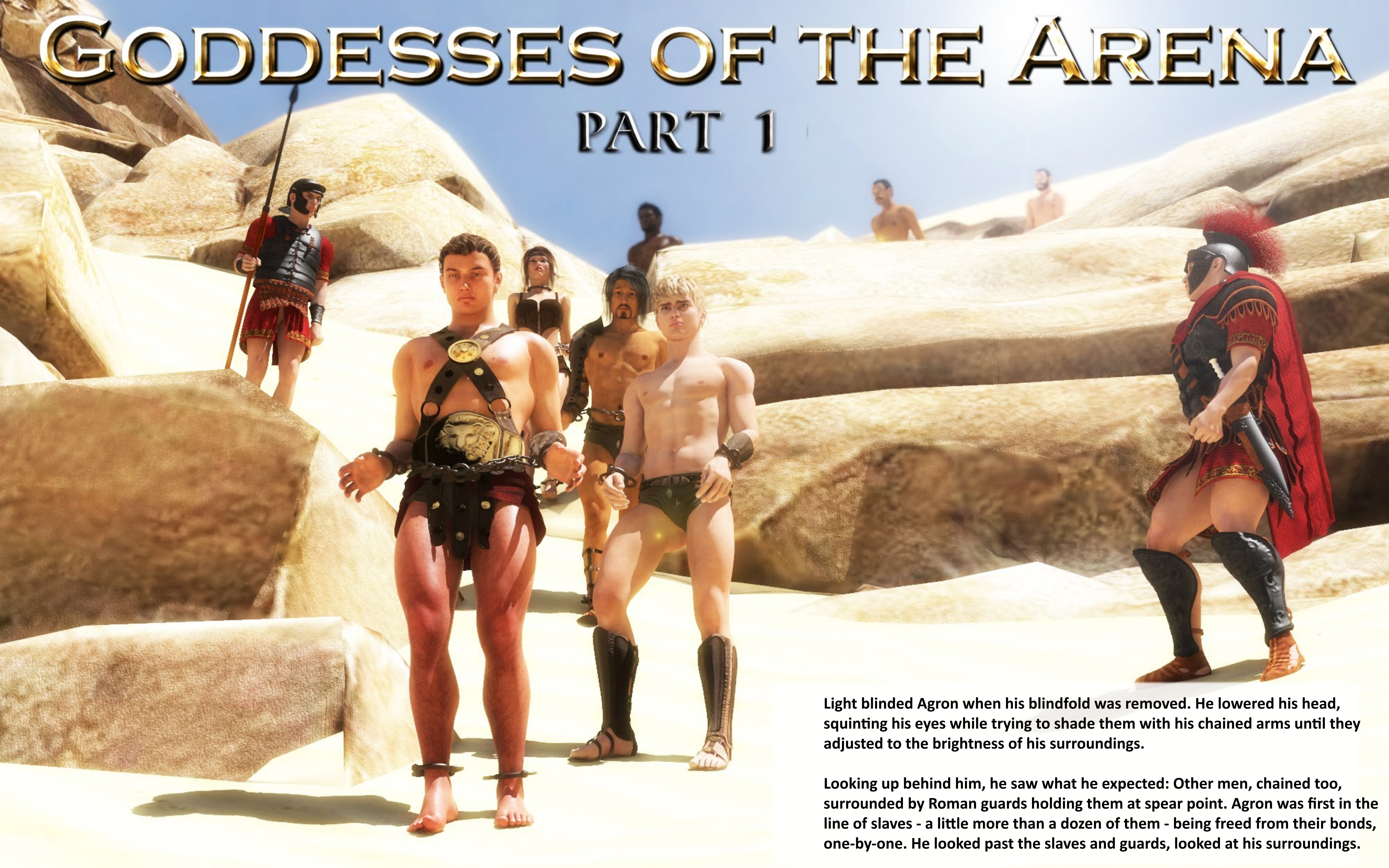


GODDESSES OF THE ARENA

PART 1



Light blinded Agron when his blindfold was removed. He lowered his head, squinting his eyes while trying to shade them with his chained arms until they adjusted to the brightness of his surroundings.

Looking up behind him, he saw what he expected: Other men, chained too, surrounded by Roman guards holding them at spear point. Agron was first in the line of slaves - a little more than a dozen of them - being freed from their bonds, one-by-one. He looked past the slaves and guards, looked at his surroundings.



