



The two towering women slammed into each other with an impact that Agron could feel, the sound echoing about the arena as one's hands wrapped around the other's wrists as the two giant women started grappling one another. The other slaves couldn't turn their gazes away either, though he wasn't sure exactly what had captivated them so – the sheer impact of those two huge, clashing bodies or the way those incredibly voluptuous forms glistened and moved in the sun.



“Know your place, you up-jumped slave!” The overseer screamed her words into Ava’s face as she felt the newly-grown slave-girl’s hands wrap around her arms. The two girls may have been the same height after Ava’s growth, but the overseer’s figure was more well-developed, and she had much more experience at her current size than Ava did. Despite the anger on her face, the confident undertone of self-assurance in her words made it clear that she fully expected to win.



"I knew this would make things more entertaining. Watching the overseer earn her place is worth the spilled spice, but this isn't enough to really cure my boredom... This fight will need something more before it gets exciting enough for me."

Julia's ominous words were loud and piercing enough that everyone bar the girls fighting below could hear them, their volume lending them an unignorable demanding presence.



GODDESSES OF THE ARENA
PART IV

Julia's chilling words had far more dire implications for the overseer than anyone else – and it immediately spurred her to action, one hand reaching out and roughly grabbing Ava's head, fingers spreading through her hair as she was held in place. Pivoting about and breaking the grab on her arms, the overseer used her curvaceous figure to lend force to her next attack, a knee that struck Ava with enough strength that the impact forced the air from her lungs.





The momentum from that last attack gave the overseer the upper hand once again, her hand shifting down the side of Ava's head as the two looked each other in the eyes once again. They were matched in height after only one dose. Ava's had far more potential for growth than the Overseer, a fact that both women must have realized.

"Got you!" The overseer yelled as she grabbed onto Ava's hair.

In response, Ava shouted in a strange foreign tongue. The words were unintelligible, but the meaning was clear. She practically spat them in the overseer's face, her confident tone wavering slightly as she found herself staring up into the overseer's face.

“You think one sip of wine is enough to make us equal? You are a slave, and you’ll never be anything more!”

The overseer’s angry words were followed by another kick that pushed Ava back, the newly grown slave forced onto the defensive due to the fury and wrath powering every swing from the other giantess’ body. She’d been looking up for so long it was hard to believe that she was almost the same height as the leather-bound overseer.



Every move the two warring giantesses made demanded the attention of the smaller slaves nearby, whether due to the way it made those incredibly curvy bodies more or the sheer force behind every attack that had an inexorable pull on some deep, instinctual part of the brain, some primitive reflex that caused anything capable of such power to instantly demand attention. The overseer's last blow carried enough momentum behind it that it sent Ava falling backwards through the air – and alarmingly close to Agron.





The overseer's body was close enough to Ava's that her massive breasts were pushed against the other's face, one big nipple passing close enough to the slave girl's lips that she could taste it. Utterly consumed with the sheer feeling of her huge body crushing another beneath it, the overseer pushed herself forward as hard as she could, doing her best to make sure she landed atop the slave below, hoping to crush her against the ground below.



So utterly self-assured, the overseer hadn't been paying as much attention to Ava's movements as she should have been – and the freshly grown slave took advantage of the weight and size of her attacker to throw her backwards with an angry yell. A surprised look on her face at the sudden shift in position and orientation, the overseer was forced to reach out with her hands and attempt to brace for the impact. Her hand struck the ground with an audible thump, the impact of her massive weight coming down from above enough to knock the slave who'd been watching them just earlier off his feet and onto his back.

Agron's vision suddenly panned upwards, taking in the entirety of that massive, almost-naked body in a blur before he was left on his back – and his field of view dominated by the towering figure above. The two were so close that he couldn't see all of her at once, his gaze quickly looking up past those heavy, hanging breasts and into the surprised face above... but the overseer paid scant attention to him.

Her presence of mind and experience allowed her to land from the throw without hurting herself, spreading her limbs out on all fours – and it also meant that she knew the slave girl behind her was doubtless getting up and preparing to attack again. But her focus was also a kind of tunnel vision, and she failed to recognize the potential threat that was right in front of her.





Just as the overseer had predicted, Ava was getting up off the ground, rising up from a squatting position as she started to take advantage of her throw, getting ready to walk over and strike again. Paying the worthless slave beneath her no attention at all, the overseer turned her head back in an attempt to confirm her suspicion – but the sound of Ava’s body getting up made it clear she wasn’t going to look back in time to dodge whatever attack was coming next...

So she took the initiative, lifting up her leg and launching a mighty kick backward, her foot striking the rising slave girl straight in the crotch and sending a wave of pain through her body. A surprised and shocked expression on her face, Ava started tumbling backwards onto her own ass with another impact – and shifting the advantage to the overseer once again. The overseer put all the force she could into that striking blow – and overextended, the impact from her kick causing her own posture to grow unsteady.





Agron struggled to pull the sword out of the sand. It was almost loose, and if he could just loosen it a little bit, he was in a good position to land a quick attack... He was so focused on his attempts to wield the sword that he failed to think about what would happen after her attack. On top of that, he was further distracted by that voluptuous physique and the way those full, heavy breasts carried the momentum of the giantess' kick just above his head, that he didn't realise what was about to happen as an inevitable consequence.

It was only when she turned her gaze back down that she herself realised what her attack meant for the slave below. Her kick had knocked Ava away, but it had had a destabilising effect on her own precarious position – she was about to fall down onto the hot sand of the colosseum. Looking down at the ground before her, she saw the slave beneath her bust just in time to realise what was about to happen. She wasn't going to be able to prevent her fall...but that didn't mean she couldn't have some fun.





Swinging her arms out wide, the overseer allowed herself to fall down to the ground with a booming crash, the ground shaking as her heavy bust came down on Agron with an impact stronger than a punch or kick from someone his size, the relatively soft flesh of her breasts shifting over his face and covering up his mouth and nose. The comparatively puny slave could barely even breathe as the smell of the sweat-limned overseer's body saturated his sense of taste and smell... and her sheer weight filled his body with pain until he passed out.



The overseer and Ava started to rise back up to their full height, the curvier woman's counter-attack leaving neither of them with the advantage. Staring at the overseer's shapely behind while she recovered from that painful kick to the groin, the naked slave had a surprised and shocked expression on her face – she thought she'd already won, but now she was realising that the two of them were just getting started.



With the two girls back on their feet, the overseer had a more confident expression on her face – and Ava looked at her with a bit more trepidation. She could have sworn that she and the overseer were the same height before, but now it seemed as the curvier woman was taller than she was once again. Having spent so long looking up at the overseer’s body from below before she grew, she was starting to doubt herself and her own chances – while the larger woman only seemed more confident and aggressive than she had been before.



“I’ll show you the difference between me and you!” With an angry yell the overseer launched herself forwards, hands outstretched as she reached for Ava’s neck with a sudden lunge, the ferocity of her attack enough to overpower the newly grown slave’s resolve.



...or at least it seemed at first. Ava knew that the overseer was angry, and she did her best to use that strength and weight to her advantage once again. She was smart enough to try and goad the overseer to overextend herself – and her plan worked. As the larger, heavier woman charged, Ava dropped down and tried to flip her over once again. The sheer momentum behind that huge, heavy body as it charged forward was enough to leave Ava falling down, twisting her body through the air as the overseer flew overhead once more.

While Ava landed on the relatively soft sand of the arena, the overseer had overshot the mark – and ended up landing with a sickening crunch atop the hard stone of the colosseum. The giantess was strong and tough, but her own force and weight worked against her as she smashed her face into the cement seating that ringed the arena, dealing herself enough of a blow that it knocked her out.






Quickly getting up on her feet, Ava ran forward – she may have dealt the overseer a telling blow, but she was a giantess herself... and she could tell that even as painful an impact as that wouldn't be enough to keep her down long. She had to press her advantage as quickly as she could – she wasn't going to get another chance.

Leaping forward, Ava jumped off the ground and through the air, lunging towards the overseer's body and trying to inflict even more pain on the downed giantess before she regathered her strength.





