


GODDESSES OF THE ARENA

By Redfired0g

Up, and down.

Agron watched in utter silence while the overseer lifted her massive body up and crashed it down on top of Quintus, causing throes of pain and coughs to emanate from his mouth.



A woman with long dark hair and large breasts is shown from the side, wearing a black bikini top and a black harness with a large metal plate on her hip. She is in a gladiator arena with stone steps and wooden bleachers. In the background, there are several tall poles with orange banners. A man in a black gladiator outfit is standing on the steps in the distance.

“Are you enjoying it too, cutie?” The overseer said in between her thrusts.

Quintus responded with grunts.

Agron clenched his fists in anger. He looked around, everyone else just stared, dumbfounded. *What a bunch of misfits*, he thought. Hot heads, criminals, thick dimwits. Agron didn’t belong to this lot, but he had no choice. The group needed a leader, and he was going to try and be the one.









He hefted his spear in the air, feeling its weight.

They were enough in number to defeat her, even at her size. He just needed to lift their spirits, to show them that it was possible. He leveled the spear and arched his shoulder back, stretching his other arm forward as an aim, observing the overseer's thrusts carefully.



He did not want to hit her for fear of angering her and having Quintus pay with his life. He needed to distract her. Holding his breath, he waited for an opening. When it came, the spear flew like a diving hawk and split a few threads of her hair, passing just above her shoulder before its point buried itself on the sand further ahead.