He found himself on a downward slope of a natural passage. Rocky walls on both sides surrounded the sandy ground, scorched by the heat of the midday sun. Small, worn out canopies placed above the passage offered little protection from the heat of the sun on his bare skin. Tracing the walls of rock along the passage, he spotted the massive bronze gate. It undoubtedly led to what he was brought here for.

He had learned his fate from whispers, small talks between the guards, words he picked up here and there as he was transported on wagons to his destination. Gladiators, the Romans called them. Men that would fight other men, or even exotic animals, on an arena as a mere spectacle to the citizens of Rome. A simple but grand form of entertainment.

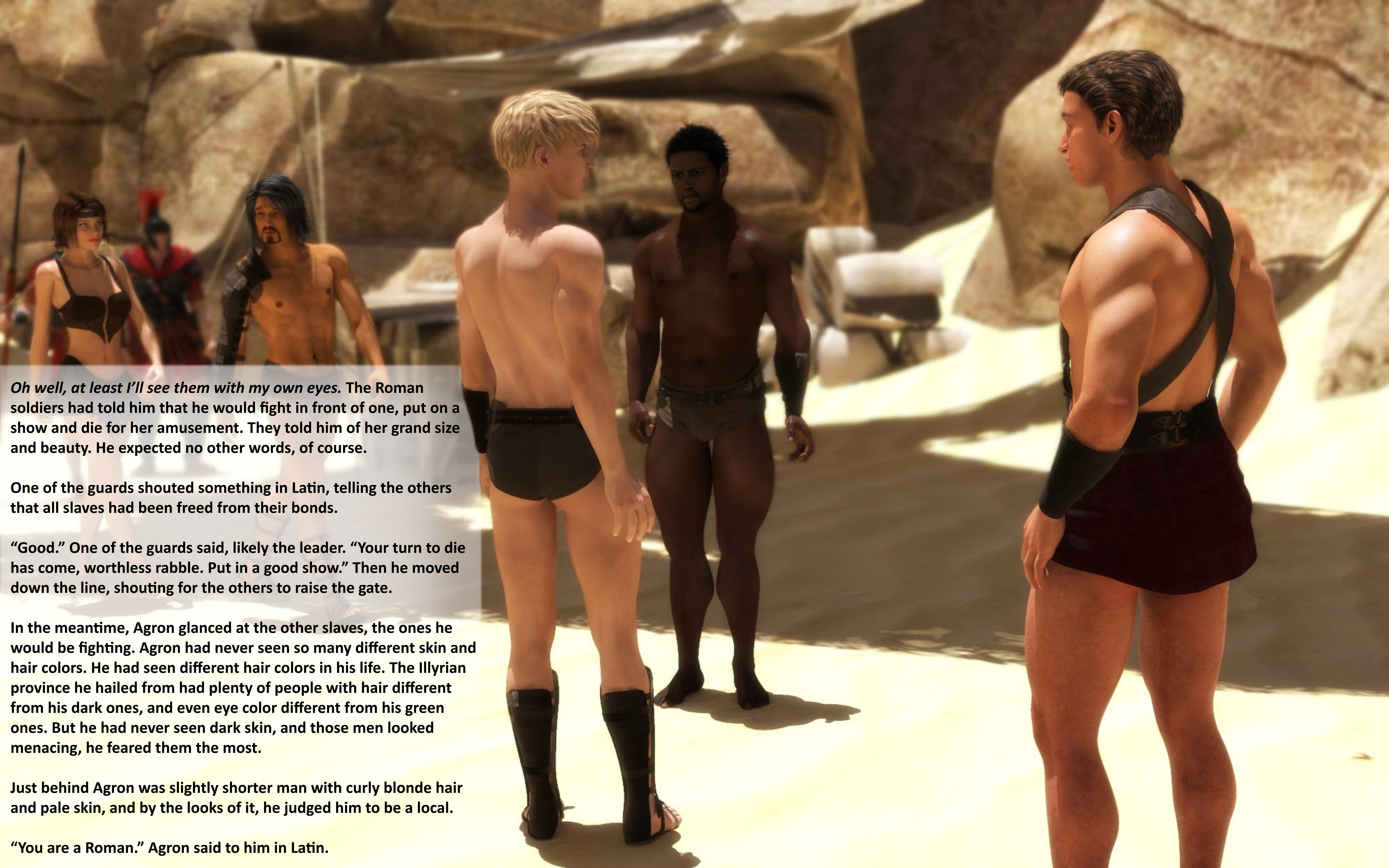


A Roman guard approached him and crudely removed Agron's shackles which held his arms and legs bound close together. He felt relieved. He hated the feeling of metal against his skin for so long. Though he was surprised that it was the first thought that came to mind rather than the small freedom that was allowed him. Perhaps it was because he knew he would die today.

He closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath, enjoying the calm before the storm. All he ever wanted was to live the quiet life that he'd been born into. A simple fisherman, roaming the seas of the Adriatic, living in the wind and the freedom of the waves. But then the Romans came to his fishing village in the Dalmatian coast, and with the pretext of piracy, enslaved him and all the other able-bodied men in it, leaving Agron's wife alone with all the others to fend for themselves.

You will serve the wills of the goddesses, his captors had told him.

Of course, he'd heard about them. Having been under Roman rule for centuries, his people knew Latin well enough and had often spoken to passing traders that had told the tales of the Roman goddesses. Agron did not understand how mere women could rule the Empire of Rome, how they could trick its population into thinking they were divine, exaggerating their powers and abilities. Were there no men worthy of the imperial throne that could challenge these women?



Oh well, at least I'll see them with my own eyes. The Roman soldiers had told him that he would fight in front of one, put on a show and die for her amusement. They told him of her grand size and beauty. He expected no other words, of course.

One of the guards shouted something in Latin, telling the others that all slaves had been freed from their bonds.

“Good.” One of the guards said, likely the leader. “Your turn to die has come, worthless rabble. Put in a good show.” Then he moved down the line, shouting for the others to raise the gate.

In the meantime, Agron glanced at the other slaves, the ones he would be fighting. Agron had never seen so many different skin and hair colors. He had seen different hair colors in his life. The Illyrian province he hailed from had plenty of people with hair different from his dark ones, and even eye color different from his green ones. But he had never seen dark skin, and those men looked menacing, he feared them the most.

Just behind Agron was slightly shorter man with curly blonde hair and pale skin, and by the looks of it, he judged him to be a local.

“You are a Roman.” Agron said to him in Latin.

The man glanced at Agron briefly, frowning eyes full of distrust, but said nothing and turned back looking at the ground again. Agron expected it anyway. All the men looked restless, mostly scared and defeated, nobody was in the mood to talk. But Agron wanted to, he needed to. Having allies before venturing out to kill each other seemed like a good idea.

“What didn’t you do?” He said to the Roman again.

The man looked at him again, still frowning, but this time in confusion to Agron’s wording. “Your Latin is broken, slave.”

Agron chuckled. “That’s rich. But I mean, surely they just made up whatever offence you were enslaved for, just like most of us here.”

The Roman laughed. “Oh no, I’m guilty. I forgot to call my goddess by her proper title... and perhaps a bit more than that.”

Agron sneered. “Why do you Romans bow down to women? How did they ever get to hold so much power in the empire?” The Roman turned once again, but this time he looked at Agron with an expression of utter bewilderment. “Are you mad?”

“Huh?” Agron was confused. “Why? They’re women.”

The Roman laughed, and laughed hard, so much that one of the guards came up to him and shoved the butt of his spear into his stomach, then spat on him. But he didn’t mind, in fact, he was still smiling when he got up again. “You don’t know, do you? You’ve never seen one of our goddesses?”