Landing atop the curvier woman's body, Ava reached out with her hands and slammed the overseer's head against the stone steps. It was enough to elicit a moan of pain from the woman below...which meant that she didn't have much time. Once she'd grabbed the overseer's head, Ava did her best to get her hands into position as her own bust pressed against the hard leather of the other woman's skimpy harness.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red, shimmering, two-piece outfit with black straps, stands behind a dark, spiked metal fence. She is looking down with a bemused expression. The background consists of large, grey stone blocks under a clear blue sky. The scene is set in what appears to be a colosseum or arena.

High up above, Julia looked down with a bemused expression. The fight had definitely been more interesting than she'd expected, but it also seemed as if it was almost over... "Tch... all that spice for so short a fight? This can't end now."

She hadn't been speaking particularly loudly (at least for someone her size), but her entourage had been trained to listen to every one of her words with utmost devotion. To them, Julia was a goddess – and that meant her every whim had to be fulfilled, no matter the cost. Racing down below, one of her servants began giving orders to the colosseum's guards.

Meanwhile, down below, Agron's consciousness returned, rubbing his head as he looked about and saw his sword sticking out of the ground in the distance – not that it'd be much use against one of the giant women he was trapped with. Unless...





Looking over at the one-sided fight at the edge of the colosseum, Agron quickly realised that the overseer was losing – but he didn't feel like leaving anything to chance. It was too dangerous to get close to them, even now, but he had an idea to better his odds. Despite his earlier encounter with the overseer's bust, he liked the other woman an awful lot more. Rising up to his feet, he started thinking up a way to strike back.



Unaware of what was happening elsewhere, Ava was solely focused on taking down her opponent. Grabbing onto the overseer's long brown hair with both hands, she straddled the other woman as if she was a bull, getting up and using her weight to make sure the other giantess wasn't able to get up. The overseer's consciousness was already coming back, one arm reaching out as she tried to get back up on her feet.

...but she wasn't fast enough. Ava knew that the other woman's heavier-set frame would have given her the advantage in a prolonged fight – so she decided to bring their duel to an end as quickly as she could. It didn't matter how tough or big she was – she still needed to breathe. Gripping on tight, she moved one of her arms beneath the other woman's chin and started to choke her out.





As the sounds and pained grunts of the two giantesses fighting echoed through the arena, Agron made his way over to one of the other slaves. Quintus had been knocked out by the overseer before, when she threw the blonde at him – but he was still breathing.

...or at least so he thought.





The blonde slave's eyes were still open as he stared up in death. For a man, the blonde had a strong and muscular physique – but in a world with the spice, none of that strength and physicality amounted to anything in the face of the sheer devastating size of the empowered women for whose amusement he was condemned to death.

Before Agron could even so much as close the fallen warrior's eyes, he heard a shout from the edge of the colosseum – a male voice, not one of the fighting giantesses. A roman soldier, javelin in hand, had come out from inside the stadium, raising his arm and aiming his spear at the giant woman below. Even from this distance, Agron quickly realised what was happening – the goddess in red up above didn't want her entertainment to finish so quickly. Opening his mouth, Agron yelled out a warning to the slave girl who he had been fighting alongside before. "AVA! LOOK OUT!"





While she hadn't quite finished choking the overseer out, Ava heard the warning in time to react. Looking up, she saw the centurion jump forward with his spear raised – and aimed at her. Even with her newfound size, she could tell that the weapon was actually capable of hurting her, especially with that leaping momentum behind it.



...but such a long and lengthy attack needed the element of surprise to actually strike her. Thanks to Agron's warning, Ava looked up in time to see the soldier leaping through the air towards her. As the overseer started to move below, Ava turned her gaze upwards. Now that she knew the attack was coming, she could use her long arms and size to make sure she didn't get hurt.



Before the guard got close enough to hurt her, one of her arms reached out with lightning speed, her fingers wrapping around the soldier's unarmoured throat as her other hand grabbed his pilum and effortlessly yanked it from his hand. "Got you," she said. A smirk on her face, she started to strangle the guard. She wasn't quite sure if it was the spice or some hitherto unknown aspect of her personality, but she couldn't help but enjoy the overwhelming power she held over the guard. She'd been a slave, but now she could simply wring the life out of one of those soldiers with one hand.



Snapping the pilum in half with her hand to remove even the possibility of the guard being able to hurt her, she looked up at his face and started to draw him closer.

In a strange foreign tongue the guard couldn't understand, she spoke the last words he would ever hear.

"I don't know why you thought such a stupid attack would work... but you can think about your mistakes in the afterlife."

She brought the guard closer to her own face so that she could savour the look of fear on his – but the trained warrior kept trying to fight back. Reaching out with his hand, he did the best he could, slapping Ava's face with an impact that did little more than hurt his own hand...and enrage her.






Her composure breaking, Ava cried out with fury, her smug demeanour shattering to reveal the rage beneath. Pulling her arm back in one fluid motion, she threw the soldier through the air behind her in a blind rage, his body arcing through the air as he soared towards the other side of the colosseum.



Ava wasn't quite strong enough to toss the soldier clean across the entire arena...but she came close, the warrior's body landing with a wet thud on the hard sand at the far side of the arena. There was a sickening crunch as his face was buried into the sand, his helmet and armour utterly worthless against the sheer strength of a towering giantess.



“No, he had his own orders – I’m just here to make sure nobody leaves.” The centurion’s words meant nothing to Ava, but his panicked tone and stammering voice told her a great deal. He was scared, and she could see it on his face. She didn’t bother responding to him with words, not that she could – instead, her hand slowly curled into a fist and the corners of her lips started moving upwards in a confident smirk.



Ava had barely even started walking forward when the guard turned tail and ran, the expression on her face and the assertive way she moved her body forward telling him more than he needed to know. He was close enough to the door that he might be able to make it through before she caught him – and dishonour was by far preferable to the gruesome death he'd receive at her hands.

Not that he needed to make it all the way. Ava, having only grown so recently, had lost herself in the pleasures of dominance – and forgotten that she wasn't the only giantess in the ring. The overseer reached out with one big hand, grasping for Ava's ankle...and catching it mid-step, stopping her in her tracks and giving the larger woman enough leverage to get herself back up on her feet.



The sudden yank on Ava's leg had thrown her off-balance, and she let out a cry of pain as she felt the incredible weight of the overseer as she pulled herself up. Full of fury and rage, the overseer was eager to repay the indignities she had just suffered back on the impudent slave before her – and she wrapped her arm around Ava's neck, pressing her bust into the other woman's back as she started to choke her out.



With the advantage of her larger weight and curvier figure, the overseer quickly brought Ava tumbling to the ground with a massive crash, the sound echoing throughout the ring as she started to pin the other woman's hands down against the ground. The wicked smirk on her face framed with auburn tresses, the overseer grinned as she thought about just what she was going to do to the helpless girl pinned beneath her. "I'm going to take my time putting you into your proper place below me, slave."



While Ava was busy fighting the Overseer, the other guard climbed over the gate to the relative safety outside of the arena. He did not trust in Julia's forgiveness, but he still felt safer deserting than staying inside the arena.





Ava didn't know enough Latin to understand the precise meaning of the words being shouted down into her face (accompanied with a few flecks of saliva), but she wasn't paying any attention anyway. Smirking herself, she did her best to get the larger woman mad – and it worked, at least long enough for her to slip her hand free of the towering amazon's grasp.

Quickly taking advantage of the overseer's momentary slip-up, Ava managed to rescue her other hand as well – and though she was still pinned to the ground by the thick, heavy body above her, her arms were free. Free enough, at least, to...



SMACK! Rearing back as much as she could, she balled her hand into a fist and punched the overseer right in her smirking face, striking such a telling blow that the woman's head was forced to the side, a shockwave visibly spreading across her shocked features. As the sound of that blow rang out through the arena, Ava quickly grabbed the overseer's body, fingers digging deep into the soft, giving flesh of her bounteous curves.




With the overseer knocked off balance once again, Ava took her chance and bodily flipped the woman over her head once more, arching her back up and letting her own oversized bust bounce up enough to almost cover her face. The overseer herself landed on the ground with another resounding impact, the tremors of her ungraceful landing spreading throughout the cement below her.