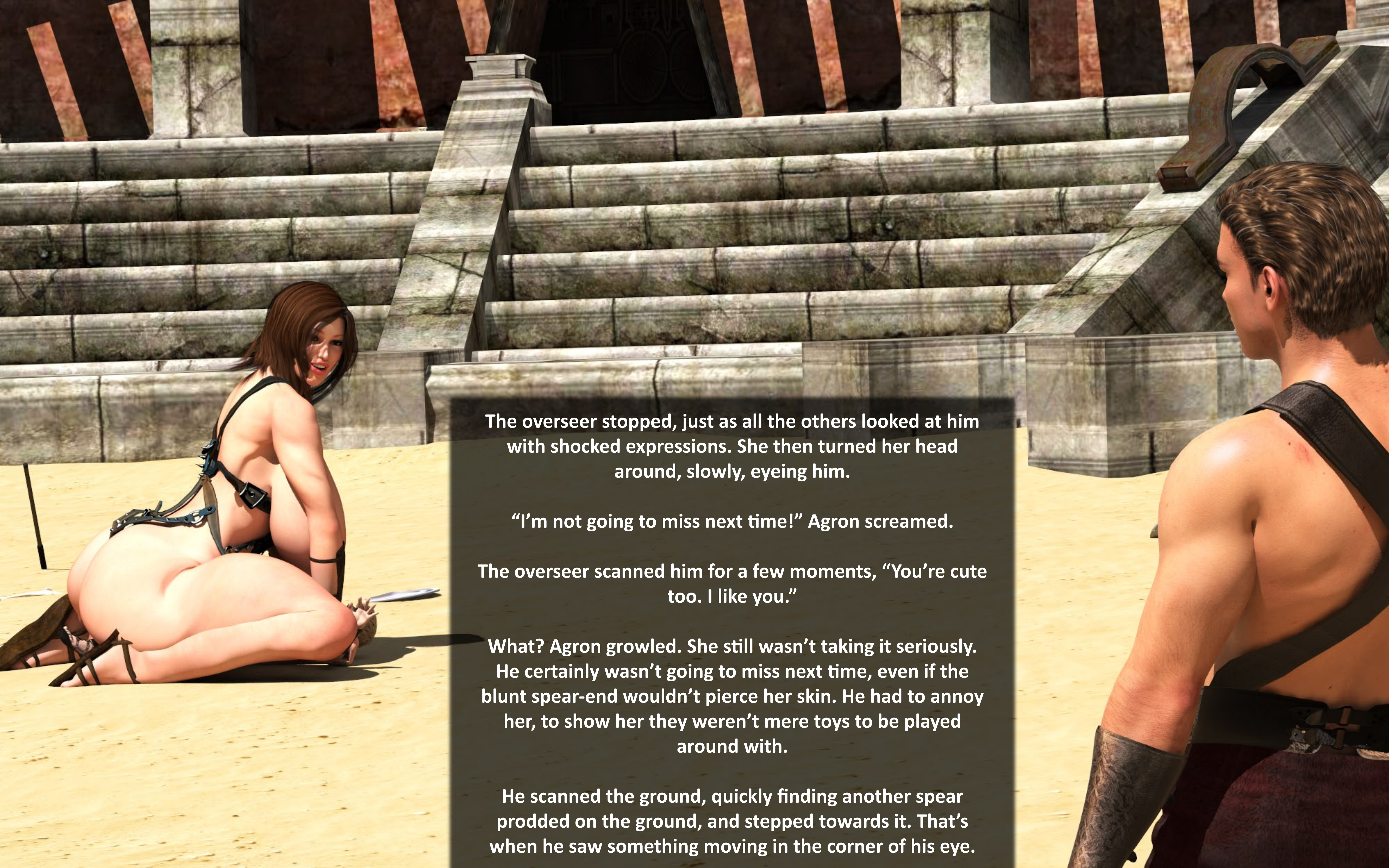












The overseer stopped, just as all the others looked at him with shocked expressions. She then turned her head around, slowly, eyeing him.

“I’m not going to miss next time!” Agron screamed.

The overseer scanned him for a few moments, “You’re cute too. I like you.”


What? Agron growled. She still wasn’t taking it seriously. He certainly wasn’t going to miss next time, even if the blunt spear-end wouldn’t pierce her skin. He had to annoy her, to show her they weren’t mere toys to be played around with.

He scanned the ground, quickly finding another spear prodded on the ground, and stepped towards it. That’s when he saw something moving in the corner of his eye.



The sharp sound followed a spit of a second later.

It was the distinct sound of the ear-piercing, air-splitting weapon everyone feared and dreaded. Agron turned to the source the same moment everyone did, towards the dark gate, in time to see its tail settle along the wall, like a snake climbing a tree. He followed the whip as it curved up towards its owner, who stood on top of the gate.

A woman with long black hair, wearing a red two-piece dress and a gold headband, stands on a stone platform. She is holding a black whip. In the background, a soldier in Roman-style armor stands near a stone wall. The scene is set in a stone structure with red curtains on the left.

The overpowering glare of the sun hid most of her body behind a silhouette of feminine grace, looking proudly down at them. It wasn't the whip that terrified Agron, or the fact that the overseer grew immediately frightful, bowing down at her appearance. No, it was her size. Agron had to shade his face from the sun to see her properly, to believe it was actually true.

But his eyes were not deceiving him, she was easily twice the overseer's height, and much more beautiful. She wore a simple, blood-red dress that sparsely covered her stunning body, its perfect curves defying reason. It wasn't her awe-inspiring scale that marked her for what she was, though. It was her demeanor, the way she held herself, the look on her eyes. She was a true goddess.



“Enough!”
She said with a deafening voice.

“G- goddess Julia!” The overseer said, “I’m reall-”
Another lash just in front of the overseer’s face silenced her
immediately. She bowed even deeper.



Julia let the whip settle down once again, shifting her gaze around, through the battered gladiators, her eyes causing everyone to take a step back and shrink down to her magnificence. Other gladiators started bowing down too, completely dwarfed by her presence. They had feared the overseer, what chance did they have against her?

“This spectacle is beginning to bore me,” she said.

“You’ve been toying with them for long now. I want to see what you can really do.” She eyed the overseer once again. “Break some bones.”





The overseer looked up at her for a few moments, and then nodded.
"Yes, goddess."



Then she leaned up a little, raising her massive body from Quintus and allowing him some respite. She turned around and looked at each gladiator, her expression much darker now, the intent in it causing a few gladiators to back away a few steps.



Her eyes wandered some more before they settled on Agron. A smile crept up on her face at that moment. Not the playful, lustful one she had worn until now. No, it was a sinister one. A smile that sent another wave of shivers down Agron's spine.

But he was determined. He held his spear up, pointing at her, ready for everything she'd throw at him.



The overseer then grabbed the coughing and grunting Quntus, easily lifting him up with both hands. Agron's eyes widened to their greatest extent when he saw Quintus flying through the air, directly at him.

Anything but that!













He ducked and jerked sideways in instinct, barely perceiving Quintus' screams as he dodged his body before Quintus smashed into the hot sand behind him and rolled further down, limbs flailing wildly. Agron then spun immediately towards Quintus and ran.

