
Goddesses of the Arena
Part VI


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The hopeless trio stared up at what could very well soon bring about their untimely demise. Each brought with them a different feeling, unsure of how things would play out. All worked out ways to save themselves if the need arose.
Julia, the largest of the three, stood enraged. She cared not for the two smaller ones she had, until just a moment earlier, been intimidating with her superior size. Such an advantage meant little in the face of the truly massive, monstrous figure that loomed before them. If the need arose, she would gladly throw the other two directly into the slavering maw of the beast over her if it meant saving her own life.
Ava had only gotten a taste of what it was like to be an amazon. She stared up at both the gladiatrix, who had been ordered to kill everyone unfortunate enough to step foot into the arena, and Julia, who very clearly held no loyalty towards herself in the face of the beast.
Agron, the smallest of the three, the lowly little man who could be crushed under the feet of Ava or Julia, stared up in abject fear. He attempted to compose himself, remind himself that he was a proud warrior and a skilled fighter... but he was also a man. That single trait meant he would not even serve as an obstacle if any of the other 3 decided to go against him.


Then there was *her*. The gladiatrix. The beast. The giant woman whose teeth were clenched together, a low, rumbling growl reverberating through her throat. Her mind totally broken as a side-effect of that which she craved most. The mystical spice that had granted her such boons to size, strength, and ferocity. The same substance that her damaged psyche demanded she get as much of as possible.

The same thing substance Julia had brought to the arena with her on this very day.



The beast opened her mouth wide, leading Julia to flinch as an explosion of sound came from within the beast. Bursts of hot air expelled from the giantess's esophagus, and a few stray droplets rained onto the biggest of the trio. The bigger woman could have, at any moment, grabbed hold of Julia. Crushed her huge within a massive fist. Smashed her into the walls. Broken her body in two. Torn her in half. Feasted on her flesh in any number of ways. In a contest of strength Julia would not last more than a second.

Despite this, the gladiatrix hesitated. Having been trained like a tamed animal, she knew how to obey orders. But much like a wild animal, she would not endure the orders from someone who abused her, and the biggest woman was on *very* thin ice.


"YOU ARE TO STOP THIS IMMEDIATELY!" Julia shouted, raising her voice as loud as she possibly could. Though there was a hint of shakiness to it, she stamped her foot to reinforce the point. She may have been in over her head, but she was not stupid. The mindless beast before her would respond to commands that came with enough force.
It was a tactic that seemed to work. At least for the moment. Though she held all of the advantages, the gladiatrix did not act on any of them. Choosing instead to face down Julia, wary of what would come.


It was not to last. As if to test the resolve of the one demanding things of her, she slammed both hands onto the stone slabs in front of her. The massive chunks cracked from the pressure as the gladiatrix roared again, the sheer power of her voice enough to make the woman before her take a step back in surprise.
This would prove to be Julia's greatest mistake.


Had she been able to maintain her dominance, she may have salvaged the scenario. But although the beast was blinded, she could sense the hesitation in the being before her. As soon as Julia's stance weakened, the gladiatrix moved closer. The smaller one may have been able to control the giant woman in a multitude of ways, but the gladiatrix ran primarily on instincts. The weakness Julia showed was a silent acknowledgment that she was not in control as she attempted to assert herself..
"I SAID..." Julia tried again even as she stepped back. She looked to find the words that would free her from this situation. To use her famed silver tongue in a way that would convince the monster staring her down to back away in meek submission.
But the gladiatrix could not be convinced. It would only respond to pain. Intimidation. Rewards. And what stood before her seemed little more than prey. Scared, backing away, and unable to do more than stand in fear.



The gladiatrix moved closer, jaw clenched, eager to sink her teeth into Julia. The scent of the largest of the three hung heavy in the air, leading the gladiatrix's mouth to salivate. Thick rivers of clear liquid pooled in the corners of her mouth, as she seemed to consider the meal before her.

"O-OH. YOU'RE HUNGRY?" Julia said, eyes darting around the arena. "T-THEN THERE'S SOME FOOD OVER THERE FOR YOU! JUST LOOK BEHIND YOU!"

The gladiatrix stared at Julia for a second longer. She moved to advance again, but Julia pressed the issue.

"IDIOT! I SAID LOOK BEHIND YOU! THERE IS FOOD FOR YOU THERE!"


That did it. The forceful order was enough for the giant gladiatrix to turn around, entertaining the idea that there was indeed something for her back there. She may have been bestial by nature, but she had also been domesticated to some extent. The promise of freely available food given to her by the familiar voice calmed her just a bit.
As she turned around, her massive breasts slapping against one another, she caught another scent in the air. This one was different. It was smaller, and carried with it the scent of fear. One she knew well, as her diet so frequently consisted of morsels exactly like it.
It was a man.


Julia kept a close watch on the gladiatrix. She wanted no part of the beast's wrath should she decide that the scrap of food on the opposite end of the arena was too far to be worth traveling for. For that she had to keep a close eye on the giant woman, and ensure she did not wind up victim to her hunger.
This presented Agron and Ava with an opportunity. Combined they couldn't hope to match the strength and presence of Julia alone, but at this moment it could serve as an advantage. An opportunity to escape the arena unscathed, leaving Julia to reap what she had sown.
"Out. Go." Ava whispered. She noted how quickly the gladiatrix had turned with the promise of food, making a mental note of how quickly she would be able to grab and throw Agron himself at her if it would buy her time.



