

Chapter 2

I was dragged to a cell before I could distract from the rest of the spectacle, but I can't imagine the audience had an easy time forgetting me. I had suddenly turned into a feminine thing with her exquisite breasts bare, and been spared to live another day. Even though they were whispering instead of cheering, their words seemed just as clear. They were intrigued by me. Beyond the mystery, I was stunning, and they were a gaggle of farmers who rarely saw true beauty.

But now, true beauty was locked in the slave quarters.

The toga was falling off me, and I was trying hard to keep it wrapped around my supple body. I knew now that I had lost quite a bit of height, but I was by no means a willowy thing. On the contrary, my hips seemed wider than ever before. My breasts were like soft melons. I had gained quite a bit of mass in my rear and in those other areas, but now stood so short that even normal men dwarfed me as The Grizzly once had.

It all made me feel even more vulnerable. No one had ever looked at me the way the crowd had, and I suddenly had the idea that I knew how a gazelle or a rabbit felt when a predator eyed it. They wanted me. No, not me...this body. They wanted it. They wanted to make use of it.

I looked down, and wondered if I myself might have stared that way.

It had been so overwhelming that I hadn't had time to inspect myself, but a moment of solitude made me realize that I wanted to. I needed to. So I looked down the empty hall and around the empty cell before letting the toga fall, and looking at what the goddess had done to me.

What had she done to me...

My dark red hair flowed down and somewhat covered my chest, complimenting my pink nipples with its own hues. It seemed strange to think that these were nipples at all, since I had had nipples for eighteen years. But these were female nipples, and an entirely different thing to consider. They poked out eagerly, and made me gasp when I touched them. They were sensitive. They were not the mere flesh I had when I was a man. They part of my breasts, crowning them with their cute little redness.

My breasts...

I will admit that I had little experience with women, but I knew almost implicitly that these breasts were worthy of note. They were worthy of stares, worthy of being burned into your memory until they flashed in your mind's eye upon your deathbed.

In short, it made sense that a goddess had made them.

Everything about me gave the impression of a prized bride, destined for a life of child-making and child bearing. My wide hips, my slender hands, my smaller feet...it seemed as if everything about me had changed, down to the smallest detail. There was only one thing that remained, but it remained in a diminished state.

But it was there. My penis.

I wasn't sure why it remained, but it seemed an afterthought on such a feminine form. Everything about me had changed, and I felt different in such small and subtle ways. The room seemed colder than before, and the air seemed both softer and more oppressive.

But there was no time for that now. The sound of footsteps sent me scrambling for my toga.

Even as I affixed it about my body, pulling and gripping to keep it as tight and modest as possible, it showed an unacceptable amount of skin. My cleavage was out, and my attempts to hold it tight just made the light fabric betray more of what lay beneath. I stayed tense, unable to even consider relaxing as the other gladiators processed down the hall and reached my cell.

They looked at me the same way that the crowd had.

Most of them had known me all my life, but their stares ranged from curiosity to interest to concern. Only, the curiosity and concern were far outweighed by the interest, which seemed to impel their eyes to inspect me. I shrunk and backed away as the cell door opened, and as they filled the space.

“So it’s true...” muttered one as I looked up to all of them. The most hardened and grizzled gladiators in the region, locked in a cell with me...

And me, barely covered by this oversized toga...

“I’m still me” I pled in a voice that was not my own. It was not overtly cutesy, nor was it in any way masculine. It was the voice of a woman, an attractive woman who ought to be speaking with some confidence.

“Then show us your chest” joked one, stepping close to me. I backed up until my back pressed on the bars. “We were allowed to see it before.”

“Come on now” said another. “Let’s not hurt him.”

“Him? He’s a she. Unless-”

He reached forward and snatched my toga, ripping it away from me with the greatest of ease. I screamed and tried to cover myself, my arm proving utterly insufficient to cradle my massive chest.

As for down below, I tried to cover myself, but they had already seen. Half recoiled in shock, while the other half seemed more intrigued than ever. I heard a dozen whispers, a dozen mutterings, a dozen awestruck conversations, all about me.

I wished I could shrink until I was nothing.

