

# Goddesses of the Arena III

Art by Redfired0g


Story by LFCFanGTS

Based on the Pax Romana world by Redfired0g

An ominous silence reigned for a good while as the blood of the roman guard seeped down the grains of sand.

Agron couldn't help but imagine himself as that heap of twisted flesh and bone, something which he very well might be in mere moments. He felt the urge to throw up, if there were something to throw up. He was hungry, thirsty, incredibly tired, and in lots of pain. Survival seemed like a distant thought now, but he would try. After having thought there was even the slightest chance of getting out of this place, he owed that to himself.




A woman in a black bikini stands over a man lying on the ground in a sandy arena. In the background, there are stone bleachers and a large stone structure with red banners. Three other men in bikinis are standing in the distance. A black text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

He turned his head and looked at the overseer. She too watched the corpse in the distance, a clear revulsion in her eyes. She didn't seem to like it either, but Agron could see the much more powerful emotion that overshadowed any disgust. Fear dominated her mind, fear of what that behemoth of a being would do to her if she disappointed the crimson-clad goddess.

The overseer turned her head, slowly. Her expression betrayed it all, no more games now. It finally became a true matter of life and death. Primal emotions overtook Agron and he pushed himself backwards, gasping in pain. He looked around for his spear, spotting it a few yards away and lurched towards it, crawling through the heat of the sand.






He never got a chance to grab hold of it, only spotting a shadow engulf him before he felt a fierce, powerful kick to his guts that sent him tumbling through the sand. He ground to a halt, sprawled on his back, his vision blurry as the overseer stood next to him, towering like the menace that she had turned into.



Next he felt her foot on his chest, yet again. He hated it, hated to die like that, to have his life crushed away like a bug. He tried to fight her foot once again, all in vain of course. It crushed down on him, pushing all the air out of his lungs, inducing raging pain on his ribs. He couldn't even scream. It truly seemed like the worst way to go.

Then he saw a shadow flicker on his vision. It was too blurry for him, but he was able to discern something climbing on the overseer's back with blistering pace. The pain was too distracting, but he still managed to witness the shadow running around the overseer's head and pulling against it.



A female gladiator with long brown hair, wearing a black harness, stands on a sandy arena. She has a pained expression and is holding her arms behind her head. Her shadow is cast on the sand to her right. In the background, another gladiator is visible, and a stone ledge runs across the top of the frame. A small black object lies on the sand in the lower-left foreground.

Then the pain disappeared. Agron immediately drew in deep breaths down his mouth, coughing and spitting out small amounts of blood in the process. He turned his head sideways just in time to see the female gladiator land feet-first on the sand with astonishing balance.

She looked at Agron for a moment, and then nodded. The overseer screamed in fury, "You! You'll fucking pay for this!" Agron smiled. *Finally*, he thought. *It was about damn time.*



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The ground shook like never before. The overseer charged towards the female gladiator fuelled with rage in her veins, "You don't get to come between me and my toy!"

But she was too fast. The female gladiator ducked sideways, easily escaping the overseer's charge and remaining astonishingly composed the entire time. Agron felt the wind rush by as the massive overseer passed right in front of him. She was fast for her huge frame, but it meant she couldn't turn too well. Still, Agron felt the need to use the opportunity and get some distance between himself and the overseer while she was distracted.



The overseer halted her charge, fuming and gritting her teeth as she turned her head towards the female gladiator. "I said I'd spare you. But now I won't show any mercy. You heard the goddess; maybe I should make you the example."

The female gladiator's response was to swing her sword, slash it through empty air to attest her skill, and then say something in a foreign tongue, pointing her sword towards the overseer.

The overseer frowned, shaking her head, "You little worthless piece of shit!"



Agron pushed himself through the sand, crawling towards the edge of the field. All his muscles ached and his chest felt like being fifty feet under water. But he felt confident that he hadn't sustained any major injuries. He just needed to rest a little. Then he felt heavy footsteps behind him yet again.