"We can not." The smaller man said, shaking his head as Ava turned to look at the gate. "Remember? There are guards! If we escape we will no doubt be skewered by javelins."

Ava simply stared at him, then turned around again, and pointed to the gate.

Agron sighed. In the heat of this moment he had forgotten that Ava was not from these lands. She hardly spoke, nor understood the same language as he and Julia. Thinking quickly, he pantomimed with his hands, using fingers to represent the spears that would invariably rain upon the both of them should they step outside.

Ava seemed to understand, having been given the same warning upon entering.


But unlike her smaller companion, she was not to be dissuaded by mere warnings. She marched straight up to the gate, determined to see for herself what dangers awaited outside. Her keen mind thought of how she may be able to use her enhanced size to find a way to survive the armed guards awaiting them. She steeled herself, prepared to take a few of the massive projectiles if she needed.
But, to her great surprise... there seemed to be no one awaiting them.



Perhaps the threat was just that. Empty words intended to scare the slaves into submission. After all, under normal circumstances there was little chance they could have escaped the arena in the first place. A few stern words to keep them from even trying would break their spirits, resigning them to their fate.

Or... maybe something bad happened. Perhaps all the men stationed outside had been taken over by cowardice. Afraid of the sounds of Julia screaming at the beast, and what appeared to be the gladiatrix breaking from her bindings. The poor fools may have simply run away, leaving her and Agron with an opportunity to escape.


The gladiatrix had been fed a steady diet since her growth began so long ago. She knew the taste of men and women alike, but the empire had most often given her men to slake her hunger. They were, after all, utterly worthless to society as a whole, being unable to make use of the spice's empowering effects to serve as more useful servants.
Though her bestial nature would have kept her satisfied with any sort of meal, she still kept enough sense to have her preferences. The promise of a man to eat kept her satisfied for the time being, with Agron's presence thankfully masked by the two much-larger women he had hidden behind.


Julia watched as the gladiatrix hunted the man on the other side of the arena, and breathed a sigh of relief. Her relief quickly turned to anger as she noticed the giant brute knocking aside her throne as she carelessly reached over the spiked barrier to claim her prize.
She thought of screaming obscenities at the giant thing for the show of disrespect... but stayed her tongue. She still had some level of control over the thing, but she had the distinct feeling the gladiatrix would not be long before returning. Images of the huge thing grabbing her in those massive hands were unpleasant, to say the least.
She thought of her options. Should she stay, and attempt to reassert herself? Or use this chance to leave?



Julia heard the sound of breathing behind her, and turned to see the remaining two slaves were still alive. Before, they had been little more than snacks to be fed to the beast for Julia's amusement, while she observed from on high. She thought of how so much had changed over the past few minutes, and how she had now been reduced to the same position as they.

It filled Julia with a surge of hate. Disbelief that she could find herself in this same situation. Anger that she was losing control over the situation. She thought of picking up the both of them, and offering them to the gladiatrix herself as a peace offering... but she was doubtful of whether even that would be enough to assuage the hungry beast.

Still. They should be reminded of where they stood in the grand scheme of things.


"Don't tell me you intend to leave the arena before the show is over." She asked, her acidic tone echoing around the small hallway. She saw the other two freeze up, the hate evident in her voice affecting their concentration..

Julia turned back to the gladiatrix, watching as the giant beast seemed to care little for any damage she sustained to her own body while reaching over the barrier. She watched, bemused as her giant plaything seemed to still hold some level of loyalty to her. Even if it had to be forced through the sacrifice of yet another slave.


Then, the gladiatrix finally managed to grab hold of the servant she'd left behind up on the balcony. She watched as the massive woman roared with a heart full of rage, shoving the tiny man between her lips with little care. The terrified screams of the unfortunate soul near-instantly mixed with the cracking of bone. The giantess cared little for how much her food suffered before they were deposited into her belly, shoving the man down her gullet as if she had been starved for weeks.

Julia watched, waiting to see what would happen next. She would never admit it, but she felt as if her heart were being squeezed by an unknown force. She knew that what happened next would determine if she still had any sort of control... or if she should debase herself as these slaves did, and make a run for it.



The gladiatrix, having finished her meal, looked for more. In the blink of an eye that giant hand moved back up to the balcony. The fist smashed around, throwing aside the furniture that had been placed up there, in the search for more sustenance. The grunts of exertion quickly turned to anger, before transitioning into another roar.

All those she had already swallowed today meant nothing. She was still hungry, and needed more.

Julia may have been supremely confident under most circumstances, but she knew when to back down. The beast had gone absolutely feral, and her attempt at eating it had not helped as much as she had hoped.

The best course of action from here was simply to leave.



"Out of the way." She said, charging straight through the miniature hallway before her.

Agron did not need to be told twice. He could possibly have squeezed through the bars to escape without any assistance if he had a bit of time to do so, but the likelihood of Julia respecting his efforts was nil. As such, he had no choice but to run, plastering himself against the walls as the massive woman barreled past him.