Quickly getting up on all fours, Ava looked over at the overseer for a moment, though she wasn't even certain herself if it was for an advantage in the fight or just to stare at that naked body. Her eyes only traced along the rounded curves of the other woman's body in jealousy for a second, but it was enough to trigger a realisation in her mind. The spice was what enhanced her so much, gave her such a great advantage – and now that she thought back, there was still some more of the stuff back in the arena.

A highly detailed, hyper-realistic 3D rendered character of a woman with extremely exaggerated features, including very large breasts and thick thighs. She is depicted in a dynamic running pose on a stone ledge within a dilapidated, industrial-style arena. The lighting is bright, casting sharp shadows and highlighting the character's skin texture. The background shows stone walls and rusted metal structures.

Getting up on her feet, Ava immediately started running towards the sand. She was still getting used to her new body, and every single step she took echoed through the arena, every motion exaggerated by the bounce and sway of her spice-enhanced physique.

A woman with dark hair, seen from the back, is glistening with a golden oil. She is looking towards a body of water in the distance. The scene is set outdoors, likely on a beach or near a pool, with a sandy area in the foreground and a blue body of water in the background. The lighting is bright and warm, creating a shimmering effect on her skin.

There it was. She could see it off in the distance, the jug of spice-wine that lay on its side, spilling that precious elixir out onto the sand.

...or was it? The stuff looked so much like sticky red blood that she wasn't quite sure, at least at first. As she got closer, the way it gleamed in the light utterly consumed her attention, filling her mind with thoughts of further growth. Maybe she'd grow even taller than the woman in red up above – tall enough that she'd be the goddess condemning those below her to death for her amusement. The thought of being able to simply crush the overseer with a single step of her foot was incredibly captivating - so much so that she didn't quite realise what was happening behind her.



It was the sound of the overseer's massive body stamping down on the steps of the arena that shattered the spell the spice, her footsteps pounding like a war drum through the colosseum. "Fucking slave! Get your ass back here!" Ava could tell that the overseer was going to catch up to her, and fast – but it was already too late. Leaping forward into the air, she outstretched her body, hands grasping out...





And then she made it. Breathing heavily, her body coated with sweat after all that exertion, Ava had made it to the container of spice. Even over the stench of sweat and blood, she could pick up the aroma of the potent concoction below. She couldn't wait any longer.

Ava knew she only had a few seconds. A few sips could be enough to grow, and she was so close. She brought her tongue to the spilled wine, even as the Overseer's footsteps grew closer. But the second her tongue touched the spice, it was already too late.

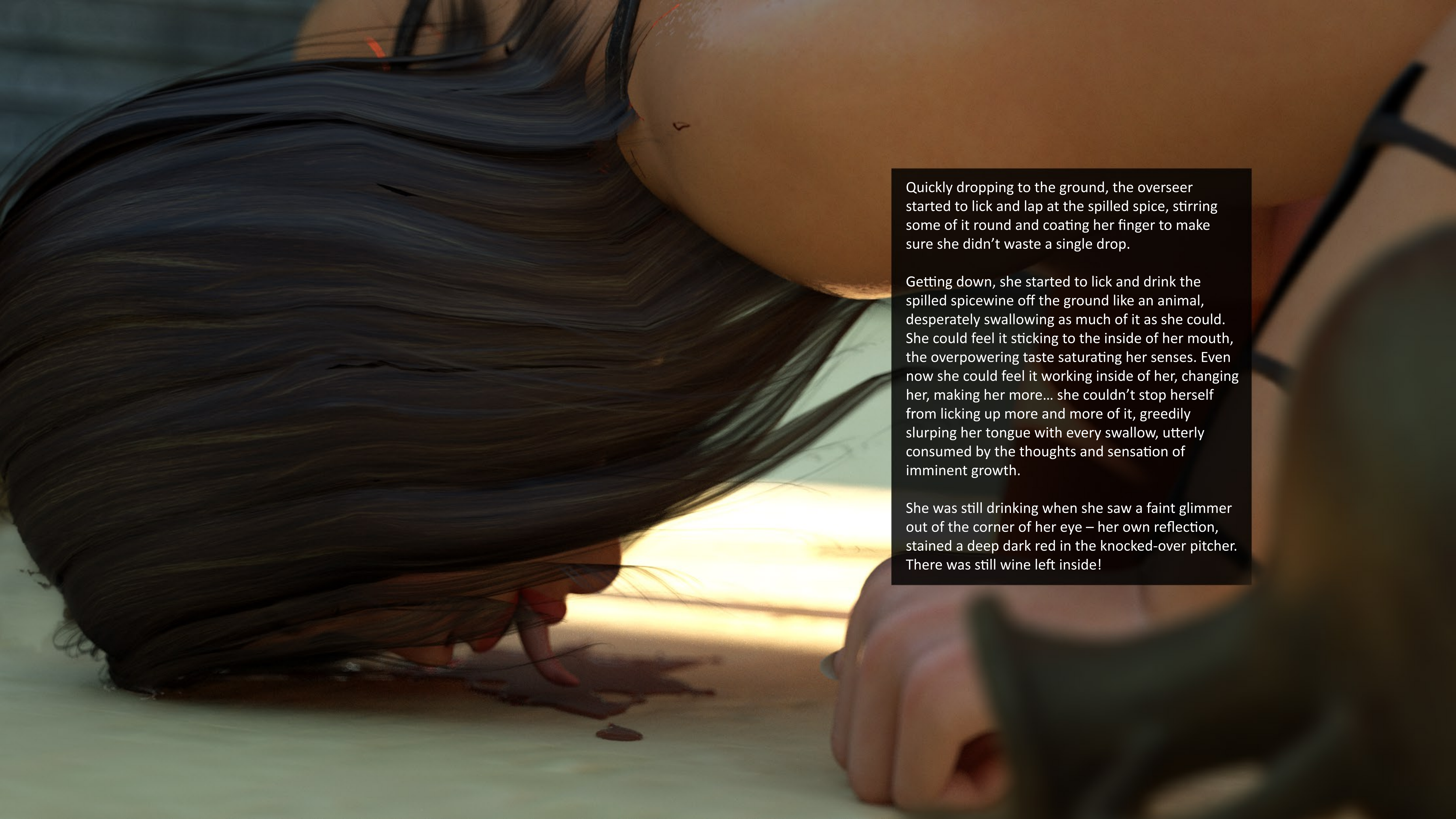


Before she could swallow a single drop, her reverie was broken by a sudden burst of pain, the air forced from her lungs as she was kicked in the chest and rolled over like a dead body by the furious overseer above. Her body tumbled across the sand, bouncing and skipping like a stone tossed across a lake by the sheer force of the giantess' kick.



“Nice try, but not good enough. Arrogant bitch, thinking that you’re good enough to drink the spice. I’m going to enjoy this.” The overseer’s anger had faded, replaced with a smug sense of inevitable victory. Ava had pulled out a lot of tricks, but this was the end for her. She wasn’t even angry anymore, her face starting to smile once more.






Quickly dropping to the ground, the overseer started to lick and lap at the spilled spice, stirring some of it round and coating her finger to make sure she didn't waste a single drop.

Getting down, she started to lick and drink the spilled spicewine off the ground like an animal, desperately swallowing as much of it as she could. She could feel it sticking to the inside of her mouth, the overpowering taste saturating her senses. Even now she could feel it working inside of her, changing her, making her more... she couldn't stop herself from licking up more and more of it, greedily slurping her tongue with every swallow, utterly consumed by the thoughts and sensation of imminent growth.

She was still drinking when she saw a faint glimmer out of the corner of her eye – her own reflection, stained a deep dark red in the knocked-over pitcher. There was still wine left inside!



But the pitcher would have to wait. She saw movement out of the corner of her eye, and turned just in time to see Agron charging towards her with a sword. She chastized herself for nearly letting the man backstab her. It was folly for him to charge her alone, but steel was steel nonetheless.