The overseer charged, this time with more controlled steps. She held her hands forward, trying to catch her tiny adversary. It reminded Agron of people trying to grab a chicken. But the female gladiator was no ordinary warrior, everyone could see that. She feinted a duck to her right, jumped to her left instead and caught the overseer off-guard. The behemoth tried to readjust her motion but the female gladiator was still too fast and tumbled underneath the overseer, skipping between her legs.



As she did so, she slashed through one of the overseer's legs, but to no avail. The blunt swords did nothing against the thick skin of the overseer. Nevertheless the female gladiator seemed unwinded. She expected it.

Agron reached the edge of the field and leaned up, watching the duel from a distance. He wanted to scream for the others to help the beautiful warrior, but could only cough instead. So he watched on as the female gladiator distanced herself from the overseer who seemed even angrier now. But she also looked calculating, trying to come up with a strategy for catching someone who was clearly more agile than her.



But the female gladiator never really gave the overseer a chance. She too knew that she could never really hurt the overseer, at least not with the sword. So she circled around and grabbed hold of Agron's former spear with her right hand while still holding onto the sword.

"You really think you can hurt me with that?" The overseer smirked in newfound arrogance. "You should-"

The spear flew through the air, and only instinct saved the overseer from being pierced in her eye as the spear grazed her right temple, leaving a scratch on her skin. The overseer seemed shocked at first, and then her rage returned. The female gladiator muttered something in her language before she had to dodge the overseer yet again.





Agron's gaze shifted towards the goddess. She watched the duel with a slight hint of amusement as she leaned a little over the spiked railings. She seemed to enjoy the surprise the exotic female gladiator brought to the arena, especially her agility. She did not seem to mind much about the order she had given to the overseer. Then Agron saw her reach out towards the tent with an arm, motioning her index finger for someone.



A few moments later, while the overseer still found it difficult to catch her little challenger, Agron saw a man dragging an oversized cup towards the goddess. He presumed him to be another slave, bringing a refilled cup. But then he saw another slave right after, this time carrying a piece of darkened glass.

While everyone else was concentrated on the duel between the two women of entirely different classes, Agron's gaze was firmly planted on the crimson goddess, watching as she took the cup of wine and the glass, then poured some sort of red substance from it on the wine.



He had never seen anyone put something in their wine like that. He presumed it was some kind of luxury that the rich and powerful used to make the wine taste better. He didn't understand why he was so fascinated by what the goddess did. He thought it maybe was the aura that she radiated. A literal, divine entity gracing him and the gladiators with her presence.



Then the divinity's entire form shifted after she downed the cup of wine in one go. Agron frowned, blinking repeatedly. She seemed to change. She closed her eyes, breathed in deeply, and her entire body seemed to... grow.

*Did she really just grow?* Agron shifted on his position, leaning straighter against the stone steps. *Even bigger?*