Julia paid him no mind. Her own escape was the only important thing to her, and her word would trump theirs if they lived to tell others.



"Did you not hear me?"

Ava had, but her inability to understand the language meant when Agron bid she was still facing the bars, unaware of what was happening behind her. When she finally looked back, her eyes went wide, seeing the massive Julia directly behind her... but she breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing that she did not seem to intend to harm her.

The tone of the giantess's voice said it all, and she quickly moved out of the way to give the bigger woman a clear path straight to the gate.



The way now clear, Julia looked over the gate. She wasn't even sure how it was supposed to be opened under normal circumstances, or if it was there purely to be decorative. A reminder for the people who normally found themselves trapped in this arena that an outside world still existed, even if they would never get to experience it themselves.

That seems like something she would have ordered during its construction.

Though there was no obvious opening mechanism, especially from the inside, she was big enough that she had no need for such things. She wedged her body between some of the gaps in the wrought iron, and simply pushed.



A woman of Julia's size is capable of a great many things, and her sheer strength proved able to get her through the gate. The sound of twisting iron and bending metal echoed throughout the hallway, making both Agron and Ava nervous as it was the furthest thing from subtle. Julia didn't care much though, as the beast would undoubtedly be distracted with the two others, even if she drew too much attention in this direction.

Separate from all the twisting metal and bending gates was a very different sound, one that Julia didn't expect to hear. The distinct sound of cloth catching on something, then tearing. Stopping for a moment, Julia looked down, realizing that her garment had been caught on a part of the gate's intricate design as she'd pushed through. For a moment she considered trying to salvage it, before giving up on that thought.

She could always have a new one made.


Finally making her way through the gate, Julia scoffed.
"Stupid thing tore so easily." She muttered, looking at the tattered remains of her outfit. Her breasts were now bared to the world, and there was nothing hiding the bottom half of her body from view to all. A look most unbecoming of a woman of her status outside of her bed chambers.
There was a powerful thud behind her, and the giant woman tensed up. She was already concocting punishments for the inadequate craftsmen behind her ruined outfit, but she had little time to worry about such trifling matters. Time was of the essence.


A moment later she heard another sound. No longer the sound the beast she was abandoning would make by simply moving, but a sound that she had made intentionally. A raw snarl of pure, unbridled rage. She had successfully stayed the gladiatrix's bottomless hunger for but a moment, and though it was enough time to get her out of the kiln, she was still well deep into the furnace.
For a moment she considered betraying the two she'd not gone out of her way to crush a moment prior. The stupid slave trapped on the balcony had bought her a few moments, and she knew that two more would certainly accomplish the same.


But one look at the enraged animal running straight for her had her mind changed in an instant. The massive woman's arm was outstretched, and if she were captured there was little chance that the gladiatrix would ever allow a chance for her to be released.
The hulking beast charged straight for the hallway. Every stamp from her massive hands kicked up huge clouds of sand, making it clear that she was enraged. Agron and Ava could only watch, before turning to the gate that Julia had just broken apart.



Had she the time, Julia would have loved to kill the two slaves. Perhaps shoved one up her pussy, while crushing the other's skull under her ass. It would be pleasurable, effortless, and most importantly, she would be justified in doing so.

But time was not on her side. If Julia intended to survive, which she certainly did, she would be wise to escape now, leaving the other two to their fates. She only wished she could be there to see it.

For Agron and Ava, they were thankful to see that a way out had been granted, but disappointed that the cowardly noblewoman so clearly feared for her own safety above all else.


This disappointment was incredibly short-lived, as that brief moment of introspection was enough for the gladiatrix to cover even more ground. Already blocking a good deal of light from inside of the arena, the much-smaller pair could only back away with a start as the giant woman's hand thrust forward, nails scraping at the ground underneath them.
Neither said a word, both knowing they should get out as quickly as possible.


Though they'd had the same thought about Julia's cowardice, neither was willing to give the other even a single thought as they rushed to climb over the gate that the giantess had forced open. For Ava it was a simple affair, as her far greater size and agility led her to climbing over the massive hole Julia had created.

For Agron it was a grueling effort. A testament to his great strength and stamina, for a man anyway, as he pushed himself to his absolute limits to make it to the top of the iron opening as quickly as possible.


The end result was the same. Ava had taken her time, climbing to better save her stamina for whatever was likely to come ahead, while Agron essentially launched himself over the edge in a desperate bid to cover as much ground as humanly possible and save himself the indignity of being captured by the giantess.
The beast herself roared so loudly that it shook loose dirt from around the hallway to the ground while reaching her arm forward as far as she could. So large that she was able to stretch throughout the entire hallway, the gladiatrix rushed to grab hold of the figures moving at the very back of it.


A rush of wind caught both Agron and Ava by surprise as the beast did exactly that. A moment later, they were likely to have been crushed by the giant woman's angry movements as she grasped blindly at the apex of her reach, effortlessly molding more of the gate around the shape of her fist. The simple movement had compounded Julia's efforts, and it was clear she wasn't even trying.
Agron and Ava could only crawl away as best they could, hoping to escape a situation that seemed impossible.