With the element of surprise no longer present, Agron's plan had no chance of succeeding. All it took was a flippant back-handed blow from the Overseer to send Agron flying dozens of feet through the air.




The Overseer was amazed how easy it had been to send Agron flying so far. She hadn't yet grown, but she could already feel a surge of power flowing through her.

Rising up into a squatting position, she reached out and picked up the discarded container. She already had a bit of height over the other girl, but more importantly, she could feel the growth taking place inside her, the way her already huge breasts grew and expanded, spilling out past the chains of her harness – and there was more, much more to come soon. Her bracer grew tight against her arm as she slowly brought the pitcher to her face...

Tilting her head back, the overseer opened her mouth wide and threw the bronze pitcher against her lips, greedily drinking as much of the stuff she could. It wasn't terribly long before she finished, draining the container of its ever so precious contents in a second.



A close-up, side-profile shot of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is holding a large, round, golden-bronze pitcher to her lips and drinking. Her head is tilted back, and her mouth is wide open. There is a small amount of red liquid, possibly blood, on her chin and neck. She is wearing a black, sleeveless top and a black, textured, cylindrical object wrapped around her right forearm. The background is a blurred, stone-walled structure, suggesting an outdoor or semi-outdoor setting. The lighting is warm and golden, highlighting the texture of her hair and the metallic sheen of the pitcher.

Tilting her head back, the overseer opened her mouth wide and threw the bronze pitcher against her lips, greedily drinking as much of the stuff she could. It wasn't terribly long before she finished, draining the container of its ever so precious contents in a second.



Licking her lips clean, the overseer threw her head back and tossed the empty pitcher onto the ground, the bronze vessel worthless without the presence of that delicious, life-changing spice.



Lifting her hand up before her face, the overseer stared at her own body as the spice began to take effect. Some of the stuff was still spilling down her cheek, but the sight and sensation of incipient growth was so utterly consuming that she hesitated to even wipe it from her face. To the people looking up from below, it may have looked like war paint, a commemoration of another life taken.

“Aaaaah, I can feel it. The way it surges through my body... this sensation alone is intoxicating.” The overseer’s breathy tone made it clear that she was deriving a lot of pleasure from the swelling waves of growth spreading throughout her form, the way her voice grew louder and more commanding as she slowly started walking forward.





Though she didn't get as much of a boost in height as she had the last time she drank the spice, she could still feel herself growing, letting out an involuntary gasp as her bust swelled larger and protruded out from her chest. Her breasts were noticeably larger than before, and the comparison between her and Ava had grown even more one-sided.

...but it meant little to the towering goddess observing her from above. The overseer may have gotten bigger, but compared to the scarlet-clad Julia above she may as well have been just another worthless peon. Even still, the sight of just how much her plaything was enjoying a taste of the spice was enough to bring a smile to the goddess' face. She'd made the right decision when she had the spice tossed down into the arena.





It wasn't long before the leather harness began to grow unbearably tight on the overseer's body, the metal and leather pressing and chafing against her skin growing more and more intolerable by the second. As she reached down and grabbed onto her restraints, the overseer's face lit up – she was strong, much stronger than she'd been before. The spice had already given her size, improved her figure... and now it was simply giving her raw power.

Seizing the straps with her hand, she began to pull them apart from her body... only to let out a laugh as she realised she couldn't even see what she was doing past her own breasts as the tortured sound of twisted metal and tearing leather rose up to her ears.






The sense of freedom that accompanied the weakening of those bonds was incredible... but she needed more. Her harness was straining and stretching, but it still pressed tight against the intimate parts of her body, propping up her heavy bust as the flesh of her breasts spilled out over the strips pressed up against them from below.



Screwing up her features, the overseer breathed in and focused before gripping on tight. Her breasts pushed up even further, she concentrated for a moment as she prepared herself for one last exertion.

The overseer let out an angry yell as she finished tearing herself free from her harness, albeit one tinged with sexual pleasure. The spice was overtaking her senses, and even the simple act of growing free of her outfit was enough to send a shock of pleasure through her towering, expanding body.



A woman with dark hair and a black headband is crouching on a sandy beach. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Her skin is glistening, suggesting she is wet or has applied oil. The background shows the ocean waves and a shadow cast on the sand.

Meanwhile, down below, Ava looked on in a mixture of horror and awe. She knew that the overseer had a slight physical advantage on her before, but now she could see every inch of that towering form as the towering amazon showed off just how much stronger she'd gotten than before. She'd managed to get by before now, but the hope drained from her eyes as she realised just how far apart the two growing woman had become with this latest growth spurt.



A confident smirk on her face, the overseer started to approach – and the smaller of the two giantesses could feel the change in size and strength with every booming footfall. Every inch of that towering physique practically radiated power and strength, and Ava didn't even have to think to understand that the fight between them had changed completely. She didn't stand a chance against the larger woman, and she could feel a primal fear deep down inside.



Ava could only meet the overseer's gaze for so long before turning away, the sheer confidence in that gaze so intimidating it was almost tangible. Nervously turning away, she looked about for anything that could help give her the advantage – and quickly found it. If she managed to get close enough to bait the overseer into attacking...



Then she'd be able to leap past, reaching out for the spear she saw in the ground. As she dived forward onto the ground, she could feel the overseer's fingers brush past her head, almost catching her. As Ava's fingers closed together around the spear she could feel it straining in her grip, the normal-sized weapon feeling rather flimsy and inadequate compared to the raw power coursing through the overseer's body.

As the overseer returned to her full height, Ava quickly made it away and started getting up herself, at a healthy distance from the muscular giantess – or at least as healthy as a distance inside the arena could be. While the other, larger woman may have been a bit less dexterous than Ava, the length of her legs meant that it was only a matter of time before she caught up to her prey.





The sheer size of both Ava and the Overseer meant that the spear in the smaller woman's hand wasn't even long enough to give her much of an advantage in a melee – but Roman spears were designed for throwing, which meant she didn't even need to get within the range of those huge limbs. Raising her arm as she prepared to throw, Ava turned her gaze upwards, lingering on that massive bust before looking the larger woman in the eyes, a fierce expression in her gaze. As the Overseer smirked, Ava reared her arm back and...

Suddenly turned down, shifting her target lower down the Overseer's body. Even at this close range, the towering amazon could have dodged a spear thrown at her face – but by making her think that the attack was aimed a bit higher, Ava managed to catch her target off guard. At the same time, those massive hips made it harder for the overseer to actually dodge the spear as it hurled towards her body.



A spray of deep red blood erupted from the wound in the towering woman's leg, the wet sound accompanied by a painfully loud moan of pained rage from the giantess. She'd been hit – and the fact that she'd been wounded by someone so tiny and pathetic made it sting all the more. Even still, it was just a single wound. There was far more fight in her than that...



Gritting her teeth together, the overseer reached down to the spear embedded in her leg and wrapped her fingers around it, wincing as the movement of her body put a bit more stress on her wound. She could feel the pain intensify as her iron grip wrapped around the spear's shaft, but she was too filled with rage to care.





A bit more warm blood fell down onto the sand below as the overseer concentrated and wrenched the spear free from her body. She could still feel the pain, but at least now she wasn't going to cause any more damage if she moved her legs about... but it was impossible to ignore the fact that her blood had been spilled. She wasn't going to be able to move around as quickly, negating some of the advantage her growth had given her.

But not all of it. Standing back up to her full height, the overseer raised the blood-stained spear up above her head and stared down at the slave below. She'd been hurt – her precious blood spilt on the sands of the colosseum she was meant to oversee... an insult that she simply could not abide. Full of indignation, she let out an almost animalistic growl as she prepared to have her revenge.





As she swung her arm down and let the spear fly free, the difference in strength between her and Ava was made even more obvious. Her throw was far faster than the smaller woman's own... but not just in terms of velocity. Filled with anger and rage, she hadn't taken the time to aim – she wanted blood, and she wanted it now. Her spear had been thrown straight at Ava's face, the Overseer looking to let her size and strength make up for the smaller woman's tactics.