“Are you alright?” He said as he reached Qunitus, scanning his body for injuries.

“Tha- that dam...ned- aghh!” He coughed some more. “I... think she broke a rib or t- two.”



“Can you take care of yourself?”

Quintus nodded. “I think so.”



“Good. I’ll avenge you, brother!”





“Damn it!”

He ran sideways. “Help me!” He screamed. “Let’s bring her down together!”

The overseer giggled loudly. "So confident!" Her footfalls boomed on the sand. "I like confidence!"































Agron circled around, barely managing to outrun her. He looked around, but no one moved from their spot. He felt a stab of disappointment. He knew he shouldn't, it was everyone for himself. But still, he expected them to at least try. "Help me damn it! If she takes us out one by one, we have no chance!"




The overseer increased her pace. Agron ran towards the huge stone steps and climbed up. He looked back to see the overseer much closer than he anticipated. She certainly was a beauty to behold, almost unbelievably gracious in her movements despite her size and the curves of her body. The way her smooth skin undulated as she stepped forward, the dents on it the leather straps caused with each turn, and her speed. Definitely her speed.



Agron still had to remind himself that she was incredibly lethal.

Then she hopped up on the steps without the slightest difficulty, turning towards Agron with her frightening smile on her lips.

“Damn it!”



He ran sideways on the stone, out of ideas. He took another glance towards the gladiators, still seeing the defeat on their eyes. As some of their heads swung back and forth with uncertainty, it was in those moments that Agron truly understood what they felt. It wasn't the overseer that scared them. It was her.



Agron followed their gaze towards that... goddess, in front of her tent. Yes, he understood now. The traders, merchants, and passing folk had always talked so openly about it, so matter-of-factly, he'd always assumed it was just the way they had to. He never grasped the literal meaning of their words.

She radiated pure, complete power. The way she lazily watched towards him, retaining the demeanor of a divinity watching two bugs fight, it was defeating. She looked utterly invulnerable, unchallengeable. It was easy for him to understand the gladiators' thinking for Agron. They might have a slight chance against the overseer, but what about her? What was the point?



Agron gritted his teeth. A shadow suddenly engulfed him and he glanced back towards the overseer. He saw a hand swinging, smashing against his back and sending him flying through the air.

It was all a blur to him. He lost all control of his limbs, felt them flap around randomly as he let go of the spear and lost it. Then felt his face smash into the hot sand, burrowing a few feet through it. His whole body hurt as he forced himself to turn around afterwards, spitting out the dirt from his mouth.



The overseer jumped down from the steps, landing just in front of Agron. The whole earth shook, sending dust billowing from the sand. Agron tried to crawl backwards but she was already upon him. Turning around, he tried once again to jump out of her reach, but next thing he felt was an unbelievably strong grip on his own hand. There was no escape.



Agron pushed and pulled, tried everything. Her grip didn't loosen a single inch. She took one step, then another, and straddled him. Conflicting emotions spurred his breathing into new heights as her marvelously beautiful face, wearing an expression of pure dominance, hovered right above him.

Then her smile grew into a grin, and an ice cold shiver ran down Agron's entire body as her left hand formed a fist, pulling back slowly. This is it, isn't it? He thought as he stared at her fist. It seemed like its size was even greater now. Time seemed to trickle down to a halt, like all the stories said. One punch and he was surely out. Gone. There was no way he could survive that.



“Yes.” She said. “I could end you with one punch. Just like that. But where’s the fun in it?”

Agron’s eyes flickered between her fist and her own eyes. “Uh... fun?”