A moment later and the hand opened up again, stretching even further into the hallway. It was accompanied by angry grunts from deeper inside the arena, as well as the cracking of stone and masonry.
But it wasn't enough. The hand remained well out of reach, and the building managed to hold its shape. They were safe... or as safe as one could be with a rampaging monster within arm's reach.


Not that the beast was willing to give up so easily. Like a mindless engine of destruction, any obstacle in her path had to be overpowered. Her massive shoulders slammed into the walls, filling the air with the ominous cracking of stone as her fingertips stretched as far as possible in a bid to get that small bit of reach missing to snag her prey.
Though she was a safe distance already, Ava couldn't help but take a few steps back in apprehension as the grasping fingers searched for a target.


Agron wasted no time. He broke into a run, comparatively tiny feet kicking up sand as he sprinted away from the gate. Ava heard his movements, looked back at the massive hand, and took the same option.

It would likely not be long before the gladiatrix found her way out of the arena. At most they would be buying themselves a little more time, not guaranteed safety by any stretch of the imagination.


But the triumphant escape would be shorter-lived than either of them would expect. With there only being one route away from the arena, they found themselves looking up at Julia from a distance. The massive woman stared down at a small number of soldiers, clearly angry at what she saw.
Ava looked down at Agron, who was focused on the conversation in the hopes of finding out what was going on.


"Where are all of the soldiers?" Julia asked, looking at the pitiable figure who did not even stand as tall as her knee. Upon leaving the arena she'd noticed the guards that were supposed to be posted just outside of that exit in case the unthinkable happened weren't present. And then didn't see them as she'd turned the corner either. Internally she was fuming, but she knew that losing her cool would do her no good.
"Apologies, Mistress Julia!" The man spoke, doing his best to maintain his composure. "But the other soldiers... as soon as they saw the beast grow again, they deserted! I did my best to keep them in line, but-"
"But you failed." Julia spat, stamping a sandaled foot into the ground.


"I'm... I'm sorry, mistress, but I am just one man, and-"
Julia looked away from him, knowing if she kept her eyes on the man she would likely crush him herself. In doing so she caught sight of two other figures nearby, confusing them for deserted soldiers for a moment, before realizing it was the two she'd left behind.
She scowled at the pair, dissatisfied with their tenacity. "You two have been a thorn in my side for some time now." Julia said, taking a step in their direction. "Were it not for the situation I find myself in, I'd rid the world of you immediately."


Ava didn't understand a word of it, but the threatening tone communicated Julia's intent just fine. Agron looked between the two, unsure of what to do himself. He knew that a contest between any combination of them would end with the bigger woman as the victor, and that this encounter should not proceed in that direction under any circumstances.
"But..." Julia finally said, sighing in defeat. "I need bodies, and you are all I have right now. You've already proven more useful than these useless men."



The soldier behind Julia only looked down in shame, wishing he had done more to keep the others around. Ava could only look back at Agron, not sure of what to make of what the woman had just said.

"We... go?" She finally asks, hoping that her meaning was understood.

"She's dangerous." Agron said slowly, unconfident in his own pronunciation. "But we should be safe. Big woman is trapped."

Ava nodded.



Whatever fleeting sense of security Agron had was short-lived. At that exact moment, there was more violent thrashing inside of the arena, drawing all eyes back in that direction. A second later the gladiatrix's head popped over the outer walls, before she roared her throat raw with pure, unbridled rage. Her hands grasped blindly cracking stone as she sought purchase, while the rest of her body scrambled around the seats to climb over.

Ava could only look down at Agron, then back at the beast. At the moment she wanted to throw him at the gladiatrix herself for foolishly leading her to believe she could be contained within those inadequate walls.


But, much like Julia, she knew that would accomplish nothing, and that they had greater problems at the moment. The gladiatrix pushed herself forward, before grabbing at one of the rock formations surrounding the arena.

As she moved, the chains around her body began to tighten, clanging wildly against each other. Though they no longer kept her locked in place, they were still pressed tightly against her body making an unearthly sound as she simply moved.


As they'd done so many other times since this encounter had begun, Ava and Agron ran as quickly as they could. As quickly as their legs could carry them through the soft sands that hindered their movements.
But they'd taken little more than a few steps before a massive hand slammed onto the ground just behind them shaking the earth beneath their feet.
The beast had escaped, and was in hot pursuit.


Agron and Ava picked up the pace, all the while hearing the beast close the distance between them. But the contest was unwinnable, and the pair had hardly made any gains before a fresh quake drew both of their heads back..
Kneeling high overhead was the gladiatrix. The woman had finally climbed out of the arena entirely, and was searching for new prey.


The sands helped the tiny pair move quietly, offering them precious few seconds before the overbearing presence of the gladiatrix. They did not know if it would help, but they knew that the beast was blind. Shouting for help or to one another would do no good, and though the situation seemed untenable, it was all they had.
It was not to last. The exit of the arena being placed at the bottom of a pit meant that eventually they had to climb the various stones poking out from the sand, and it was those sounds that the gladiatrix quickly picked up on.