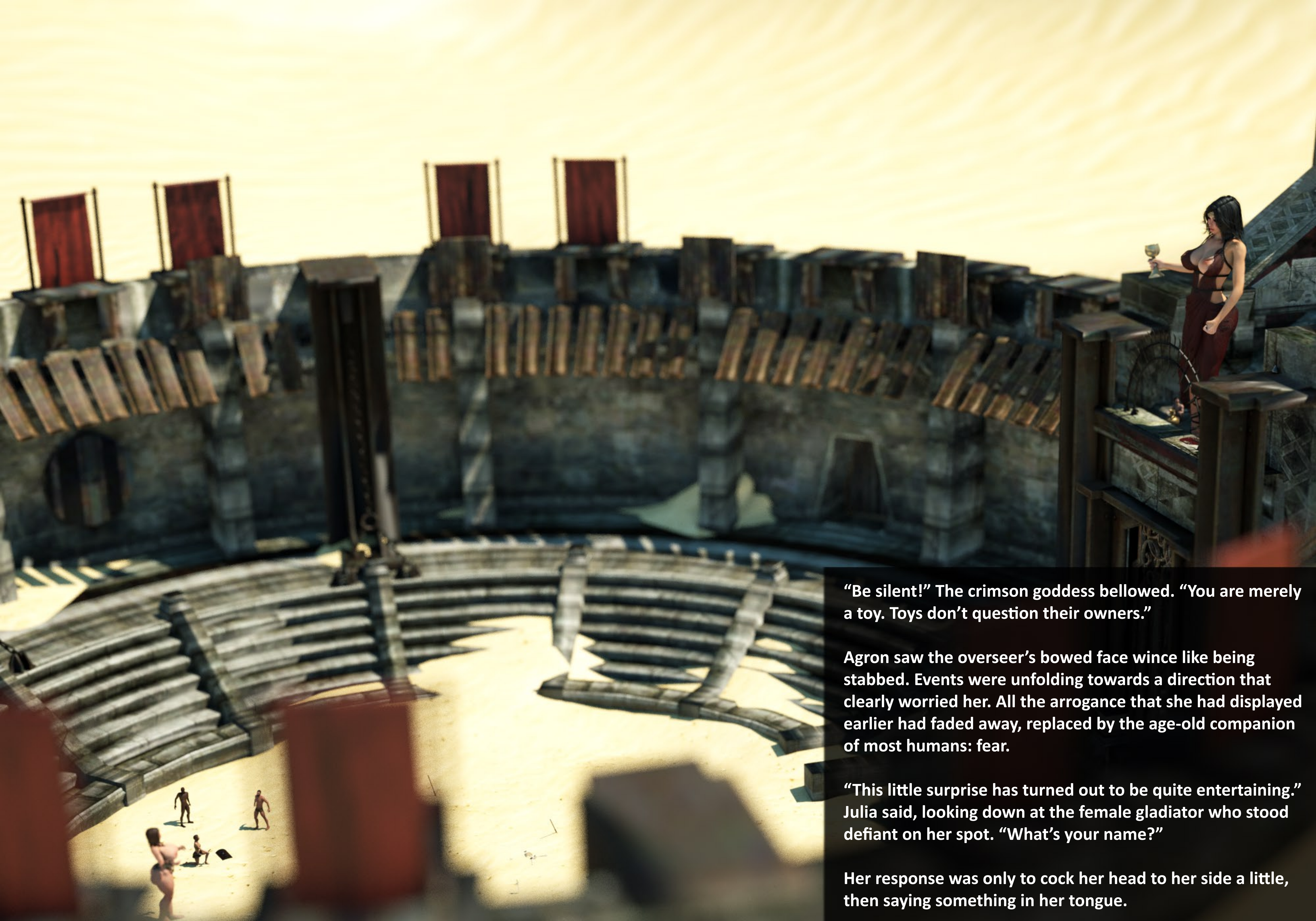
He thought it was the pain on his chest, that he was hallucinating. But she definitely seemed a few feet bigger to him. Then his thoughts were confirmed as he noticed the silence within the arena. He looked back towards the gladiators, and everyone had grown still, including the two women, all watching the goddess while she reopened her eyes, looked down upon the battleground, and smiled.

“Refill.” She said, handing the empty cup to one of the slaves that was now dwarfed further still. He hurried back into the tent.

The overseer seemed shocked. Then she dropped on her knees and bowed down again, “I’m sorr- forgive me for asking, goddess. But isn’t it sacred? Why... here?”