But Ava was smart enough to come up with a strategy that took advantage of the Overseer's anger and pride – which meant that she was smart enough to know exactly where the muscular giantess would aim her throw. Even though she dodged the moment the larger woman's body sprang into motion, she could feel the spear cut dangerously close to her head as she leaped forward and down onto the ground.





Though Ava managed to avoid getting hurt, she wasn't the only survivor left in the arena. One of the male slaves from before had been using the newly-grown slave's body to try and hide from the overseer's wrath, which meant that when she dodged the spear, it kept on travelling straight towards him. He turned and started to run, but...

He was far too late. Propelled by inhuman strength, the spear didn't just dig into his skin and give him a wound – it pierced straight through his chest with enough momentum to spare that it sent him flying forward through the air, picked clear up off the ground by the force of the huge woman's throw.





The slave hit the side of the arena with a sickening wet crunch, the bones in his body breaking as he slammed into the hard cement. The gory sound of his death, too quick for him to even scream, immediately drew Ava's attention as she was getting up. Thoughts of what would happen to her own head if she hadn't managed to dodge out of the way sent a shiver down her spine – but for now, at least, she still had a chance.




Or so she thought, until she heard and felt the booming impacts of the Overseer breaking into a run. She was still down on all fours when the towering woman approached, roaring with anger and pain as she simply powered through the injury to her leg. Every one of those booming steps brought her closer and closer to Ava, until she reared her leg back and got ready to kick.



That single blow struck Ava in the stomach with enough force to knock her up into the air, a wave of pain and nausea spreading through her as her stomach was brutally struck. Launched bodily up off the ground, her cry of pain was cut short by a surprised gasp as she felt her butt strike something behind her.

It was only when she landed that Ava realised what had happened. She'd been kicked into one of the slaves, his body serving to break her fall... at the cost of his life, those massive cheeks coming down on him with so much force that his body practically exploded in a spray of sticky red gore, the giantess' weight combining with the force of the larger one's kick to kill him in less than a second.





His body cushioned the impact for Ava, but that was little comfort to her. Lying on her back, she found herself staring up at the sky – before her view was replaced with the underside of the overseer’s bust. It was only after the towering woman leaned forward slightly that she could see the smirk on that massive face, a look of utter self-assurance that sent a shiver down her spine. She could feel the larger amazon’s killing intent deep in her mind and body... and she didn’t have a plan to escape this time.

Doing her best to scramble backwards, Ava dragged her body back across the sand – but it wasn't enough. The overseer simply kept on walking forward with an implacable gait, not even caring or noticing as her bare sole came down on the dead slave below and crushed his remains into the sand. She was so strong and heavy that her step didn't even slow down, damaging the corpse below to such a degree that not even her footprint could be made out in the gore.






Ava's scuttling backwards proved to be a mistake, allowing the overseer to simply lean forward and reach out with one big hand, grabbing the smaller woman's leg by the ankle. She raised up one hand in a plaintive gesture, but the overseer didn't pause, not even for a second.



The overseer didn't bother with any fancy grapple or grab – she simply dropped her body to the ground with a booming impact, her huge form landing atop Ava's and pinning her in place. From this close, the difference in size and strength was so great that it wasn't even a fight. Moving slowly and deliberately, the overseer reached out with her hands and pinned Ava's arms to the ground, staring down into her face with a delighted expression and flushed cheeks. She was wet with arousal at this point, sticky fluids falling down onto the body below hers, the sheer thrill and pleasure of having another giantess so utterly within her power almost as intoxicating as the wine.

Using one hand to make sure Ava didn't fight back or escape, the overseer looked down into her eyes and lifted one huge hand up into the air above her head. Panicking and squirming, her struggles failing to move the giantess pinning her to the ground even by an inch, Ava could see that big, heavy fist hanging ominously in the air above her head...and she knew that if it struck her, she'd be dead in a second. "You put up a good fight for a slave...but that's all you are, in the end. Look me in the eyes – I want to watch the light in yours go out."



A 3D rendered scene depicting a woman with large breasts and a sword in her back, standing over a fallen woman. The woman with the sword in her back has a pained expression and her arms are outstretched. The sword is embedded in her side, with blood visible. The fallen woman is lying on the ground, also with a sword in her back. The background shows a stone structure, possibly a wall or a building. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights.

The overseer was still smirking when she felt a sudden shock of pain through her body, another weapon striking her in the side and penetrating her torso. Crying out with pain, she could feel the shaft pierce her flesh – though with not nearly as much force as the one thrown by Ava. Though she could still feel the pain, this wasn't nearly as debilitating as the wound to her legs...

And it wasn't long before she recovered. Scowling with anger, she turned to the side, looking over at the direction the spear had come from as she reached down with her hand. Even the pain of being stuck in the side with a spear began to fade in the face of her rage and anger. She'd been frustrated once again, denied the joy and ecstasy of crushing someone's head with her bare hands... and she wanted revenge.





Pulling the spear free, she clenched her hand into a fist and simply broke it in two with her bare hands. Her eyes quickly found the source of the thrown weapon, one of the slaves from earlier. "I don't know your name, nor do I need to. For a man to wound me like this... I'm going to snap you in half, and it isn't going to take any more effort than breaking this spear. This pain won't sting nearly as hard when I've torn you apart." Her tone was icy cold, and as her words echoed across the sand Agron could feel himself shiver involuntarily.

So caught up in her murderous rage, the overseer had gotten distracted enough that she stopped paying attention to the woman below her – which gave Ava one last chance, letting the smaller woman pull back and kick the overseer away, taking advantage of the wounds in her side to cause enough pain and injury that she could force that huge body off of her.



“Going to all this trouble just to earn yourself a few more seconds of life... even your luck is going to run out soon, slave. Wouldn't you find it easier to simply give up and accept your death?” The overseer's frustration was audible in her voice, her anger at being denied yet again mounting and building. Even still, Ava's escape had only granted her a temporary reprieve – the Overseer was standing up already, and catching up to her almost immediately. Though Ava had a small head start it wasn't going to keep her safe for long. Desperately starting to run forward, she soon saw another spear... and started racing towards it.






Though Ava managed to grab the spear and turn around to face her attacker, the distance between them had narrowed even further. Agron, who had thrown the spear earlier, had managed to get a bit closer – and though his pitiful stature meant that he'd be of little help in a fight, Ava began to think about how she could take advantage of his presence to fight back against the towering woman steadily drawing closer. "The two of you standing against me together... Thank you for making this even easier for me."

Ava had been trying and struggling to come up with a plan – but it was all for naught in the face of the overseer’s sheer physical superiority. A single mighty foot slammed against her stomach and sent her flying bodily through the air, easily lifting her off the ground as she was sent hurtling backwards. Agron wasn’t even able to turn his head fast enough to watch the oversized slave fly backwards, staring up in stunned awe at the towering incarnation of rage and fury before him.



Ava slammed against the metal portcullis behind her with a dull thud before bouncing off and falling forward slightly, knocked off balance by a single kick. Breathing heavily and wincing in pain, the sight of how thoroughly she'd been defeated made Agron's blood run cold. Even working together, what could they do against such unstoppable power?






Ava's naked, heaving body couldn't hold Agron's attention for long – the sound of the overseer's feet as she walked forward reverberated through his body like the beat of a war-drum. Eager to avoid being crushed into gore beneath the amazon's step, he began to walk backwards, ineffectually raising his sword in a meagre effort to protect himself.

Though he couldn't understand what she'd just said, Agron heard Ava speak out to him. Turning around, he started to run forward, looking her in the eyes. She might have been a giantess, but they both shared a common enemy – and though she could have crushed him just as effortlessly as the overseer, he quickly made his way over to her.





High up above, Julia looked down with a mildly annoyed expression. The fight was just starting to get interesting, and yet it had drawn so close to her podium that she struggled to even look past her own generous bust to see the action below. Even worse, all that noise and blood was sure to rouse the attention of one of her other pets, the one locked and trapped behind the metallic gate below. Turning to the side, she let out a sigh and gave one of her worshippers an order before turning her gaze back down. "Give the Beast a bit of food. I want to try something..."