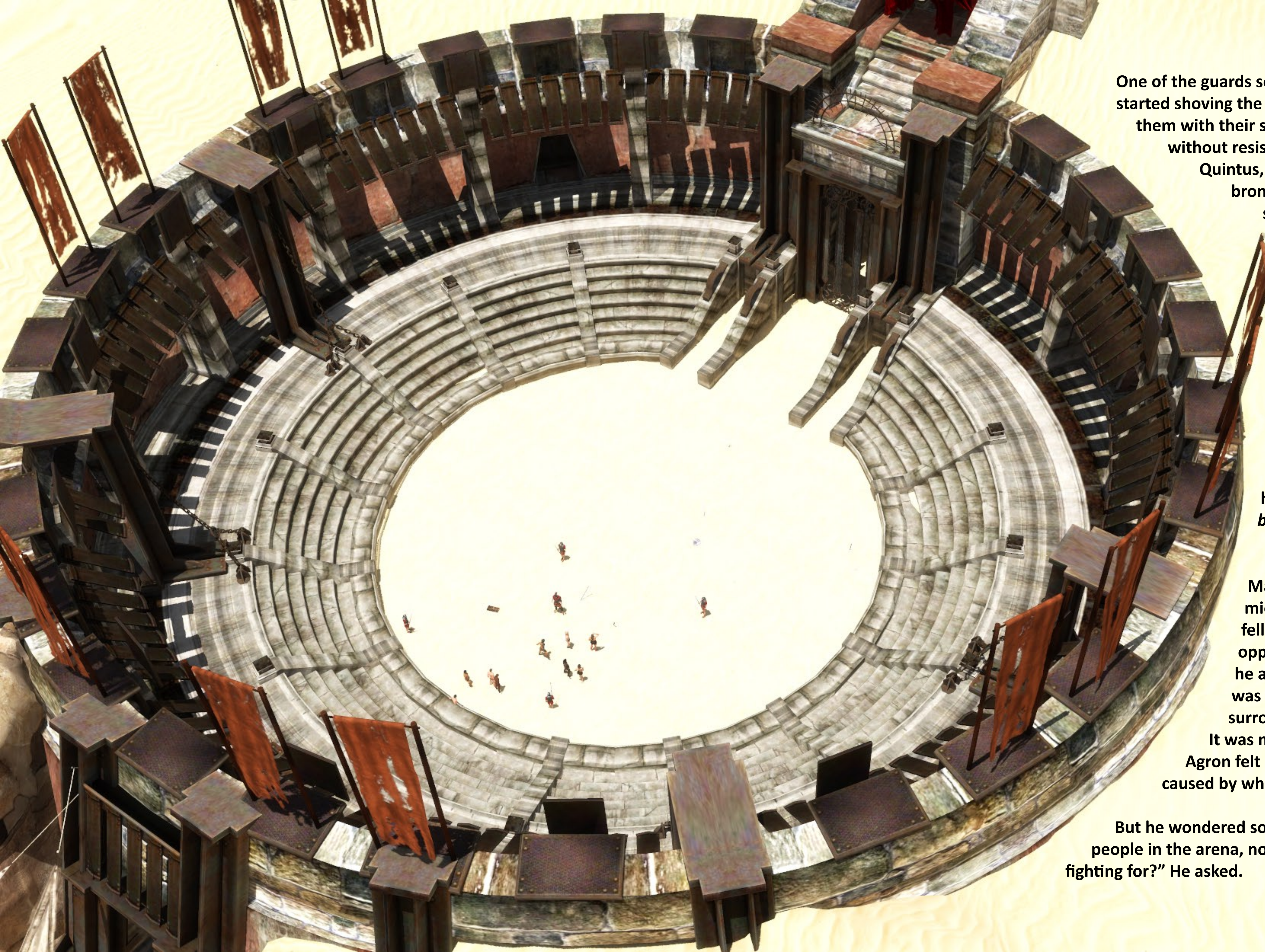
“What do you mean?”

“Oh, don’t worry.” He said. “I won’t spoil the fun. We’ll be fighting for the entertainment of one of them anyway, so you’ll see for yourself.” He reached out a hand towards Agron. “I’m Quintus.”

Agron returned the favor and shook his hand. “Agron.”

Quintus nodded, and both turned their heads just in time as the guards raised the gates to their full extent.





“Move!”

One of the guards screamed. The other guards started shoving the slaves forward, threatening them with their spears. The gladiators obliged without resistance along with Agron and Quintus, slowly walking towards the bronze gate. Agron had never seen something alike in scale.

When it was his turn to pass through it, he became even more amazed. Beyond lay an Arena even bigger than he imagined. Massive, fifty feet tall walls lined with bronze plates everywhere, encircled it. At their base were stone steps, though much too big for any ordinary person. A single one was easily half his height. *Who was this build for?*

Making his way towards the middle of the sandy field, his gaze fell upon another massive gate opposite of entrance from where he and the other slaves came in. It was sealed with iron bars surrounded by intricate ornaments. It was much too dark to see inside, but Agron felt a growing unease in him, caused by whatever was inside.

But he wondered something. There were no people in the arena, no one to spectate. “Who are we fighting for?” He asked.



Quintus looked at Agron then his eyes shifted towards something behind him, above him. Agron followed his gaze, and saw the massive crimson tent on top of the sealed gate.

“We’ll fight for her.” Quintus said.

“What is that?” Agron asked. “Who needs a tent that big?”

“It’s a luxury box. Therein lies our beautiful goddess.”

Everything is so big here. Why is everything so big here?



Agron turned around, taking a glance at his soon-to-be opponents. His eyes quickly fell upon a single one, a woman. But what was a woman doing in the middle of an arena? She looked exotic, had dark hair and tanned skin, slender but looked trained and wore a fierce expression. Still, she was beautiful. She stole all of the others' gazes too. Agron was glad he was not inside her skin.