Julia raised an eyebrow. “You criticize my using of the spice?”  
“Not at all! I... just-“





**“Be silent!” The crimson goddess bellowed. “You are merely a toy. Toys don’t question their owners.”**

**Agron saw the overseer’s bowed face wince like being stabbed. Events were unfolding towards a direction that clearly worried her. All the arrogance that she had displayed earlier had faded away, replaced by the age-old companion of most humans: fear.**

**“This little surprise has turned out to be quite entertaining.” Julia said, looking down at the female gladiator who stood defiant on her spot. “What’s your name?”**

**Her response was only to cock her head to her side a little, then saying something in her tongue.**



**“I see.” Julia said, and then pointed her index finger on her chest, “Julia.” She then pointed it at the woman, “You?”**

**She frowned, remaining silent for a moment, but then she spoke a clear word, “Ava.”**

**“Ava. Good.” Julia said. “For all the amusement this little contest has brought me, I think there is still only one outcome given the circumstances. Don’t you think so too, overseer?”**

**The overseer nodded her head rapidly. “Yes, goddess!”**

**“Then don’t you think that we ought to have the playing field leveled a bit?”**



The overseer hesitated, "Leveled, goddess?"

"To make it a fair fight."

The overseer raised her head a little, "But goddess, that... I..." Agron could see her eyes wandering all over the place, searching for meaning before they became resigned. "Yes, goddess. We serve at your pleasure."



Julia smirked, then looked back towards the tent.

“Faster!”

Moments later, Agron saw two slaves getting back with a refilled cup of wine, handing them to her before they retreated a few steps and bowed down. They also brought a flask with them which Julia took and then poured the contents of the wine cup entirely in the flask. Agron presumed the flask contained the stuff that had made her grow while Julia shook it around a few times.



Then she threw the flask into the arena. Everyone watched the piece of pottery fly through the air, carrying its precious contents with it down to the ground. Agron expected it to shatter for some reason, but when it landed, it held, burying itself in the sand, right between the overseer and Ava.

“There.” Julia said. “This should make it interesting enough.”



A few moments of silence reigned as both the overseer and Ava looked at the flask. Then the overseer lurched at it. Ava took a step too, but decided to not pursue it after. She could evade the overseer, but she could not wrestle with her over the flask and its valuable content.



The overseer took the flask, lifting it high up in the air as her arrogant demeanor returned. She took a glance towards Julia and bowed down again, "Thank you, goddess!"

She took a sip.



A single sip was all she managed, for just as she became distracted with it, Ava jumped on her like a hawk. She poached the flask like prey, catching the overseer off-guard. She then planted a foot squarely on the overseer's face and launched herself off. The flask was too heavy for her though as it slipped from her hands, landing on the ground and spilling most of its contest on the sand.



Ava rolled over as she landed, then quickly made her way to the flask and proceeded to drink whatever was left of the wine, which was still enough for her to drink mouthfuls of it. The overseer meanwhile regained her composure, looking angrier than she had ever been.

“You...” She looked at the flask and the crimson-soaked sand around it. Her eyes widened to their full extent at the sight. “Sacred! The red spice is sacred! You don’t get to spill it, you fucking spoiled little shit! I will rip you apart!”



Ava sighed as she finished her drink and leaned back up, wiping her mouth with a hand. She moved sideways as soon as the overseer took her first angry step towards her but a sudden wince of pain forced her to her knees, her face wide-eyed. Agron knew the wine was having an immediate effect on her, but he wasn't sure if there would be enough time.

"I'm never gonna let you finish, you little shit!" The overseer bellowed, a sadistic smile forming on her lips.



Agron wanted to shout for someone to help, and it felt as if someone read his mind. The overseer halted on her steps, gasping in pain as a spear hit her square on her back. It still wasn't enough to penetrate her, but it had the desired effect: distraction.

The overseer turned around, shock painting her face. Her eyes fell on the confident Syrian that was now slashing his sword in the air, shouting something in his tongue at her. The overseer then rose to her full height, her shock replaced by anger.

"Filthy little bug!" She said between her teeth. "By the time I'm done with you, you'll scream for your mother, begging me for mercy like a little worm! You hear me!"



