

Chapter 4

It seems that in the games and circuses which I was now the star, there were no shortage of excuses to bare my chest. We had done three cities since that first in which I had been exposed, and packed out the seats with promises of this strange he-woman. It was dressed like a princess or a wench, garbed in outfits from history's tales which were then pulled down, torn or otherwise altered to show my new bosom. Men almost always rushed the crowd. Women almost always sneered or glared at me. But they all came just the same, and beheld the sight of the strange freakshow that I now was.

But the crowds almost seemed quaint compared to the far more personal inspections I was subject to.

You see, it was against the law for a woman to participate in theater or in the games, so a real woman would have been jailed for something like this. My strange circumstance acted as a loophole, but that didn't mean that some of the magistrates believed it. The more my fame grew, the more pressure they faced to prove that this was appropriate. So for the past three arenas, I'd been subjected to a thorough investigation by the local authorities. Today's came as I stood in the long tunnel towards the field, which had no underground platforms to lift me up. I would have to walk out myself, once the law was satisfied.

"This is truly unnecessary" protested the master as the local governor made his way to me. I was once more wearing a simple toga which bared almost the entirety of my legs. It did cover my chest, but only because there was no need for a low cut when it

was going to be pulled down regardless. “You know I am an honorable man whose games have always been to the standards of the law.”

“Usually I would trust that, but circumstances are most *unusual*” explained the governor as he turned to me. I withered slightly under his gaze, feeling as though what I was doing was wrong, even if it was legal. I certainly felt dirty for doing it, and was welling up with more shame than I’d ever felt in my life.

Even more mortifying was the fact that the governor felt entitled to reach out and grab my clothes. There was no permission, nor regard towards me oncesoever. He simply felt himself allowed to grab my toga and pull it down until it all fell at my feet.

I moved my hands to cover myself, but the master slapped me in reply. The whole point of this was to reveal what laid down below, the thing my hands were now trying to hide.

“And this is real?” asked the governor, reaching down and putting his finger tip on my shaft, lifting it slightly as though to assure it was mine. If I wasn’t utterly frozen I would have squirmed.

“Absolutely. As you could see, she is not a she. And seeing as the law dictates that only women are barred from performance-”

“You are allowed. Yes, I see. Well, my congratulations on your good fortune” he said to the master, before finally acknowledging me. “And my compliments on your beauty.”

With that he walked away, leaving me to reach down with quivering hands and pull my toga back up. The master seemed satisfied, and entirely oblivious to my evident discomfort.

“Don’t worry. Soon your reputation will be cemented, and you won’t be subjected to this anymore.”

“Why not just bare it to the whole stadium then...” I bitterly asked, only to find his eyes turning to me, and narrowing into a glare.

“I just might, if you continue to be ungrateful” he reminded me. “Now go and make yourself worth the trouble.”

I started walking off as he watched me, almost wishing now that I was tied up and helpless. Having to walk out myself was much worse, as I had to force every single step until I finally reached the entrance to the field. The people were cheering like mad, I struggled to breathe as I felt a heat and terror overtaking me. At least there was no battle this time. Variety was necessary if I was ever going to become a true phenomenon. So the master had arranged a different spectacle today. And as my legs threatened to go out from under me, I reached the center of the circle and took a seat.

The myth we were reenacting was the founding of Ursos. In it, the twin founders of the city turned into wolves so that they could suckle at the breast of their patron goddess. I’m not sure why they did that, as human-lupine breastfeeding seemed rather impossible, but that was the story.

And that’s why there were two gladiators dressed as wolves, slowly approaching me.

I was to play the goddess and these two men were to play the twins. They wore wolf skins and wolf helmets, ones that would obscure both their face and my breasts once they drew close. Apparently there had been stiff competition for these roles, and the two who’d done best in the last games had been rewarded with them.

And now they were stalking slowly towards me, playing the part of wolves well. I was playing the part of prey, and didn't need to act much. I saw the master glaring at me down the tunnel and slowly reached up to pull off my top. I hated it. I hated giving myself to these people, and hated surrendering towards their desires. But they wanted to see my breasts. And as I looked down at the full, ripe things, I could understand it.

The crowd shook the stadium as they saw them, and the wolves sped up their approach. Soon they were on me, leaning in and-

"Hey!" I hissed, knowing that the crowd was too loud for anyone to hear my protests. They were supposed to put the snout of the masks to my breasts and leave them there, but they had taken liberties with it. They were actually suckling on my nipples through the hole in the maw, licking and kissing to their heart's delight! It was an overwhelming feeling, as if lightning was shooting up and down my back. But I didn't want it there! And I didn't want it from them!

"Cut it out!" I gasped, but it was no use. They had both wrapped their lips around my nipples and began sucking with all their might, their tongues dancing on the stiff tips as they tried to pull out milk which wasn't there.

"OW!"