Dread and fear spread throughout Ava's body as the overseer drew closer. With the metallic gate behind her, she wouldn't be able to run even if she got back up onto her feet in time – and the only weapon at hand was Agron and his pitiful sword. When she looked up she realised she was staring at the overseer's sopping wet sex, her perspective so much lower that her eyes were barely level with the amazon's knees.

Even still, she didn't want to give up. She'd managed to survive every encounter so far, and even managed to wound the larger woman – Agron's sword might have been tiny and ineffectual, but there had to be some way she could use it... Her mind racing, the twelve foot slave turned her gaze up with a determined look in her eyes.



"I don't know what you're planning, but we don't have long...at least I'll get a nice view as I die." Ava couldn't quite understand what Agron had said, but the way his eyes had passed over her bust and naked body before looking up at her face was enough to make her giggle despite their impending doom.



On the other side of the metal gate keeping the two trapped, something stirred. The smell of blood, the sights and sounds of life drawing close had roused something in the darkness behind them...something big.



Though she couldn't see exactly what was lurking in the darkness beyond, the sound coming from within sent a chill down the overseer's spine. So flushed with power, she'd almost forgotten that there was a world outside the arena – a world filled with women even bigger than her. She'd never seen the pet Julia kept below her podium, only ever hearing stories and seeing the shocking amount of food sent down below. Though she could only make out the vaguest impressions of motion in the darkness beyond the gate, the subtle shaking in the ground triggered a primal fear deep inside her, shattering her confidence in a second.





Even before they'd realised just what had shaken the overseer so badly, Ava and Agron turned back, starting to look behind them. The way the ground rumbled, and the sudden sound of heavy breathing coming from behind elicited the same reaction that ominous presence had in the overseer. There was something behind them, and that substantial metal gate suddenly seemed far too flimsy and weak.



Quickly rising up to her feet, Ava looked up into the darkness – and saw the first traces of what lay within. Long hair dangled down through the darkness, the shadows still obscuring that huge form. She couldn't tell whether there was one monster on the other side or several...but as more and more details came through she felt her knees begin to shake with fear. Whatever it was...it made the overseer, so domineering and powerful before, seem like a bug in comparison.



All of a sudden, the vague shapes and suggestions of size were brought into clarity as the beast within let out a guttural roar, the sound echoing throughout the arena and reaching deep within everybody inside, the primal fear her mere presence had induced growing deeper and more all-consuming. That mouth could have swallowed somebody whole, and those gleaming white teeth could have crushed any of their skulls into dust with a single bite.



Ava had been steadily stepping backwards, her fear of the overseer behind her vanishing completely in the face of this new danger. She could hear a loud sniffing noise before the beast drew slightly closer...close enough that the sunlight filtering down reached enough of that huge body to let Ava see that the giantess in the shadows before her was blindfolded and bound with gleaming metal chains. It was almost enough to make her feel slightly relieved...

Before that huge face suddenly moved forward, drawing close enough to Ava that she could feel the warmth of the giantess' breath against her skin. From this close she could make out just how beautiful the massive woman's features were, the sheer magnitude of them leaving the far, far smaller girl unable to look away.





“Sit!” A latin voice echoed down from above, the red-clad goddess standing on the podium above speaking down an order with a certain and commanding tone. At the sound of that voice, the giant monster trapped below started to lift her body up, shifting forward and rising up onto her knees as she obeyed her mistress.



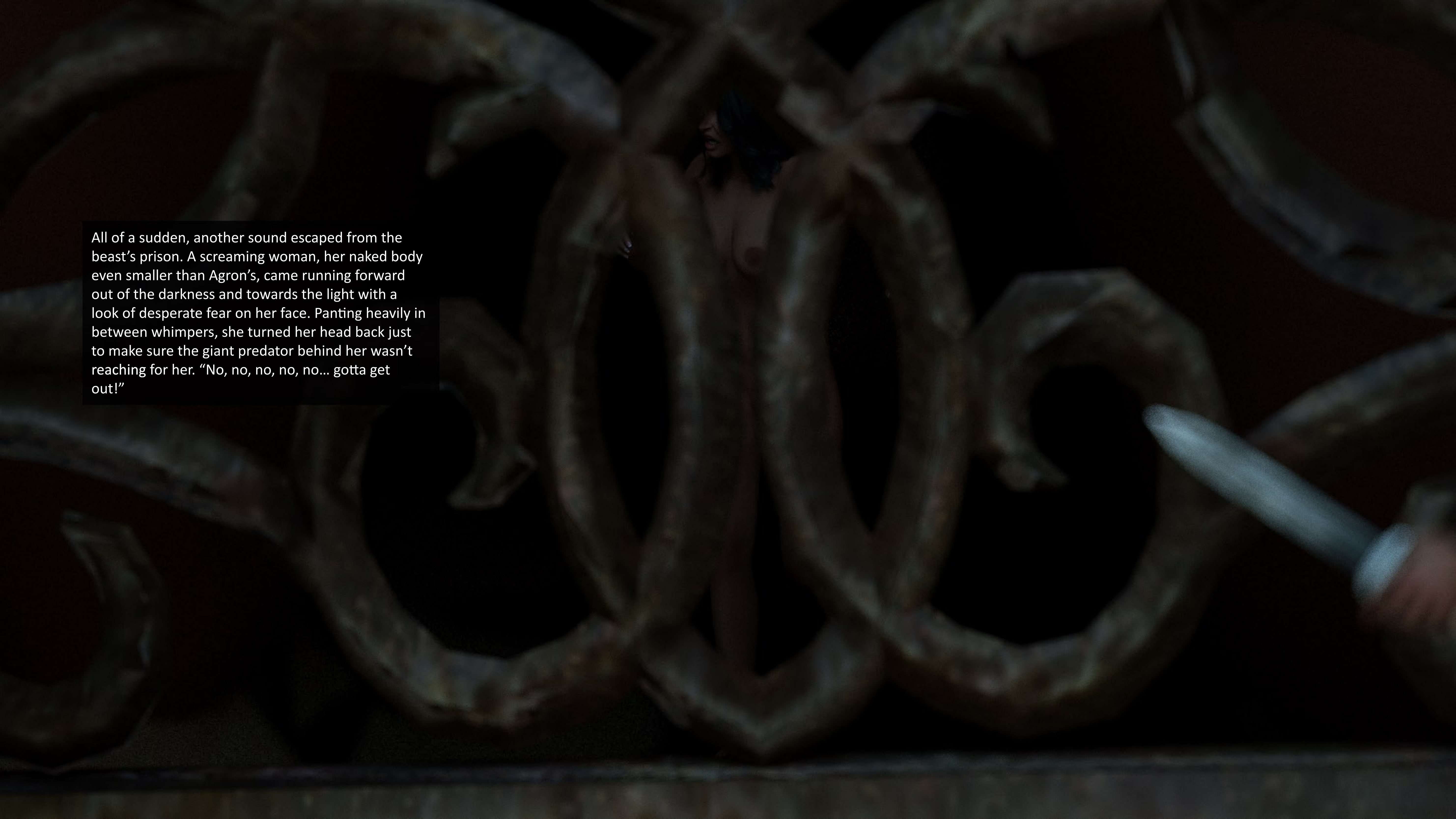
More and more of that massive body came into view before Ava and Agron, that towering form rising up and up and up as the giantess slowly rose from the ground into a kneeling position. More of those heavy, binding chains drew into view, the bindings contrasting with the beast's pale skin as much as they did with her animalistic nature.



Leaning forward, Julia looked down as far as she could – and smiled slyly when she heard and felt her pet down below obey her command. She'd spent a long time training the giantess, a former beauty now governed wholly by her basest of instincts... which made the confirmation that fear of her was enough to elicit such obedience seem all the sweeter. "I wasn't planning on letting her out today. I've been feeding her so well, and she's still this hungry... never let it be said that I do not spoil my favourite pets."



As Ava looked up at the huge body in front of her, she didn't need to see the gigantic eyes up above to know that their owner was hungry. An ominous rumbling echoed out from that huge stomach, and though the towering beast was still kneeling the much smaller woman below could tell that she was only just barely restraining herself.