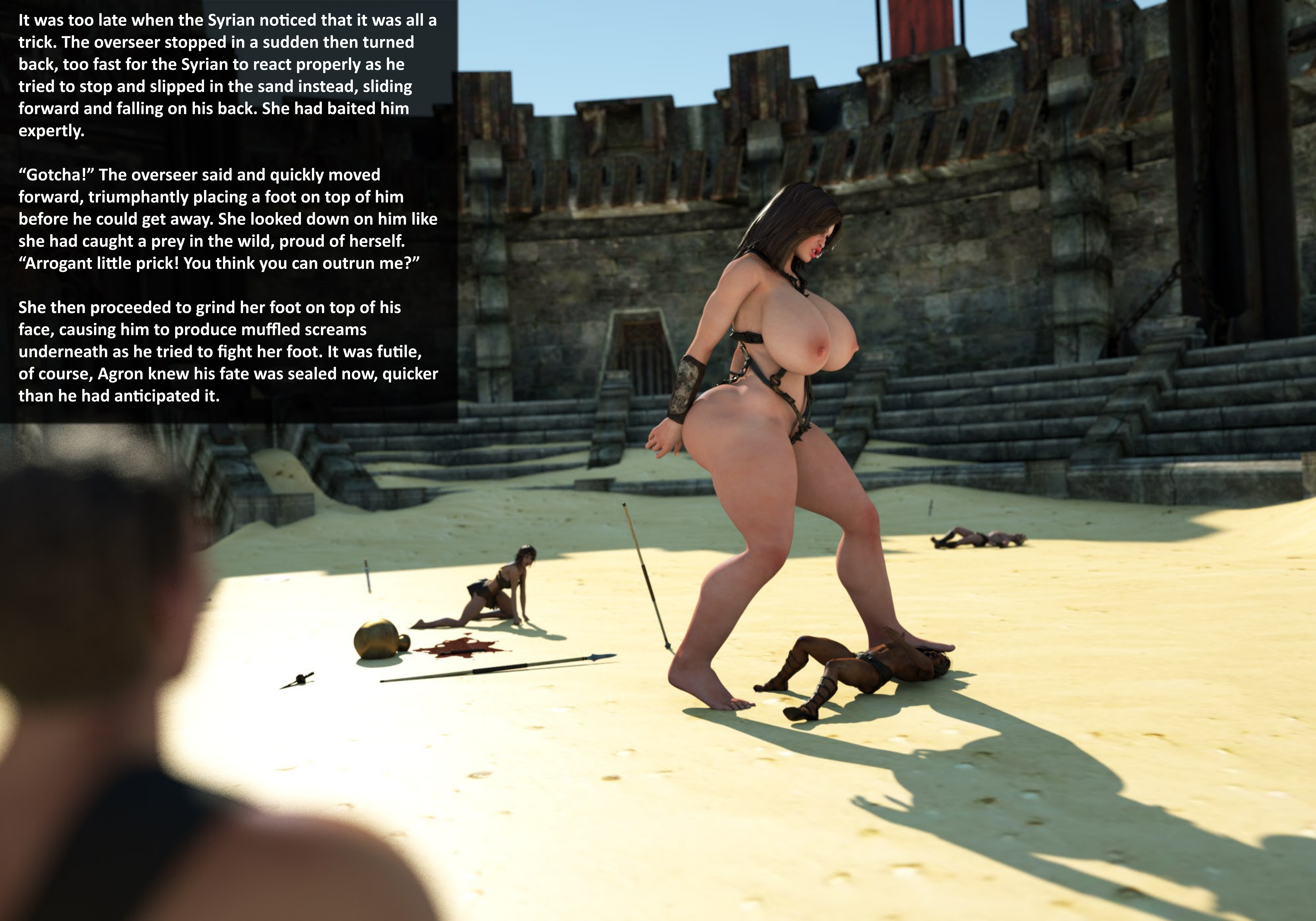
The Syrain obviously didn't understand a word she said. He glanced at the struggling Ava, saying something more before nodding towards her, and Ava nodded back, glad to have the overseer's attention averted. For the moment that is. The Syrain then held his sword forward, anticipating the overseer's charge.