In no time at all they had been overtaken. Try as they might, they simply could not hope to match the giant woman's vastly superior speed. After a single second she was well within arm's reach. Another second and her head moved over the pair.
Then another second passed, and she seemed to pass them entirely. That did not mean they were safe just yet, as even a clumsy movement from the gladiatrix was an extinction-level event for the tiny people around her. While she continued climbing out of the pit, her massive breasts swung forward, bouncing off one another and seemingly coming straight for them.



Agron and Ava did what came naturally. They stopped, dropped to the ground, and braced themselves for impact. Ava had a feeling she could withstand the impact thanks to her far greater size, but the same could not be said for Agron, who instead prepared for thousands of pounds of giant breast to crush him.

Curled up into a ball and shivering like a mewling kitten, he awaited the inevitable... only to hear the giant woman's chest pass over them. Opening one eye, he quickly rose again, watching as the giant woman seemed focused instead on the conversation that had been taking place just ahead of them.


"I see you have no intention of leaving me be!" Julia shouted. The other two had been so absorbed in their own survival they hadn't realized that the soldier Julia had been conversing with was now screaming in terror. That had to have been the most obvious sound that the beast had heard.
They waited for a moment for her to pass entirely... but she stopped moving. Whatever was happening up there had clearly given the gladiatrix pause, and they weren't keen to wait here any longer than they had to.


Sneaking around under the giant woman, it was Agron who first spotted Julia. In her hand she held the same soldier she had been talking to, using him as bait to draw the beast's attention.
At least, that had been his initial assumption. Upon closer examination, he spotted something inside of Julia's right hand. A familiar-looking jug. One enormous in comparison to himself and the soldier that Julia held, but positively tiny in the giant woman's hand.


"That's more like it." Julia said, looking at the seemingly-subdued beast. "You want some more of this, don't you?"
Saying this, she held up the jug in her hand, swishing the liquid around gently. With the lid having been removed, the scent of the spiced wine inside spread around the area, leading the gladiatrix's lips to part. Not in protest or anger, but to salivate at the promise of more of the divine beverage.


"You may have more only if you stop misbehaving, and obey your mistress." Julia ordered.
The beast did not respond. Clear rivers of saliva pooled around her tongue, beginning to drip down the sides of her mouth.
"Very well." Julia said, annoyed. "Open wide."
The gladiatrix did so, eagerly awaiting the prize that had been promised. The jug that Julia held was once again swished in the air, before she raised instead the hand holding the soldier that she had been conversing with moments prior.



"Catch."

Rather than the sweet, cool sensation of wine hitting her tongue, the gladiatrix felt something hard, and flavorless make its way inside of her mouth. Still, having been fed entire ceramic jugs in the past to spare the lives of those tasked with feeding her, this was not an all-too-uncommon situation for her.

The soldier screamed inside of her mouth, begging for forgiveness from Julia. Right up until the giant woman's teeth came down, crunching through bone and sinew in one clean movement, and turning his insides into outsides all over her tongue.


The giant woman began to chew. She recognized the flavor of a person mixed in, but had been fed so many different things it was not even uncommon for her to taste that metallic flavor of a human mixed in with her regular spice intake.
But as she began to swirl the man's remains, crunching and chewing through him like he were little more than a piece of steak... her expression began to sour. She began to snort, realizing there wasn't a drop of the wine to be found.
The situation clearly beginning to spiral out of control, Ava and Agron took the opportunity to escape underneath the notice of the other two.


And not a moment too soon.
The beast, having realized that she had been decepted, took a moment to sniff the air again. Indeed, with the scent of the spice still thick in the immediate surroundings, she knew that there had been no mistake.
The spice remained in Julia's possession. And it was still ripe for the taking.



Lunging her entire massive body forward, the gladiatrix's breasts slid across the hot sands as she dragged herself ahead. The movement was enough to throw Ava from her feet, coming dangerously to being run over by the advancing behemoth.

The gladiatrix's movements were in no way subtle. This was the only thing saving the two as her path was obvious. She was after the jug that Julia held, and she would stop at nothing to feel its contents move down her throat.


This left Julia at a crossroads. She'd demanded more of the spice be brought to her in the hopes of growing more and overpowering the disobedient ingrate before her. But the shipment was far too small, and she had not nearly enough time to even approach the necessary size to stop her. Even if she had greedily consumed the entire thing in one fell swoop, her growth would not bring forth any notable advantage.
She was trapped. And saw no other option available to her.


"THEN TAKE IT!" She shouted. Though her anger was clear, the careful way she tossed it betrayed her tone. She wanted to ensure that the gladiatrix got what it was she craved, lest she find herself the next thing the rabid monster came for.
"GO AHEAD!" She added, placing her hands onto her hips. "ENJOY. AND REMEMBER WHO GAVE THIS TO YOU!"


Once again finding something in her mouth, the beast wasted even less time biting down this time. She was unsure if she would be betrayed again, but her drive for more of the spice kept her submissive to anything that would supply it for her.
Her teeth came down, cracking through the jug in the blink of an eye, spilling its contents out into her mouth. In an instant the giant woman tilted her head back, feeling that familiar flavor coat her taste buds, eager to send it down her throat.


It was all gone in about a second, leaving her to lie there, sniffing at the air once more. She looked around, turning from Julia, catching the scent of the guard nearby, and attempting to find more on the winds.
But there was no sign of any more. Satisfied, she growled, feeling that familiar sensation course through her body. Knowing what was to come next.