A woman with long dark hair, appearing to be nude, is positioned in the center of a large, circular opening in a dark, textured wall. She has a look of fear and is looking back over her shoulder. To the right, a hand is visible holding a sword, with the blade pointing towards the woman. The scene is dimly lit, with the woman's body being the primary light source.

All of a sudden, another sound escaped from the beast's prison. A screaming woman, her naked body even smaller than Agron's, came running forward out of the darkness and towards the light with a look of desperate fear on her face. Panting heavily in between whimpers, she turned her head back just to make sure the giant predator behind her wasn't reaching for her. "No, no, no, no, no... gotta get out!"



The dark-haired woman was visibly distressed, and she quickly started climbing the gate in front of her, looking for some way through the portcullis, too scared and desperate to get away that she couldn't see any way out other than what lay directly in front of her.

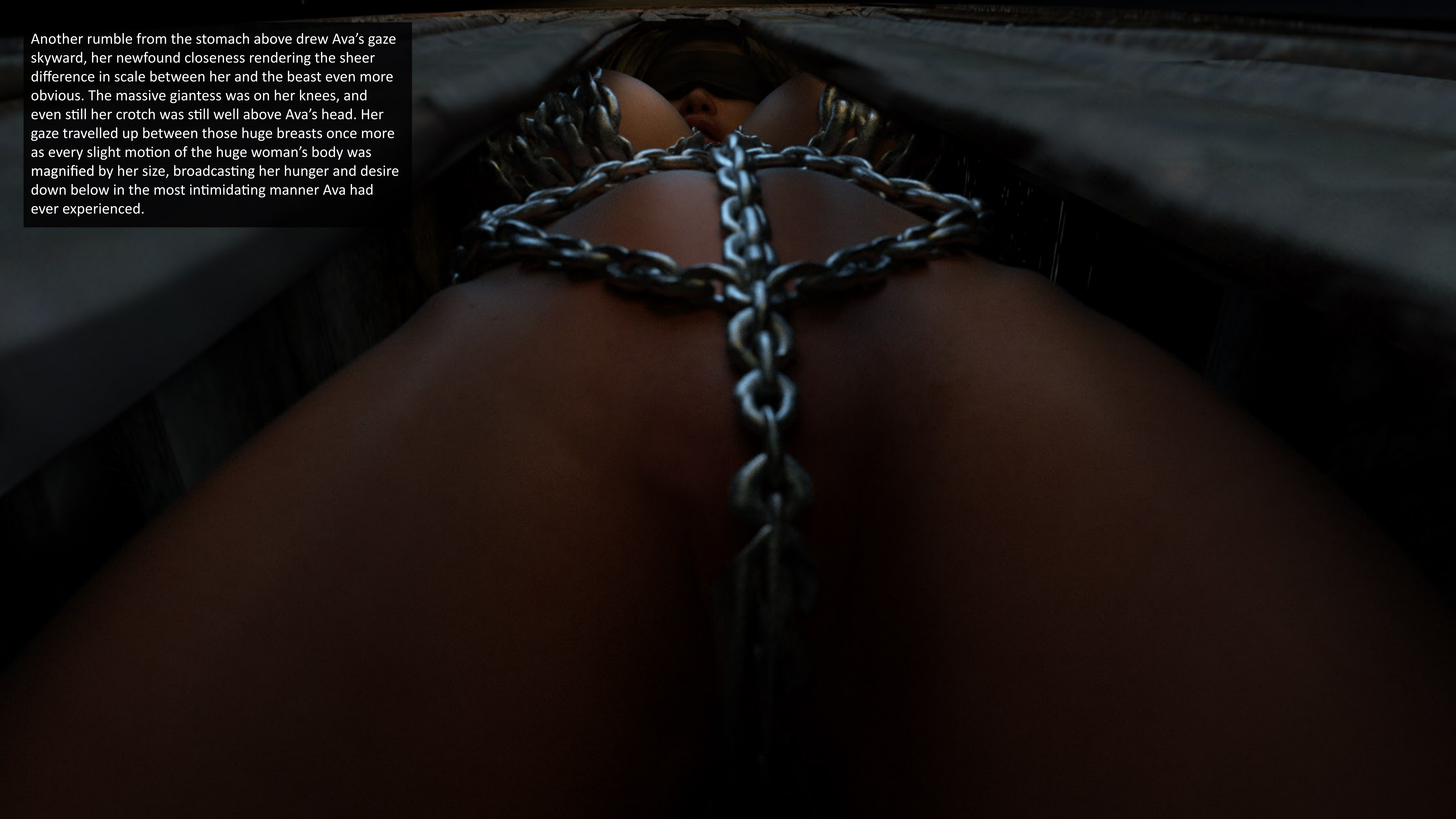
“Help! I’m stuck! Don’t let her eat me, please!” Ava’s attention was suddenly drawn down to the desperate woman climbing up the ornate metal gate that separated them from the beast beyond. Despite her inability to understand what the woman was actually saying, it was obvious what she wanted – out, and away from a monster that could have swallowed her whole.





Crouching down, Ava reached forward and grabbed the woman's arm, her larger fingers wrapping effortlessly around the trapped slave's more slender physique. Gripping on tight, she started to try and pull her free, lifting her up so that her naked body could clear the arches of the gate's elegant, curving metalwork.

Another rumble from the stomach above drew Ava's gaze skyward, her newfound closeness rendering the sheer difference in scale between her and the beast even more obvious. The massive giantess was on her knees, and even still her crotch was still well above Ava's head. Her gaze travelled up between those huge breasts once more as every slight motion of the huge woman's body was magnified by her size, broadcasting her hunger and desire down below in the most intimidating manner Ava had ever experienced.





Starting to panic, Ava began to pull even more strongly on the woman's hand only for her to cry out with pain - the trapped slave wouldn't budge. Panicking for a moment, Ava thought the beast had somehow reached down through the darkness, but there was too much give. If the beast was actually holding onto her prey, they wouldn't be able to move her in the slightest. Turning her gaze down, she quickly realised that...

The woman's foot was stuck on one of the arches. She'd been so panicked and desperate to escape that her foot had slipped forward off the metal, her limbs caught against a gate that was built sturdily enough that it could keep an enraged monster trapped inside.





The sounds of their struggles quickly reached the giantess looming above them, the massive woman turning her gaze downward slightly as the presence of a stuck and helpless snack stirred and teased at her all-consuming hunger. She wanted to eat, saliva dripping down from her lips with a wet splash – but her fear of Julia and the punishment disobedience would bring was the only emotion capable of holding that instinctual hunger in check.



While Ava maintained her grip on the woman's arm, Agron quickly realised what was holding her back – and reached out with his hand, grabbing onto the stuck foot and slowly freeing it from the metal, guiding her leg back into the darkness just enough to let Ava continue pulling her free.

Up above, the beast was biting down on her lower lip. She was hungry, and the knowledge that her food was escaping down below was filling her body with frustration and need. All she needed to sate her hunger was easily within reach, and the battle between her fear and hunger was playing out visibly on her face.

