

Chapter 3

The stadium had a rather elaborate system of pulleys and trapdoors to help with shows, and I found myself beneath the pitch as we prepared. I had yet to adapt to this new body, and was starting to wonder if I ever would. Slaves on the move learned how to sleep anywhere, but while my new accommodations were better than any I'd received as a male, I couldn't get comfortable. My breasts wanted to go off to the side when I laid down, or laid on top of each other when I laid on my side. Not to mention my wide hips and small waist making me feel as though I was sleeping at a strange angle.

The ride hadn't been much better, even if I had been given a cart to ride in. I knew that walking in this form would take longer with my short legs, and constantly remind me of my eager-to-bounce breasts. But the cobblestones on the wheels seemed to bounce me about just as much. Sitting on my new butt felt as though I was on a strange cushion, and I could see gladiators taking glances at me as they walked. I couldn't take those eyes and the new way they seemed to strip me as they looked. It was a frightening thing. Every man was a threat, not just because they could overpower me, but because they all seemed to want to. It was only society and enforced rightness that held them back, in the form of the master's orders. I wasn't even sure you could consider his orders moral, considering that money was the aim of them, but I was at the very least protected by them.

They made sure the men didn't do more than stare.

And now we were at the arena in one of the larger northern towns. I normally would be helping with the sets right now, making sure that everything was ready to

reenact the famous battles of history. Heroes against monsters, generals against generals...

And now, maidens in peril.

The master had promised to have a whole new wardrobe made for me, but the toga he presented me with seemed to barely cover more than the oversized one which had fallen half off. It showed all my cleavage, and came up so high on my upper thighs that it barely protected my butt. From the sounds of people topside, it seemed as though the whole region had come to see me in it. The legend of the gladiator who had turned into a feminine thing was spreading, and they all wanted to see me firsthand.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I was shaking.

I trembled as I was brought to a pole with a rope hanging from the top, and as the rope was suddenly tied to my wrists.

"What are you doing?!" I exclaimed as the master rolled his eyes.

"You will play the role of the face that launched a hundred boats, that many men fought for."

I knew the story of the princess who was tied up while suitors fought over her, but I'd never imagined myself in my place. And I had a hard time believing she had worn so little.

"So I just dangle here on my tiptoes while they fight for me?" I asked.

"Yes. Gives us a good way to include the smaller draws. We won't waste The Grizzly on something like this, since it's more a matter of bodies on the field."

"My body, mainly" I bitterly replied.

"Exactly! So glad to see you understand."

“I suppose it’s better than fighting” I muttered. Though the terror which I now felt, even if it was less founded in immediate reasons, seemed to run deeper than the fear of fighting. I couldn’t explain it, but just as my frame and flesh had become feminine, so had my skittishness and vulnerability. I tested by bonds even though it was no use, hoping that this battle didn’t last long enough to give me rope burn.

The sound of footsteps above me revealed that the gladiators were taking the field, and the cheers of the crowd greeted them. But the cheers seemed impatient and halfhearted. Despite my role as a prop, it was the combat that would be set dressing. All attention would be on me.

“And just remember” said the master, walking over and looking me over with his wizened face. “The better beauty you are, the better you will be treated. But if you act like a brat...I’m sure a night in the slave pits will remind you which is better.”

With that he reached forward and grabbed my toga, wrapping his hands on the top and pulling it down until my breasts came free. I gasped in shock, looking down at my bare chest as he chuckled. “Very good. Now that’s a proper beauty.”



I opened my mouth to protest, but the platform began to rise. I could only stare at him in shock and betrayal as I struggled, hands bound and unable to pull my top up. I couldn't cover myself. I couldn't do anything as the bright sun greeted me, and soon felt warm against my naked breasts.

Now the cheers seemed to shake the earth.

I went bright red and struggled as hard as I could, but it was just no use. I emerged bare chested into the arena as I felt ten thousand eyes suddenly converge on me. It was an overwhelming experience, one that seemed to stop my breath in my throat.

My instincts were screaming at my hands, trying to force their nerves and muscles into covering my chest. But they couldn't. I just had to squirm as the men began fighting around me.

But even as they swung blades at each other, they made sure to take time to stare.

One made a break for me, but his enemy quickly pounced and knocked him to the ground. It was more or less going the same way it had during the legend. In the story, the first man to cut her bonds would be her husband. But the problem was that whenever anyone got close, another would begin a fight to stop him. Even two engaged in combat would stop to refocus if another got too close.

But soon there would only be one left. And I shuddered at what he might do with me so helpless.

I looked up at the crowd in hopes of ignoring the gladiators, but that did nothing for my anxiety. The stadium seemed to be straining its maximum capacity, and it wasn't

only men there. Women looked at me with scorn. They glared with judgement and it took me a moment to understand that they saw me as a whore.

Wearing this little, it was hard to disagree with them.

I watched the stands until I noticed something going wrong, something that made my blood chill. I tried to scream but the arena was already echoing with shouts and screams and the slashes of steel. Even though this was an act, and hurting another gladiator was a major offense, it seemed as though many were forgoing the rules for a chance to touch me. But even wounded, I needed the men to heed me. I needed their help.

Spectators were coming over the wall, and running towards me.

I once more tried to undo my bonds, but the knot was out of reach and I was already standing on my tip toes. The first of the dirty old men and foolish young boys who'd come over were getting closer, and I screamed as they approached-

Until a club caught one in the gut.

Just as the gladiators turned their attention to whichever of them was in danger of taking me, they stopped their fighting to deal with this incursion. They began to beat back the interlopers until they ran back, and until the image of their bruises and blood made all others hesitate in trying the same thing.

But the field was dwindling. And a breeze across my breasts made my nipples hard. Just that sight seemed to inspire them to hurry.

SMACK!

I turned to realize that one of them had made it to me, and hand grabbed my butt cheek rather than cut the cord. It was foolish, but I was more focused on being

scandalized than judgemental. He was groping me! I looked over my shoulder with my jaw dropped as another man hit him in the helmet, sending him down into the sand.

Then, he lifted up his sword, and cut the cord.

I fell to the ground and reached to pull my toga up, but his hands stopped me. The other gladiators had stopped their fighting to watch, and instead of pulling my toga back up, he grabbed it and tore it down the middle.

The crowd was going insane, but I couldn't hear anything. I couldn't see any of them. All I could focus on were his hands, and his wicked smile. He reached up and gave my breasts a squeeze, sending me back into the pole as I pressed my back to it. But there was no escape. He had me. The others took a bow as the crowd cheered and as the platform once more began to lower.

"Please-" I begged, before a slap to my right breast made me squeal. It stung worse than anything I'd ever felt, and his red handprint lingered on it as the arena floor closed above us.

"The game is over!"

"So the reality can begin" he said, leaning in to kiss me-

"Enough!"

The master's voice made him stop, though he didn't pull her hands from my breasts.

"You've enjoyed your victory. I let you savor it, but do not presume to own her. She is mine."

The gladiator nodded and got up, taking one last look at me.

“You did well, Flora. Though I suppose it wasn’t a very active role” said the master.

“You didn’t warn me-”

“Do I need to warn my horses before I sit on them? No? Exactly. Now stand. You are in two more events today.”

“Two? But-”

“But if you wish to avoid them, I could let our victor continue having his fun. Either eyes will violate you or flesh will. Make your choice but make it quickly. The show must go on.”

I frowned, once more trembling as I made the inevitable decision. I got up and followed him to the next trap door.

“I think that this will be a beautiful partnership...”