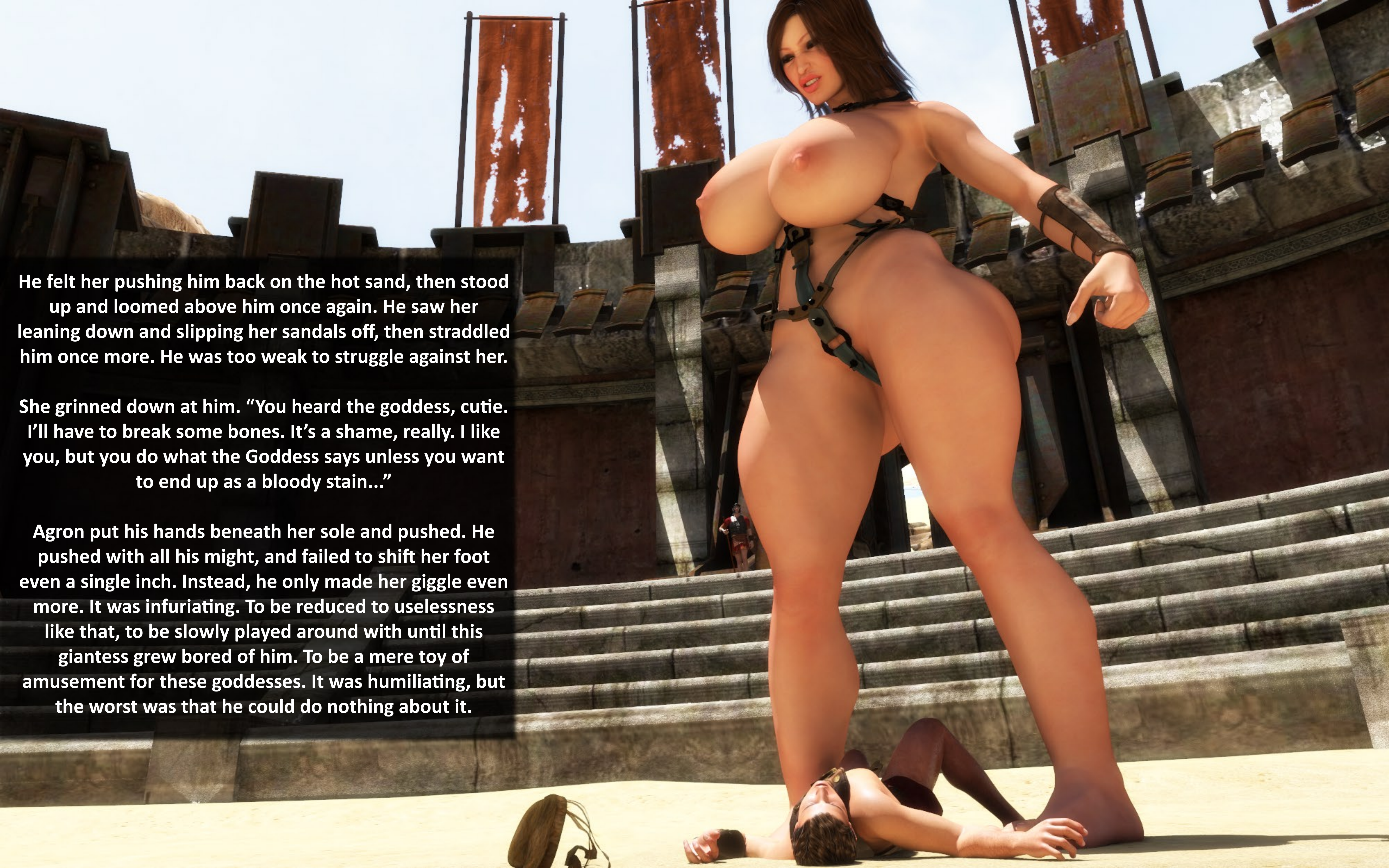
Her grin widened, then her fist struck forward. Agron shut his eyes in instinct, but instead of all his teeth shattering, he felt her hand on his shoulder, pushing him down, pinning him against the sand. “Wha-” Her other hand followed too and immobilized his entire left arm. Afterwards, her entire massive body loomed over him, threatening him with its entirety. Especially her incredible breasts that moved to position right above his head and... “Oh no!”

They buried him. Their softness was everywhere, heavenly and deadly at the same time. He wanted to put his arms around them, feel their flesh and their warmth, but he also wanted to push them away, to stop them from suffocating him. He could do neither though, they were too heavy. He was at the complete, total mercy of what otherwise he'd consider a pair of the most beautiful things he's ever laid eyes on. Maybe it wasn't such a bad way to go out?



As his consciousness began to fade, she felt her form shift, undoubtedly enjoying herself upon his torturous ordeal. He tried to hold on, but there was nothing he could do but endure his burning lungs. It wasn't until the last moments before he slipped away when he felt his lungs filled with air in a sudden while she shifted to her side along with him. "Not so fast, cutie." He heard her say through his coughs and painful gasps for air. "We're not done yet."