The overseer barely contained her rage, but she did not act on it. Instead she waited a few moments, remaining silent until a small grin formed in her lips and she turned around towards Ava again. The Syrain shouted something, and then threw his sword at her without effect. He had no choice, he ran forward.

It was too late when the Syrian noticed that it was all a trick. The overseer stopped in a sudden then turned back, too fast for the Syrian to react properly as he tried to stop and slipped in the sand instead, sliding forward and falling on his back. She had baited him expertly.

“Gotcha!” The overseer said and quickly moved forward, triumphantly placing a foot on top of him before he could get away. She looked down on him like she had caught a prey in the wild, proud of herself. “Arrogant little prick! You think you can outrun me?”

She then proceeded to grind her foot on top of his face, causing him to produce muffled screams underneath as he tried to fight her foot. It was futile, of course, Agron knew his fate was sealed now, quicker than he had anticipated it.



“You know what?” The overseer bellowed down on him.  
“I’m gonna make a fucking example out of you, little shit.”

She moved her foot away, granting the Syrian a few moments of unhindered breathing. Straddling him for a few moments, she looked spitefully down on him before she lowered down and placed her knees to his sides. The Syrian noticed what was happening when her shadow engulfed him and he tried to push himself backwards, but the overseer grabbed both his arms and locked him in place right beneath her.





“There’s nothing more annoying than scum like you who think they can challenge us.” She said, moving her huge breasts over the Syrian’s regret-filled face, “Especially for cowards that come behind your back. So I’m gonna teach you a little lesson of respect.”

With that, she lowered her massive breasts on him. Their weight was all it took to rob the breath out of the Syrian. He began to struggle a bit, but in his circumstance, there was no contest. It was only a matter of when and not if. Agron was sure of that.

But to his surprise, the overseer became a little lost in her show of dominance and power. She began to rub and roll her heavy but soft orbs up and down, along him, sporting a hint of enjoyment in her face. She clearly enjoyed putting someone through that kind of ordeal and took her time.



Next she leaned up and grabbed him, smashing his face against her right breast. The Syrian choked as she shoved her nipple on his mouth, a small gasp escaping her lips before her angry expression returned.

“What?” She said. “Don’t you enjoy it? I thought you barbarians liked tits!”

The Syrian tried to grab onto something, but her flesh was silky smooth and he was too weak to put any struggle against the straps throughout her body. A few moments later, she released him from his forced bodily enslavement.



“Nah, you won’t go down that easily.” She said as he drew in lungful of breaths. Then she smashed him back against it. “There’s still a lesson for me to teach you, little shit.”

As she held his face against her massive orb, she rose up on her legs, enjoying his renewed struggles all the way. She pushed his face in different directions, rolling it around her breast and centering it against its nub. Agron certainly understood the lesson she was teaching him so far; humiliation.



She granted the Syrian another moment to catch his breath. As he did, he said something in his native tongue, his voice broken and beaten down to cries. Agron didn't need to know his tongue to understand the meaning behind his words. But the overseer wasn't done with him.

“Yes, that’s right, runt,” she said as she motioned him between her breasts now, “beg, beg some more!”





She smashed her breasts together, catching the Syrian's head - which looked puny in comparison – between them. He screamed in mortal agony, finding renewed strength to try and escape his predator. The overseer seemed to enjoy it even more.

“Yes! That’s right. Scream for me!” She said.  
“Howl like a pathetic little mouse because you can’t handle my tits!”



The Syrian did just that as he experienced a combination of hanging and skull-crushing at the same time. But the overseer was experienced enough to never let him slip into oblivion without her permission. As soon as his screaming died down and he began to lose consciousness, she released him from her vicious grip and afforded him another brief moment of respite.



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She laughed at his pathetic form. “You know what you are?” She said. “A toy. So I can play with, and then throw you away when I get bored.”

Again, she did just that. She threw him away, easily forcing his entire frame to glide through the air before he landed with a thump against the stone steps of the Arena. The Syrian screamed and coughed in pain, looking disoriented as he held his chest.