The guards forced the men to spread around on a less than uniform shape. Agron and Quintus stuck close, though Quintus looked like he didn't care. As they moved along the field, Agron started to notice the spots on the ground. Specifically, old patches of blood, bones sticking out of the layers of sand, and weapons lying freely about.

"Outside! Now!" The Roman guard leader screamed. And the other spear-wielding guards followed, leaving through the gate they came in, but it never sealed. They stood beside it, looking like waiting for something or someone.

For about a minute, total silence reigned within the arena’s field. The men looked around, eyes wandering from one to the other. They could always choose not to fight, Agron though, but the Romans put them here for a reason. Maybe it was some kind of a test? To see how people would react in such situations? Stories of Roman cruelty never ceased to amaze Agron back when he was a child.

But after the minute passed, one man, dark of skin, picked up a gladius stuck on the sand, the roman short sword. He swung and slashed it around in the air a few times, then looked around. That broke the ice, and everyone hurried to pick one of the different weapons lying around. Agron had no choice, so he looked around before he found a suitable weapon.

He took the spear in his hand, feeling its weight. He had used often used a spear while out fishing on the deep seas, it suited him. He had used it to try and wound some of the larger fish, herding them towards the nets for capture. The spear also reminded him of the time he had seen a great whale, the largest and most magnificent creature he had seen ever seen, incomparable to any other in size.

He was brought back from his thoughts by the sound of clashing metal. He spun, looking at the source of the sound. Two of them, the dark skinned one and the exotic woman, rushed at each other, swinging their short swords at each other with genuine attempt. Others looked at them, unsure what to do.

“Stop it!” Agron shouted. They paused for a moment, looking at Agron with frowning eyes.

“This is what they want!” He said. “We need to work together, try to find a way out of here!” He pointed at the open gate with his spear.

The men continued to look at Agron for a moment, then the dark skinned one said something unintelligible, as did the woman in another tongue. They obviously didn’t know Latin.



“To what end?” One of the others said calmly. He was a large one, dark hair and very heavily built. “Where are we going to run to? We can’t escape even if we get out of the arena. We’re in the middle of nowhere.” He raised his own sword and swung it in the air a couple of times. “At least here, we die like men.”

“We don’t have to!” Agron said. “If we-”

A sudden, inhumanly loud moan came from behind Agron, terrifying him. He spun around, looking at its source, the tent. The moan had washed over the group of men too, for everyone had ground to a stand still, entirely quiet.

“What was that?” Someone whispered.

Then, Quintus broke on his mad laugh again, and fell down on his knees. “Bow down, fools. Bow down to our goddess!”

Agron and the others looked at him, confused. Then they heard some movement from the tent. Its fabric rustled for a moment, and something appeared from in between the layers. Agron needed a moment before he could believe that he was seeing fingers, giant fingers that were easily as long as his legs. They grabbed the fabric and shifted it sideways, revealing a silhouette behind that frightened Agron to his core. “I’m bored.” The booming, female voice said from inside, sending shivers down Agron’s spine. “Bring the first one in.”

First one? What is going on?



Agron heard some noise coming from outside the gate. Some of the guards shouted, rustling of metal, then footsteps. Heavy footsteps. A large shadow moved against the rocks outside, and the booming footfalls came closer, heralding something large coming their way.

Agron, just as everyone else, was frozen on his spot, an ominous feeling overwhelming him. Wild images of different beasts ran through his mind, most of them a figment of his imagination. He'd heard tales, but never seen most of them. But when the giant thing came into view, what he felt could not be expressed in words. And he knew everyone else felt the same way as he did.





Everyone but Quintus. “Behold!” He said, smiling, “An overseer.”
Agron’s breath got caught on his throat. She was twice as tall as the tallest of the gladiators. “What in heaven’s name!?”

Quintus laughed. “You still don’t believe in the our goddesses, my Illyrian friend?”

“How is that even possible?” Agron stared at her. She was undoubtedly beautiful. Slightly tanned skin, short, brown hair, incredibly curvaceous and the largest pair of breasts Agron had ever seen, protected by a thin, rusty piece of metal that only covered her nipples. He watched with a gaping mouth as she entered the arena and the gate behind her lowered.

“We are supposed to fight that?” He said.

“I suppose.” Quintus said. “She’s an Overseer, a slave driver. Not someone you usually see fighting gladiators. But at least she’s not a real Gladiatrix...”