He felt her pushing him back on the hot sand, then stood up and loomed above him once again. He saw her leaning down and slipping her sandals off, then straddled him once more. He was too weak to struggle against her.

She grinned down at him. "You heard the goddess, cutie. I'll have to break some bones. It's a shame, really. I like you, but you do what the Goddess says unless you want to end up as a bloody stain..."

Agron put his hands beneath her sole and pushed. He pushed with all his might, and failed to shift her foot even a single inch. Instead, he only made her giggle even more. It was infuriating. To be reduced to uselessness like that, to be slowly played around with until this giantess grew bored of him. To be a mere toy of amusement for these goddesses. It was humiliating, but the worst was that he could do nothing about it.



He screamed in anger. Her foot then lifted up, cutting his scream short, only for it to smash down on top of him, forcing all the air out from his lungs. She kept it like that, depraving Agron of his breathing.




Terror filled his mind as he was suffocating. His arms moved from trying to push the foot off to simply beating against him. Even his legs smashed wildly in desperation, trying everything to get free.



For a moment, she lifted her foot off of Agron. But only for a moment... then she slammed her foot back down upon him.

He wanted to scream further, but there was no air to scream with. He could only watch as the overseer's beautiful gaze watched down with amusement while his life slowly seeped away.

A woman with long, slender legs is standing on a sandy beach. A man is lying on his back on the sand between her legs. He is wearing a black bikini top and a black arm brace on his right arm. He has a pained expression on his face. The woman's legs are spread apart, and she appears to be leaning over him. The background shows a concrete curb and a paved area.

To make it worse, she increased the pressure, making Agron feel his ribs bend back painfully, flushing his face blood-red with only slushing spit coming from his mouth. He wanted to beg, he wanted to plead for anything but the agony she was putting him through, but she was merciless.



“Overseer.” Came the goddess’ voice, soothing everyone into total silence. The overseer loosened her weight from Agron, letting him breathe in once more as she looked towards the red goddess. Her foot then retreated completely from Agron’s form while she turned and bowed down.

“Yes, goddess?”

“Didn’t you listen properly? I said to break some bones, not play like a cat does with a mouse.”

The overseer moved her head up for just a little before she remembered she would regret it. “I, uh-”

“Nevermind.” Julia said. “I think you need a little demonstration.”

“Demonstration, goddess?” The overseer’s voice quivered.

“Look at me.”

The overseer, including every other gladiator, obeyed. Agron too shifted his gaze towards the goddess, ignoring the pain. He did so just in time to see Julia grab the little guard that stood by her side on his neck with her toes. The guard became startled, dropping his spear as he wrestled against her foot, futilely of course.




“I don’t fault you, of course.” Julia said as she pulled the gladiator back without the slightest effort, retaining her divine demeanor all the way. “There is a reason why you are a mere overseer.”


She motioned the guard flat into the ground, then planted her foot along his entire form. The gladiators and the overseer couldn’t see properly, but they could clearly hear his muffled screams as Julia pushed slightly down. “It seems like you prefer to shy away from using your own form to put them in place.”



She lifted her foot. "But do not forget what they really are to us." She slammed her foot down. Howling screams erupted from the former roman guard, so much that even Agron pitied him. "Nothing more than creatures we tread on."



She lifted her foot once again. “Things that we use for our own pleasure and amusement.” It came down again. His screams now gurgled with the obvious crimson redness that erupted from his mouth. “I want to see a spectacle. A battle. A fight. There is no gladiator fight without blood.”

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red bikini and a large red cape, stands on a stone structure. She is positioned behind a circular metal cage with sharp spikes. The structure is made of stone blocks and has a red and gold patterned cloth draped over a horizontal bar in front of her. The background is a clear blue sky.

Agron could see the guard's hands as he desperately pushed against her foot, faint screams of mercy in the background. Her foot obliged and lifted once more, higher than any other time now. "These gladiators are toys I want to see break."



Her foot came down one last time, merciless in its descent. Agon heard the sickening crunch that followed as it cut his screams short. Then it moved back and pushed the lifeless body against his side, towards the arena.

“Don’t hold back.” Julia said, and then tossed the body down into the sand.