Ava and Agron simply stood in place, stunned at what they'd just bore witness to. Deep down it was a bit comforting to know that she had taken this route, rather than let the two of them be sacrificed to the gladiatrix.
But on the other hand, it seemed as if that would be a natural result of her decision regardless.


In no time at all, the beast began to grow once more. Her already gigantic form stretched across the ground, her naked chest moving closer to the tiny pair seated before her. Ava in particular was in a dicey spot, as she was nearly in-between the giant woman's ever expanding chest.
Julia could only take a step back in apprehension. She knew that she would come out on top regardless, but if some method of subduing and pacifying the gladiatrix did not present itself soon, she wasn't sure how much longer she would be okay.


The giant woman continued her ascension, a low hum coming from deep inside of her throat. Even for someone as mindless as herself, the sensation of growth was intensely pleasurable, and the feeling of sand sinking around her without any additional movement was enjoyable.
Right up until she gagged.


"No..." Julia whispered, her eyes growing wide at what was taking place in front of her. For the moment she'd assumed she had the situation under control. Scary as it was to see the giant woman growing, there was a sense of peace that would likely keep her obedient until she could be restrained once more.
But all hopes of that were evaporating right before her. As the gladiatrix grew, the chain around her neck began to tighten. There were two frightening possibilities presented to her.


The first was the gladiatrix managing to free herself from these bindings. Any chances of being calmed down will have vanished, as she would no doubt believe the sensation akin to an attempted strangling as a hostile attack on her.
The other she did not want to even imagine. The chains had been well-built. Able to contain a woman of her great size effortlessly. Should they hold their own against her expanding form, they could wind up suffocating her, and...


Julia turned to run. She needed help. She wanted no responsibility for the death of a gladiatrix under her watch. They were meant to serve in battle and die honorable deaths, not ignobly in the desert, half-buried in the sand.
As she ran, the soldier next to her realized the danger as well, and did the same. He could not hope to cover the same distance Julia did however, and was quickly left in the dust as the gladiatrix continued clawing at the chain around her neck.

Agron could hear the beast gasping for air, but didn't want to wait around to see the result. At best the giant woman would perish right in front of him, and he may be blamed for it. At worst she would become more enraged, and standing this close to her was a guaranteed death sentence.

"RUN!" He shouted, no longer caring about how loud he was being. He needed Ava to get the message, and though her familiarity with the language was low, she immediately recognized what was being said, and stood.







The two took little more than a single step however, before a roar of pure rage echoed all around them. Both stopped to look up and see what was going on, before the sound of chains clinking drew their eyes towards the beast's neck.

She'd managed to hook her fingers under the chain before they grew too tight and had begun to pull. The heavy iron links did their best to maintain their shape against such overwhelming power... but it was impossible. They were built to contain a giant woman, but one that was much smaller than the one looming over them now.


Chips of metal broke off of the chains as she continued to pull, gradually allowing herself more air. As the chain's hold began to loosen her grunts continued escalating in volume, and her teeth clenched together in a show of rage.
Until finally, with a devastating SNAP, the chain broke. A chunk of it remained in her hand, while more of the broken shards rained onto the sand beneath her. Her strained muscles relaxed, and she began to pant, desperate to fill her lungs with the air she'd been denied.


Ava and Agron had made the poor choice of watching her break the chain, rather than run. The sounds had been too entrancing. The spectacle too alluring. The idea that they may see the gladiatrix felled by her own greed too enticing.
That left them directly in her line of sight when she was freed from all of her bindings, and in a rage the likes of which they had never seen before.


They began to do what they should have done moments prior. They ran, their feet hitting the soft sand quickly as they sped through the desert. Naturally, given her significantly longer stride, Ava was able to outpace Agron near-immediately, leaving the small man to his fate.
The gladiatrix merely remained where she was, doing her best to find those who she'd sensed nearby a moment ago. But the desert was vast, their scents subtle, and the sand did an excellent job of muting their movements. With every passing second it was obvious she was growing more frustrated with her inability to find what should have been obvious had she any sight.


Until finally, she stopped. Her head pointed towards the two, and she took a deep, full breath of the air around her. Her teeth clenched again, and she grabbed a double handful of sand in anger.
A fresh roar so loud it rang through the other two's ears erupted from the depths of her throat, leading them to look back in surprise. It didn't matter.
The beast had sensed them, and would not let them escape this time.



The chase should have been over quickly, but without sight the other two were given an advantage. Every so often she had to stop, and relocate them. Find their scent in the wind again. Listen for their movements, before playing catch-up.

Were their stamina infinite, it would have meant this was a situation it was possible to escape from. But the gladiatrix was slowly gaining on them, and their already-drained bodies would give out long before hers ever did.


The pair ascended a small hill, hoping the soft surface would slow the giant woman down and give them a bit more time before the chase inevitably resumed. However, upon reaching the top, they realized they had inadvertently brought her straight to Julia, who was standing over a number of soldiers and their tents.
"WHY ARE YOU RUNNING!" She screamed, stamping her foot down. "THIS IS WHAT WE KEEP YOU AROUND FOR. NOW GO BACK AND STOP THAT-"
Her attempt at rallying the troops was broken by another angry roar. Whipping her head around, Julia's face was a mixture of relief and terror, and the gladiatrix near-instantly picked up the pace. Tracking by smell was tedious, but angry screaming was incredibly easy to pinpoint.