“What do you mean she’s not a ‘real’ gladiatrix– ”

“Listen, Vermin!” The overseer cut Agron off as she eyed the gladiators. Her immense size became clearer as she walked down the stairs, making her way toward the gladiators. She certainly was big, and with her massive size she seemed like more than a match for the fifteen gladiators. On top of that, there was a wickedness to her expression that made Agron uneasy.

“This is a little... punishment for me. Some patrician wants to see me beat the shit out of you lousy ingrates, and I’m happy to do my part.”

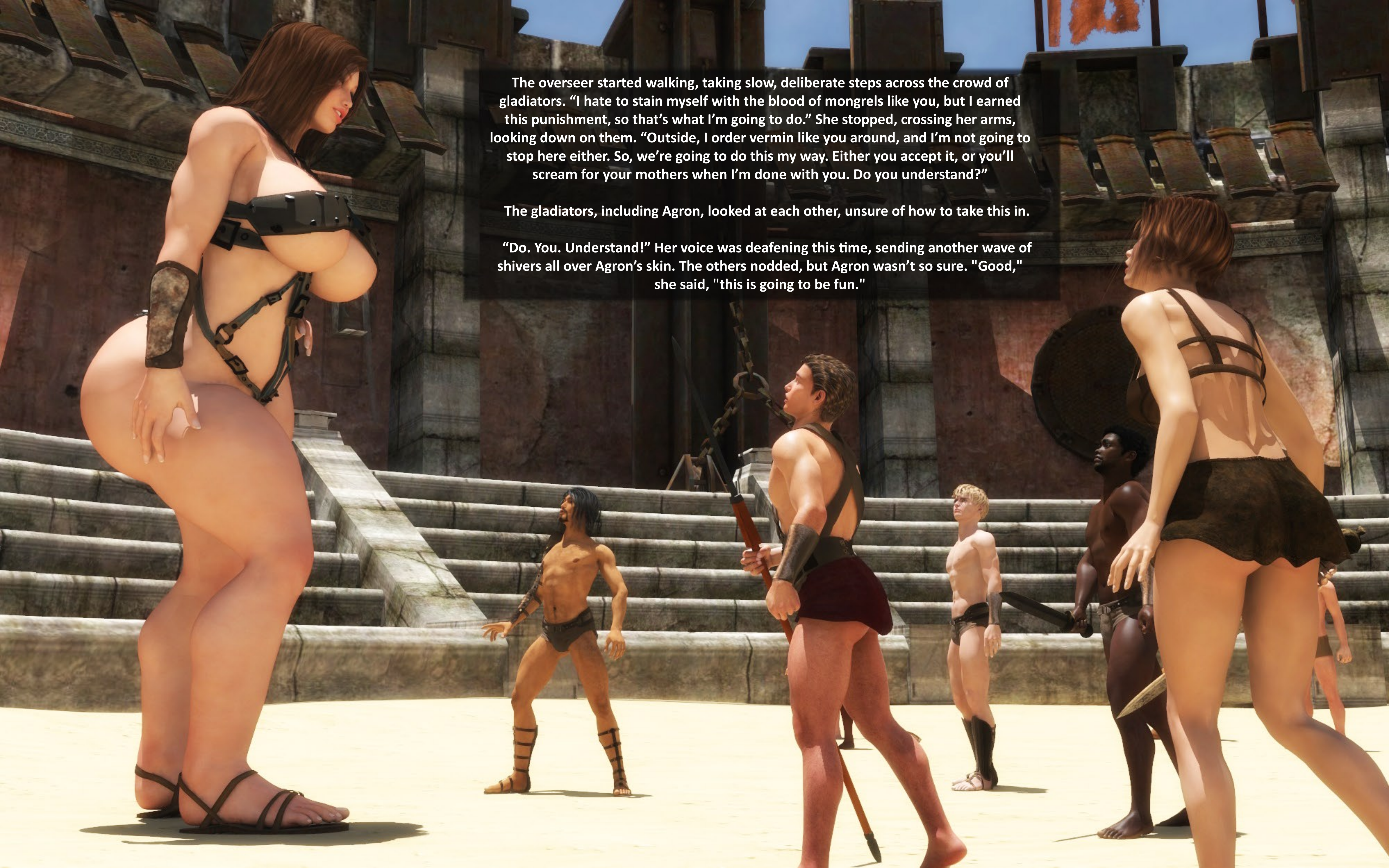




She started walking, taking slow, deliberate steps across the crowd of gladiators.