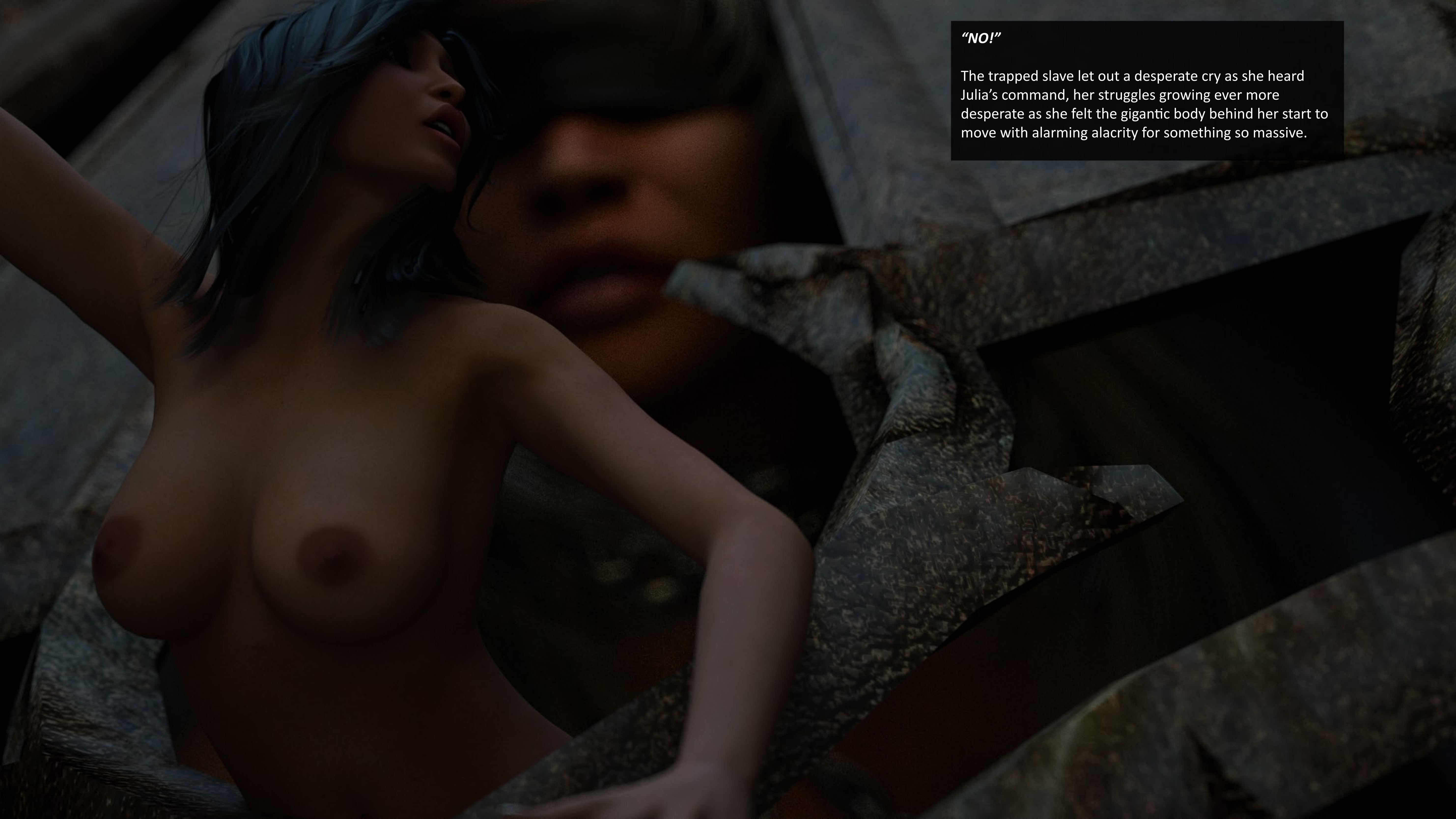




Though Agron had managed to push the panicked slave's foot back off the gate's metal arches, she wasn't free yet. The sudden freedom caused her to suddenly lurch forward, losing her balance as Ava gripped on tight and started to pull her the rest of the way out... only for her struggles and panic to intensify as a single word rang out from above.



“Feed.”



“NO!”

The trapped slave let out a desperate cry as she heard Julia’s command, her struggles growing ever more desperate as she felt the gigantic body behind her start to move with alarming alacrity for something so massive.



“Got you!” With Agron holding one arm and Ava the other, the crying and shaking prisoner’s chest cleared the gate, her eyes opening wide as she was brought into what was blinding light for someone who had spent the last few hours in total darkness. For the first time in what seemed like an eternity, she began to feel hope once more.

Even though the beast was moving behind her, the raven-haired slave found herself finally pulling clear of the beast’s enclosure. She could feel the monster’s breath washing over her body from behind – but she was almost free.

Until the beast suddenly lunged forward, her mouth open wide before it clamped down around her ankle, huge teeth gripping onto her with inescapable force. The giantess was surprisingly gentle – her jaws could have ripped the woman's feet right off with the slightest of efforts, but she retained an animalistic cunning. After all, if she simply bit down now, all she'd get to eat is a foot. But if she held on...






The beast pushed forward, her soft lips pressing against the woman's legs in contrast to her hard teeth. Wet saliva ran between the prospective snack's toes, and she could feel an impossible strength begin to slowly pull her back. Ava and Agron's hold on her arms were broken in a second, their most desperate efforts utterly worthless compared to the strength in even the smallest part of the beast's massive body.

Screaming out with anguish, the trapped morsel did her best to hold onto the metal she'd just been trying to escape – but her efforts fared no better than Ava and Agron's. A look of anguish came over her face as she began to sob and whimper in fear at the sensation of those massive lips swallowing up more and more of her leg.



A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up, positioned in a dark, textured environment that resembles the interior of a large animal's mouth or a cave. Her arms are outstretched to the sides, and her mouth is open in a scream or cry. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and the texture of the surrounding environment. A large, dark, textured shape is visible above her, suggesting a large animal's head or a cave opening.

Crying out one last time, she reached out with desperation as she was sucked clean of the metallic gate, those huge lips pressing against her butt as she was pulled closer and closer to that slavering maw. One foot swung wild, pressing against the rough fabric of the beast's blindfold – and letting the huge monster get a tiny glimpse of her meal.



The sight of what was happening to the poor woman was so horrifying that Ava couldn't simply sit back and do nothing. Reaching out, she tried to grip onto the panicked morsel's hand once again, doing her best to at least try and save her.



All that happened as a result of her effort to save the screaming snack was that her own body was pulled partway through the gate, the metal scraping against her skin as the beast effortlessly drew her inward. Ava tried to brace herself against the edge of the arena, but...

There was simply nothing she could do. The hungry beast was simply too big – she could have come up with a strategy to take on the overseer, but her intelligence meant nothing in the face of such overwhelming size and power. The beast's intelligence was gone, leaving behind nothing but animal instinct... but she didn't need anything more, her magnitude alone rendering everything else meaningless.





“Tch... I know what’s going on, but if I can’t see it, what’s the point?” Her hands on her hips, Julia looked down with a frustrated expression before adopting that more commanding tone once more, speaking down a one-word order. “Release!”

By this point the beast's lips were pressing against her food's crotch, saliva running down her form as she was drawn closer and closer to the giantess' stomach. She could feel that massive tongue wrapping around her leg, sucking and tasting at her flesh like she was nothing more than a piece of meat.





But then that order rang out, and the beast opened her mouth, shivering slightly in frustration as she was forced to deny her hunger once more. The beast was angry, and her massive body shifted forward and closer to the gate as she began to reach out for her food once again.



Barely able to believe that she'd managed to escape, the panicked slave began desperately crawling her way out of the tunnel, back towards the gate. She didn't know why she'd been let go, or how long she had before the beast came for her again – until another ominous order came down from Julia's podium above.

“Open.”



A pair of huge breasts swung over the crawling woman below's head as the beast suddenly sprung into action, reaching out with her hands and grabbing onto the metallic bars trapping her inside. Huge fingers wrapped around the metal and squeezed tight, a horrific noise filling the air as the metal that had seemed so solid to Ava and Agron began to twist and bend.

It wasn't long before the beast was able to put her face through, her hunger driving her to bring her mouth closer and closer to the people down below – people her feral, primitive mind saw as nothing more than prey.





The beast had barely exerted herself as she pushed the metal gates aside, pushing and twisting as she opened the gate in the only way she knew how. There was a complex system of levers and gears that would have allowed the gate to open, but she was simply too big to need it, her raw strength more than enough.



“I know those gates are extraordinarily expensive to build...but the fear on your faces means more to me than any gold, let alone iron.

‘I’m having so much fun, and my little pet is just getting started...’

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up. She wears a laurel wreath on her head. She is holding two large, red, textured spheres in front of her chest. The background is plain white.

END OF PART IV



GODDESSES OF THE ARENA

PART IV

ART BY REDFIREDOG

STORY BY DCDC420



REFD COMICS

ONE SUBSCRIPTION.
HUNDREDS OF GIANTESSE COMICS.



PATREON.COM/REDFIREDOG