No longer forced to use less accurate methods of tracking, the gladiatrix pursued. Her mighty fists smashed at the sand, carrying her closer as she followed the sounds of fear. Terrified soldiers who couldn't help but cry out gave away their positions without a second thought.

Julia, for her part, wasn't about to let herself die such an ignoble death. She was surrounded by men whose job it was to serve her. Even if that meant laying down their own lives for her sake. If they weren't willing to rush the gladiatrix themselves, she would do the job for them.


Seeing that the beast was closing the gap between the two of them, she dropped to one knee, looking for a good target. She considered the lowly foot soldiers, who were most easily replaced and trained. The whole lot of them could be thrown to the beast to slow her down, and their combined mass may even be enough to sate her hunger.
But beneath the fear, she still held a degree of anger. Fury over the pathetic soldier's abandonment of their posts, and the man responsible for it.


"YOU!" She shouted, instantly drawing the man with the more decorated helmet's eye up. He had only a moment to realize what was happening before a hand rushed behind him, incapacitating him in the blink of an eye.
"Do you love the empire?" She asked, matter-of-factly.


"Y-Yes Mistress!" He answered, whipping his head back towards the approaching gladiatrix and the giant woman who held onto him.
"Is that so?" Julia asked, tightening her grip around the small man's head. His panicked gasps quickly turned to screams of pain as the steel in his helmet deformed around the strength of Julia's fingers, threatening to crush his skull.
"Y-YES!" He finally managed to shout amidst the torture. "I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR-"



"Then die."

Saying this, Julia flicked her wrist back, the man so inconsequential next to her size and strength that she didn't even bother winding up to throw him away. His body soared through the air as his limbs flailed wildly, desperate to find something to stop himself.

But in the middle of a desert, there was to be no such luck.


With a soft sound he landed in the sand, grunting in pain. With all of his heavy armor and the distance that he'd flown it could have ended significantly worse. It would almost have been fun, if not for the grim reality of the situation setting in.

Whipping his head to the right, he watched as a giant woman's feet rushed past him, kicking sand into his face. To his left he watched a man, smaller than himself even, run through the sand as he looked at something behind him.

And a second later, he felt a shadow come over him.


"DON'T!" He shouted, expecting to feel a giant woman's hand wrap around him. To crush his body in her fist and convert him into a messy pile of gore.
Instead he felt a rush of hot wind over him. Struggling to rub sand from his eyes, he had only a moment to notice something huge and wet slip underneath his body, and pull him from the ground. Too shocked to do much else, he simply screamed for help, knowing that it would not come.



"MISTRESS JULIA, PLEASE! I'VE BEEN LOYAL, I'VE-"

The lips began to close. In a panicked state, the soldier presses both of his hands into the teeth coming down onto him from above. He kicks wildly, hoping to dissuade the giant woman from finishing what she clearly intended to do.

But he knows it won't be enough. A dozen men's combined strength couldn't overpower the gladiatrix's jaws alone. His panicked cries continue as the teeth inexorably lower, making sure that he's well aware of what his fate to be.


She did not draw things out. What could have been a torturous affair as her teeth crushed his throat flat until his head was lopped clean from his body instead ended in the blink of an eye. A loud clacking of teeth, and an explosion of crimson spraying out from the beast's parted lips.
Blood splattered out into the sand directly in front of her, vanishing nearly instantly as her movements shifted enough sand to hide the aftermath.


Julia stood in place, thinking that the soldier would have given her more time than it wound up doing. She considered her options. The other soldiers were every bit as small and weak as the commander had been. They had also been insubordinate, and are easily replaceable cogs in the machine that was the empire's military might.
Looking down, she saw some of the other men lock eyes with her, and take a step backwards.


The gladiatrix slammed her fist onto the sand, narrowly missing Ava while launching Agron from his feet with the assault. The much-larger woman didn't notice, rising to her hands and knees, having finally closed the gap. The smaller Julia had run out of options, and turned to pick up one of the soldiers nearest her. She would sacrifice a thousand men if it meant getting away!


But the gladiatrix was faster.
"LET ME GO!" Julia screamed as she felt those strong fingers clench around her shoulders. The beast had given her a sensation she'd not felt in quite some time. Not since she'd first enjoyed the taste of that magical elixir moving past her lips, and down her throat.
Pain.


"PUT ME DOWN AT ONCE!" Julia continued to scream as she felt the hand wrapped around her body begin to lift her. She looked down to the massive digits holding onto her, feeling herself be touched in ways she never had before. Just the beast's thumb was larger than her breasts, and she had always boasted about the great size of her chest to the other, less-gifted citizens of the empire.
But she did not have much time to think about that. The gladiatrix's mighty jaws opened up far, far wider than she'd ever seen them before. The giantess had never eaten someone so big in comparison to her. Julia doubted she would even fit.