“I hate to stain myself with the blood of mongrels like you, but I earned this punishment, so that’s what I’m going to do.”

She stopped, crossing her arms, looking down on them. “Outside, I order vermin like you around, and I’m not going to stop here either. So, we’re going to do this my way. Either you accept it, or you’ll scream for your mothers when I’m done with you. Do you understand?”



The overseer started walking, taking slow, deliberate steps across the crowd of gladiators. "I hate to stain myself with the blood of mongrels like you, but I earned this punishment, so that's what I'm going to do." She stopped, crossing her arms, looking down on them. "Outside, I order vermin like you around, and I'm not going to stop here either. So, we're going to do this my way. Either you accept it, or you'll scream for your mothers when I'm done with you. Do you understand?"

The gladiators, including Agron, looked at each other, unsure of how to take this in.

"Do. You. Understand!" Her voice was deafening this time, sending another wave of shivers all over Agron's skin. The others nodded, but Agron wasn't so sure. "Good," she said, "this is going to be fun."



“Good,” the overseer said. “This is going to be fun. Now, you are going to come at me, one-on-one, and I’m going to deal with you however I wish. If someone comes at me-”

One of the gladiators, the dark-skinned one, charged her, and the overseer raised an eyebrow. The gladiator raised his gladius as he neared her, but the overseer never moved. He stuck her skin with the edge of his sword, perfectly, but to everyone’s astonishment, it failed to cut into her skin.



The gladiator grew confused, then looked up at her smiling expression, fear enveloping him.

“Your weapon is too blunt, you little shit.” She said. The dark-skinned man grew instantly dismayed and fearful, letting his sword fall to on the ground involuntarily. The overseer regarded him with what Agron thought to be a lustful anticipation as she bit her lower lip.



“Let’s have a little fun.” She said as she removed the leather piece covering her right breast. She peeled it back slowly, as if she were savoring the moment.

She caught him by his throat, hovering him several feet above the ground for a few moments as if he weighed nothing. Then she smashed the slave's face into her enormous breast, moaning in delight.



GODDESSES OF THE ARENA PART 1

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Agron was left utterly baffled at the sight. Was he really seeing a this inhumanly tall woman pleasing herself on a fight to the death? But he couldn't help but stare at the dent on her massive breast that the slave's head formed as he wildly flailed his limbs, gasping for air.

But not everyone remained entranced by the scene. Another gladiator, a brown-skinned, longhaired man, charged the overseer, wielding a furious expression on his face.

“Stop, you damned Syrian!” Quintus screamed at him, the first time Agron had seen him with a serious face. But the Syrian didn’t listen, and the overseer easily anticipated him. So easy in fact that - as the he gained full momentum - the overseer stretched her legs just in time, catching him off-guard as he slipped between her legs instead of ramming against them.



“Headless chicken!” Quintus said between his teeth. The Syrian suddenly found himself behind her, looking back at the towering giantess and the massive ass that loomed above his head.



“Bye!”

Her voice came, leaving him no time to react properly as the Overseer descended upon him.







He tried to jerk himself backwards, but it was too late as the giant mass of flesh settled on top of his chest and pushed him down against the ground, burying his face between her massive butt cheeks and the sand.

The Syrian's arms - partially still free - reacted immediately, reminding Agron of someone suffocating. They thrashed wildly, slapping against the overseer's thighs but it only served to amuse her further. She let out another laugh as she freed the dark-skinned man from her breast and threw him on the ground.

Breathing heavily, he tried to crawl away, but a large foot came crashing down upon his back, pinning him too against the sand. The shock of how easily she'd subjugated both slaves seeped deeper into Agron's mind. He could not fathom how they were supposed to fight her. There was no way out.





“Is that all you can do?”

Quintus stepped forward, clenching his fists in anger. “You step into an arena, on a fight of life and death, and that’s all you can think of? Enjoying yourself? I thought you different from them. But no, you’re a beast! Nothing more!”



“Huh?” The overseer looked at him with curious eyes.

“You stain our honor!” Quintus stepped further forward, closing the gap to her. “Get up and fight us like a proper warrior! Don’t treat us like we are some sort of toys!”

“Oh my...” The overseer pushed herself up a bit, causing more muffled screams from the man beneath her. She regarded the approaching Quintus, scanning him from head to toe, eyes widening.

Quintus stopped just outside her reach. “What? Do I remind you of someone?”

She smiled. “No. It’s just that you’re kind of cute...”



Quintus grew confused. "What?"

The overseer suddenly reached forward, her fingers brushing against Quintus' leg and tripping him. "Come here."