“Looks like she’s working with a shortsword now!” laughed one as I looked to the guard. But he kept the door closed, even as those interested in me drew closer. I could feel their hot breath on my bare skin...

“Leave me alone!” I screamed at the top of my lungs, making even the most craven stop in their advance. They stared at me in shock, but it was only a momentary thing. The most leering returned to their leers, and then returned to their approach. One reached out for me neck when-

“Leave the wench alone! The master has asked to see her!”

He held his hand there, then reluctantly withdrew it as the cell door opened. I looked to it until a wide enough path opened, and then scurried through the men as fast as possible.

SMACK!!!

But, apparently, not fast enough. I just winced as I felt the hand spank me, and didn’t look back to see who’d done it. And then the door locked behind me, and the guard began to escort me. I looked up with gratitude before realizing that even he leered, looking at me as if trying to memorize my body to visualize later.

But at least he wasn’t touching me.

We walked past some of the other cells where they kept tigers, horses and other animals for the games. There was only one man there, aside from the beastmasters. It

was The Grizzly, given his own space both as a reward for his fame and as a way to make sure he didn't fight the others. Besides, it added to his mystique that a man named The Grizzly actually slept in a cage with the animals.

I didn't dare turn to look at him, but some part of me knew he was staring. Of course he was. I'm sure even the animals were.

Soon enough my bare feet padded their way to the master's quarters, where the guard gestured me inside. My experience with the man was limited, but I generally knew him to be a shrewd operator who had been in the business of fighting and festivals for decades. But even a man like that might be dumbfounded by my situation.

I slowly walked in, pushing through the curtained door and standing in front of his desk. He turned away from his books-

And stared at me in shock. Perhaps he hadn't expected me naked.

"Guard!" he shouted. "Get her some clothes!"

The sound of footsteps outside told that his order was being done, but I still stood nude as we waited.

"One of the men took your clothes?"

I nodded.

"Did they abuse you in any other way?"

I hesitated for a moment, but then shook my head. Though the fear had felt like abuse enough, it had stopped before the real trouble began.

"Good. Good" he said, looking down to my shrunken package. "I was annoyed at your change. As you know, it is illegal for a woman to take part in the games, and so I would have to had sold you."

I knew the law. Women were not allowed to be actors or gladiators. By that right, I ought to be freed.

“But, it seems this a blessing. No gladiatorial company is allowed to employ a woman. The prefects and magistrates would shutter them. And so we have a unique advantage. We have a woman who is not a woman, a woman who can take part in spectacle.”

I raised an eyebrow. “I...don’t understand.”

The guard came in with a red dress, one that made me raise my eyebrow even further. I was aware that my male clothes would no longer fit, but this garb seemed just as wrong mentally as mine would have felt physically.

“Put it on. Don’t be thick” he said. I turned around as the guard left and tried my best, but it was unfamiliar. It took me a minute until I was properly in it.

“What I am offering is simple. You will play the woman in our recreations of history. You will preen and promenade with that body. You will make us more famous than The Grizzly ever did.”

I adjusted the dress as best I could, finding no state in which it felt comfortable. Its straps were meant to be off shoulders, and it showed off my cleavage as though it was afraid someone might miss them. “But I don’t understand why you need my agreement. I am your slave, am I not?”

“You are, but some say you were blessed by a god. I do not know how this could be a blessing, even with death as an alternative. But I was worried you might have some ideas of purpose or privilege.”

“Well...I hadn’t thought much of that.”

“Rest assured, you can put those thoughts from your mind. If you attempt to leverage them for freedom, or for calls for your freedom, you will be punished. You will be thrown back into that cell with no clothes, and with permission to be used. They might even get in trouble if they don’t. But if you play along well, you will have your own cell, the finest things, and a place of prominence here. So?”

There really wasn’t much of a choice. Gang rape by dozens of ripped warriors, or a life of privilege?

“I will obey” I promised.

“Good. Smart girl. You will need a new name. Perhaps...Flora? Since you are such a lovely flower.”

“Right...if you wish” I said, just wanting to once more mull over my new situation in the state of solitude. He must have seen how shaken I was, so he gestured for me to go.

“You’ll be guided to a personal quarters. We leave at dawn, as always. And be prepared for your first show.”