The overseer regarded at him for a brief while before she made up her mind and walked towards him. As she did, Agron glanced towards Ava who still winced in pain, and slowly made his way towards her.

“I have a final lesson for you, junk.” The overseer said, arriving at the defeated Syrian and smashing her foot against his face once more. “I want you to understand what a little lowlife you really are. Now, breathe the stench of my foot, taste the dirt and sweat of it because that’s what you *deserve*.”



She ground her foot a few more times against his face, eliciting screams out of him the entire time before she retreated and then turned around. "And this is my parting gift to you; A taste of my glorious ass!"

Agron looked back towards the overseer, eyes wide as she jumped up in the air, aiming straight at the unfortunate man below her. A wave of sickening fear overcame Agron as he could anticipate the gut-wrenching pain of so many pounds of flesh rushing down upon the Syrian.

The tan skinned warrior never stood a chance. He couldn't even put up any sort of resistance with his hands before the overseer's massive behind crashed upon him with a moist thud. He jerked once as she landed on him, his body caving in to her vast ass, and then became motionless.

Agron and everyone else stood motionless too, entirely unable to act on the events they had just witnessed. *Damn it*, he thought, *why does it have to be so humiliating?*




The overseer clearly enjoyed the ordeal and subsequent grind she performed upon the Syrian, moaning and laughing the entire time. "Yesss! That's right, that's where you belong, worm! A comfy cushion for my ass!"





But her enjoyment was cut off abruptly when Ava screamed in a sudden. Everyone looked at her, at what was happening to her. Her entire body seemed to shift in a way Agron couldn't comprehend. He knew what was happening, saw it with his own eyes, but he would never be able to describe the *feeling* accompanying it.

He was witnessing the birth of a goddess, after all. The air shifted a little, like a small wind blowing towards her. Her skin shimmered slightly, and her body reshaped itself over and over again, growing into itself, gaining height, weight, and most of all, *power*.



Her clothes started to rip off her body, unable to contain the growing goddess. She looked at Agnon, speaking in disorientation for a moment before she realized what was happening to her. She wasn't just growing; she was becoming more... beautiful. Every part of what symbolized the feminine grace was being reshaped on her faster and faster, growing into a beauty that left Agnon and all the others gaping.

Her expression then changed as she seemed to enjoy the transformation, especially the more pronounced parts such as her breasts, she approached Agron who seemed so meek in comparison, dwarfing him completely. She smiled, saying something in her tongue and running her hands all around her new body as the grown began to subside, reaching something what Agron judged to be beyond 10 feet.





By the time it was done, Ava was unrecognizable in all but her beautiful face. She was breathing heavily due to the strain of the transformation, but seemed in an upbeat mood considering she now possessed the means to finally fight the overseer. When she stood on her final height, she was exactly as tall as the overseer.

But even though she hadn't grown just in height, she still wasn't quite as voluptuous as the overseer. Agron wanted to scream at her, to cheer loudly for her, but his body betrayed him as he coughed up a little blood on the sand instead.





