity, advancing in the shadows, Spartans and creatures amassed unfathomable wealth and created superior technologies.

But Sparta wasn't as peaceful as it seemed.

There were two divisive factions of Spartans: Chthonic Houses and Olympian Houses.

Each House was a separate family bloodline of power, named after its founding leader—a Spartan more powerful than the rest.

All Spartans from Olympian Houses had powers that enhanced themselves, physically or mentally.

They didn't hurt others and instead focused on self-improvement and the sciences.

There were fifty different Olympian Houses, with dozens of members.

Olympians kept their numbers strong by having children with humans, and these half humans, half Spartans were called mutts.

In contrast, the Chthonic Houses were the Spartans with bloodred eyes.

Chthonics had powers that *only* hurt others, such as torture, mind control, pain.

Only four Chthonic families had ever lived. Born at the dawn of Sparta, unlike the Olympian Houses that rose and fell, they remained the same.

Always.

The infamous Chthonic four—the Houses of Hades, Aphrodite, Artemis, and Ares.

Each only had a handful of members, since they rarely procreated with the weak humans, who couldn't handle their powers. A few creatures, those with the *darkest* of abilities, sided with these Houses.

Throughout history, the two factions kept an uneasy truce. Peace was maintained by the federation, which was led by the strongest Olympians.

But at the turn of the twenty-first century, the peace shattered.

The Great War started.

The four Chthonic Houses attacked the fifty Olympian Houses in a bid to overthrow the federation and seize power over Sparta.

Vastly outnumbered, hundreds of Olympians fought against twenty-four Chthonics.

Still, conflict raged for decades because the Chthonic's abilities were so heinous.

The weaker Olympian Houses fell first as Chthonics mercilessly hunted them and scattered their pieces across the globe. The strongest Olympians banded together and sought vengeance.

In 2045, there were only eight of the strongest and oldest Olympian families left standing: the Houses of Zeus, Hera, Athena, Hermes, Poseidon, Demeter, Apollo, and Dionysus.

The war was locked in a stalemate, with numbers dwindling on both sides.

Sparta was at risk of collapse.

The four overpowered Chthonic House leaders remained, but all twenty of their children had been captured and killed.

If the war continued, there would be nothing left to rule, so the two sides signed a ceasefire.

In the new federation, the Olympians held even more of an overwhelming majority.

Peace was reestablished.

A few years later, in 2050, Titans—immortal monstrous creatures—inexplicably appeared on earth and started slaughtering humans.

The Olympian led federation saw an opportunity to reintroduce themselves to humanity.

The gods rose again.

They also seized the chance to punish Chthonics.

As reparations for the war and their crimes, the federation ruled that all remaining Chthonics—and any sons they bore, as well as the dark creatures who sided with them—were in charge of handling earth's Titan problem.

They called this new organization the Assembly of Death.

But that wasn't all.

The Chthonics and creatures were also forced to fight Titans, *and* one another, in the Dolomites Coliseum. It was a disturbed contest known as the Spartan Gladiator Competition.

The SGC quickly became the most violent tournament to ever grace the face of the earth.

It ushered in a new era of brutality.

Nearly half a century later, Titans still roamed the earth, Chthonics were starting to rebuild their numbers, and Olympians were increasingly bearing less powerful children.

Once again, the federation struggled to keep its power, and the tides of history pointed toward war.

Sparta was more fractured than ever.

To address the growing divide, the federation enacted a controversial marriage law.

Chthonics immediately sought to undermine it.

That is where our story begins.