She released the man beneath her foot, but caused even more pain on the one beneath her butt. Quintus regained his composure after he tripped and got up, trying to get away from her sudden, unwanted affection for him. She tried to catch Quintus on her leg, but he managed to free himself.



She then grew determined and rolled around, crawling towards Quintus on all fours, easily keeping up with him. She freed her unwilling butt-slave in the process too, but he simply remained lying down on the sand, drawing in short breaths.



Quintus never managed to gain enough speed to get away from her, she was amazingly fast despite her massive frame. She tripped him again, then grabbed him by a foot and dragged him back before she straddled his lower body between her thighs.



“Cutie, you’re mine now!” She said before she lowered herself on top of him, burying Quintus’ screaming face between her massive, pillowy breasts. She let out even more moans between her laughs as she ground her breasts up and down along Quintus’ body, but it didn’t last long. There was something in her eyes, Agron judged as he watched the spectacle, still standing motionless on his part. She wanted more.

GODDESSES OF THE ARENA PART 1

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His thoughts were confirmed as she leaned back up again, shifted her thighs forward a little bit more, then moved her hands towards the straps that covered her lower body, removing them. Or was she tightening them?

“We are going to have so much fun now!”

Gasps of surprise emanated from the watching crowd of gladiators as she straddled Quintus with her naked body, then roughly pushed the cloth that covered Quintus’ crotch down along his legs, revealing his nakedness too.

“What the...” Quintus looked down, the smothering press of her flesh having left him confused. “What are you do-”

The overseer cut his words short as she smashed her sex on top of Quintus, causing him to scream in pain.











Away from the scorching heat of the sun and the stench of sweat and dirt on the skin, beneath the shade of the crimson tent, the atmosphere was a stark contrast to the arena's field. Slaves filled the tent too, the ever-permeating class of humanity that lived to serve and obey.



But those slaves had a different purpose: that of attending to the need of a true deity. While those down on the field would give their lives for entertainment, the slaves inside were trained for a set of entirely different tasks. They scurried around, a male one attending a set of metal plates much too big for him. He used every bit of his strength while he polished the armor vigorously, running the cloth on his hands along every edge and curve of the precious metal and its intricate carvings that marked it as the property of someone truly powerful.



And that someone’s presence overshadowed every little slave inside the tent. The goddess was the center of their universe, the sole purpose to which their lives were bound. They existed to please her and nothing more, and that they did with unquestionable obedience.

The goddess sat on a bed of pillows, towering over each of her slaves. She relaxed, running her hand along the carvings of her armor in anticipation, relishing what would come later that day. A revealing, crimson dress was all that covered her magnificent body at that moment. She wanted her slaves to have all the space they needed.

One of the slaves, another male, stood in front of one of her feet, as big as his entire body, bowing down and waiting. Right in front of him, a female slave clenched the goddess’s leg, hugging it tightly and running her body along the smooth skin, caressing it, kissing it, running her tongue all over it. She was larger than the male, dwarfing him almost as much as the overseer dwarfed the gladiators.

But the goddess's attention was focused outside, through the thin gap of the tent's entrance, watching with faint amusement as the battle below unfolded, if you could call it a battle. The goddess expected no less of that overseer, but still, she wanted entertainment. She wanted blood. She decided the overseer would have a little bit more time before she would act.

The goddess perched up a little more, her raven black hair falling back and revealing the golden laurel, glimmering in the streaming rays of the sun, that she wore on her forehead, marking her for the status that she held. She moved her arms to the side where another slave waited, tirelessly working on refilling a golden cup of wine. She picked it up and took a sip, enjoying the delicate flavor, then took a glance at the sprawled female slave that laid behind.





She swung her cup of wine on her hand a few times, deciding if she wanted her breasts pleased by the slave, but her eyes wandered to the other side and settled for the male slave that stood waiting. She picked him up without much effort, and moved him between her thighs, burying him beneath the folds of her crimson dress.



Her hand then shoved him deeper, though without force as the slave immediately delved into work, fulfilling his life's purpose. Moments later, a moan escaped the goddess's lips.



She enjoyed the work of her slaves, leaning up further and taking another sip of the cup before she placed it down to be refilled again. She then took the top of her dress off, exposing her magnificent breasts, relishing the fresh air and the rays of the sun on her bare skin.

The day had started well, she thought. Though she couldn't wait to release what was deep beneath her feet, she still restrained herself from rushing it. There was still plenty of time left.



End of Part 1



BONUS PICS