They were getting annoyed at my arguments and climbed further on me. Each one sat on my legs and pushed themselves further, hands moving up and down my sides. This was much too far now, and I looked around for help. But the rest of the arena was empty, and one covered my mouth before I could scream.

"What? Don't you milk?" taunted one. "I know you were a milking bitch? Aren't you a milkmaid?"

I tried to push him off but it was just no use. I was as weak as a child and he was a trained gladiator. He responded by reaching under my toga and grabbing my balls in his hand. Before I could beg him to let go he gave them such a squeeze that I thought they might pop, and left me too pained to put up more resistance.

A few moments later, the wolves stood up and took off their costumes, replacing them with crowns. Then, one stabbed the other in the back, and the founding myth was complete.

I pulled my toga back up and tried to run towards the tunnel.

But the two 'princes' were following after me.

I made my way out of the arena as they finally caught up, waiting until we were deep enough inside before pushing me against the wall. They both towered over me. Their muscles were striated and well defined. And if they had so easily been able to control me out there, imagine how well they could manhandle me in the dark...

I frowned and felt tears welling up inside of me. "Please-"

"Please what?" asked one, wrapping his hand around my neck as he pushed me into the wall. "Please take it out? Please bend me over? There's a reason we don't let women in the games and just because you have a little souvenir from when you used to be a boy, that doesn't mean you are one. You're a set of holes. One for each of us. And these-"

He reached for my breasts, but I slapped his hand away. I felt I needed to, but a quick look told me it was a mistake. He was glaring hard at me, letting me know in no uncertain terms that I'd pay for that.

“Men” said the master as he walked down the tunnel. “You’ve had your fun. Now let go of the golden goose.”

They looked to him for a moment and stepped back, leaving me there to collect my breath.

“Good. Report to your quarters.”

He watched as they went off, and then approached me. I thought he might offer comfort or assurances to my safety. But instead he simply dusted me off.

“Aren’t you going to do something?”

“Yes, I am. I am going to remind you that you’re due back out there when the next battle finishes.”

“But-”

“They are men. Remember? You were one once, though not much of one. One week with breasts and already you’ve lost your good sense” he scoffed.

I gritted my teeth and dug my heels into the sand. “This is more than abuse. I am well used to abuse. But you have had me reenact a goddess’s story. And I am here because of a goddess. The things you’re doing are blasphemy!”

The master chuckled.

“What’s the name of the goddess who did this to you? I remember you saying you couldn’t see her? Well, if you find out, be sure to tell me. I’ll pray for five more things like you.”

With that he reached out and grabbed my hair, wrapping her grip around my long and fiery locks before pulling me down the corridor.

“Wait! This-”

“Go, protest! See how much good it’s done you. I tried to warn you but like all women, you must be trained via punishment. No capacity to take the right side of an ultimatum...”

He dragged me kicking and screaming back towards the arena, even his old and worn body more than a match for my pretty and pathetic resistance. The battle was nearing a close outside, with the chariots flipped over and the two men fighting on the ground. But even they stopped to take notice as the gate opened as I was thrown down onto the sand. The whole arena went quiet, and among twenty thousand men, there was not enough sound to crowd out the sound of the master’s heavy breathing above me.

“I have heard doubt that Flora is truly a man! Well, I know not whether she can be called a man, but she is most certainly not a woman!”

With that he reached down, and put his hands on the back of my toga. I had been through enough to know what that meant, and quickly began begging. “Master, I-”

RIPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

He tore a slit down my dress until my whole back was bare, and then further until my rear was out. If my breasts inspired awe, then my butt ought to inspire conversion. Its full and shapely heft put an end to the silence in the stadium, creating a near pandemonium instead. But with my toga torn in half, there was no need to cover the rest of me. He pulled it off, leaving me naked as my hands hurried to cover myself.

But he took my wrists and used them to lift me to my feet, nude as the day I was born.

But, unlike that day, I was more female than male.

I looked like a fertility idol with my wide hips and large breasts, but the presence of my shrunken penis made whole sections of the audience gasp. It was one thing to believe, but another to see. And now they all stared at it. I missed their leers and missed their judgments. I missed the way they used to look at my body. Because where the men once looked to me with desire, now they looked as though they might laugh. And where the women once looked with annoyance and envy, now they looked with only confusion and pity. The message was clear.

This was wrong.

I was too much of a woman to still have a penis.

The master leaned in behind me and whispered in my ear:

“You’ll have to earn your right to clothes back. So I suggest you be a good girl.”

SPANK!

As his hand sent the globes of flesh on my rear ajiggle, the crowd finally lost it. Frenzy was in danger of turning into a riot, and men were once more coming over the walls at me. So the master dragged me back, the gladiators covering our escape until the gate closed behind us. Then, he threw me naked onto the ground.

“Enjoy your new life, Flora. This is all there is for you.”