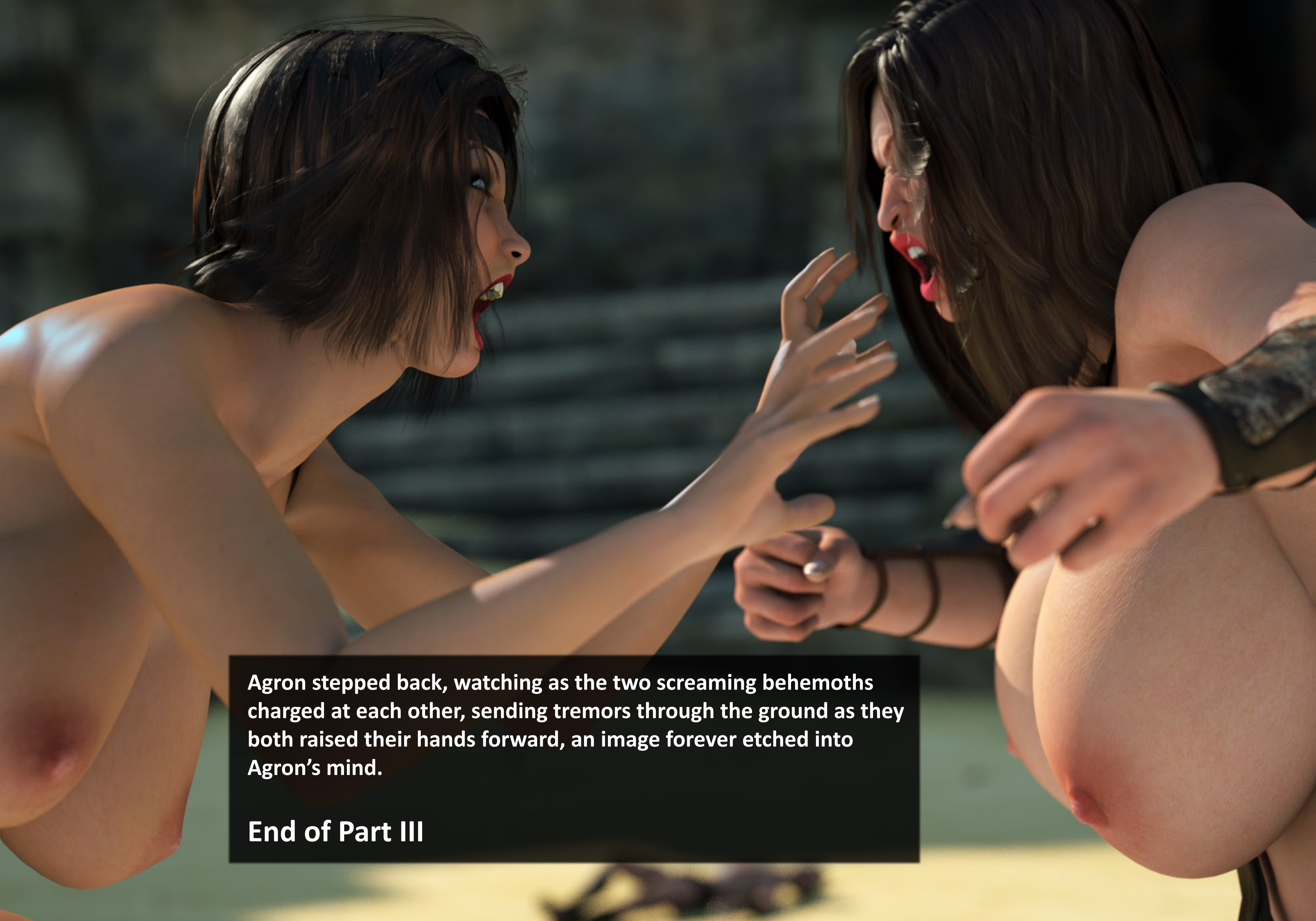
Ava wiped the sweat from her brow, glancing towards the blood-splattered stone-steps and the unmoving body of the Syrian, muttering something under her breath. Then her gaze shifted at the now nervous overseer. Ava's expression betrayed a wild, menacing look, causing Agron's blood to run cold and reminding him that she now wasn't one of them anymore, she was much more. *Touched by the crimson goddess herself.*



**“Bwah!” The overseer waved a hand, “You think I’m scared now? You think you can match me now? We’ll see, bitch!” She stepped forward, increasing her pace as she strode towards Ava. But Ava never flinched, she only anticipated the overseer in return.**



**“I’ll fucking show you who’s the boss in this pitch of sand!” The overseer screamed as she charged.**



**Agron stepped back, watching as the two screaming behemoths charged at each other, sending tremors through the ground as they both raised their hands forward, an image forever etched into Agron's mind.**

**End of Part III**