At least... not in one piece.
The thought of being made a meal in such a violent, gory way sent her reeling. Her hands pushed, slapped, and fought against the huge lips that were coming over her. Then they moved down, hoping to pry the massive fingers that held onto her away.
Neither was successful, and she let out a most undignified scream. One of true, abject horror, as her head was gradually inserted into the gladiatrix's wide-open mouth.


Agron and Ava could only watch, dumbfounded. Julia had threatened them so many times there wasn't an ounce of sympathy from either of the pair, but even they could hardly believe that such a cruel woman who had sentenced so many to this exact fate would be losing her life in such a way.
It was almost perverse in its own way.


Incredible as the sight was, neither wanted to be around when the giant woman inevitably finished her meal. Both broke into a ruin, Ava noting how much her size had grown now that she had more to compare herself to. The tents that the soldiers had been staying in were only half as tall as she was, and though they weren't the most spacious things it brought a secret thrill to be reminded that Agron wasn't just some man in miniature, but how the entire male species would look next to her.
"THIS WAY, MEN!"


The pair stopped, surprised at what they saw. A number of other soldiers running through the desert, headed straight for the gladiatrix.
"More men eager to meet their deaths." Agron thought, watching as one of the men continuously turned around.
Ava said nothing, instead turning her attention in the direction that the man kept looking. As the ground began to rumble from that direction, Agron could not help but look as well.


The reason was made clear in an instant. Heading straight for them was another giant woman. Her feet were clad in decorative sandals that kicked up massive waves of sand with every step she took. Around her legs was a scarlet cape that appeared big as a village, and adorned the body of a woman massive enough to dwarf even the gladiatrix that had terrorized them so.
"Is that..." Agron whispered.
Ava heard him, looking down in shock after getting a view of the giant woman.


"WAIT, EMPRESS! I'M RIGHT HERE-"
The colossal woman pays no attention to the man so far beneath her gaze that he fails to even clear her toes. The unfortunate soldier, merely trying to guide the titanic woman to the location of the gladiatrix found himself beneath the shadow of her sole. He made an attempt to escape, but the woman he was attempting to guide was simply too big.
Unfortunately for him, he was not killed instantly. His lower half was crushed beneath the giant woman's sandal, unnoticed as she had clearly spotted her target, and moved towards it.


Agron knew who this woman was. He'd heard tales of how the empire had changed after the discovery of the spice. How the woman who ran things now was the largest one by far, who decorated herself in lavish gold jewelry and crimson robes.
The woman towering over himself, Ava, Julia, and even the gladiatrix herself had to be the Empress.


Agron had heard stories of the Empress Cybele. He'd spent most of his life far from Rome, but there were few places in the world where you could escape the shadow of Cybele's empire. She had ruled for decades with the help of her two daughters, Julia and Livia. She was renowned for her power, and for her cruelty.


The soldier who had already fallen beneath her gaze found himself crushed even further, then buried under sand as the towering woman's massive steps carried her forward. He cried out for help one last time, before he was buried alive, his crushed remains sticking to the bottom of the massive sandal.
Her next step took her directly over Ava and Agron, who both stared dumbfounded at the image before them.


Agron backed away, thankfully near the edge of the footwear so he could avoid a crushing demise.
Ava didn't look to be so lucky. Being so much larger, there was a lot more of her to escape, and she was clearly in a panic over the sight of someone so huge. It looked as if she were going to be crushed, and Agron couldn't help himself.
"MOVE!" He shouted, instantly getting Ava's attention.


She dove to the side just in time, narrowly avoiding the massive foot. Agron wasn't in range to begin with, but his close proximity ensured that he was cleanly thrown from his feet, and covered in a spray of the sand as her weight settled into the ground. Both panicked, crawling backwards as best they could to place as much distance between themselves and her as possible.
Both were in awe seeing the giant foot this close up. They'd been around the gladiatrix for quite some time who was comparable in size, but with her permanently enraged state they had never gotten the opportunity to truly appreciate her scale. Now they could see just how big that famed spice could make someone.



The sound of creaking leather filled the air as the foot moved forward, never having even known there were two tiny people underneath her to begin with.

For Agron and Ava the world around them turned dark. A gust of wind blew over them as the massive cape the enormous woman flowed behind her, coming to rest as the giantess slowed to a stop just ahead of them.

Both watched, wondering what was to come next. She was big enough to simply step on the beast's neck if she pleased and crush it. She could lift her from the ground, and break her body in any way she desired. For as dangerous as the gladiatrix was, she now found herself thoroughly outmatched by the Empress who had just entered the fray.


"No." The Empress simply said, pointing a finger down at the woman on all fours. "Bad."
The gladiatrix stopped what she was doing, perking her head up. Her mouth still wide open, Julia continued screaming to be let go. The air grew tense as the smaller giantess seemed to be confused, unsure of what to do after the order she'd just been given.


"Put her down, sweetie."
The voice of the Empress boomed around the area, shaking the minuscule pair directly underneath her while finally getting through to the blonde giantess. With a whimper of humiliation, Julia was finally pulled away from the gladiatrix's lips, and lowered.
"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU!?" The smaller woman continued to scream in the beast's hand. "I SWEAR I'LL HAVE YOUR-"

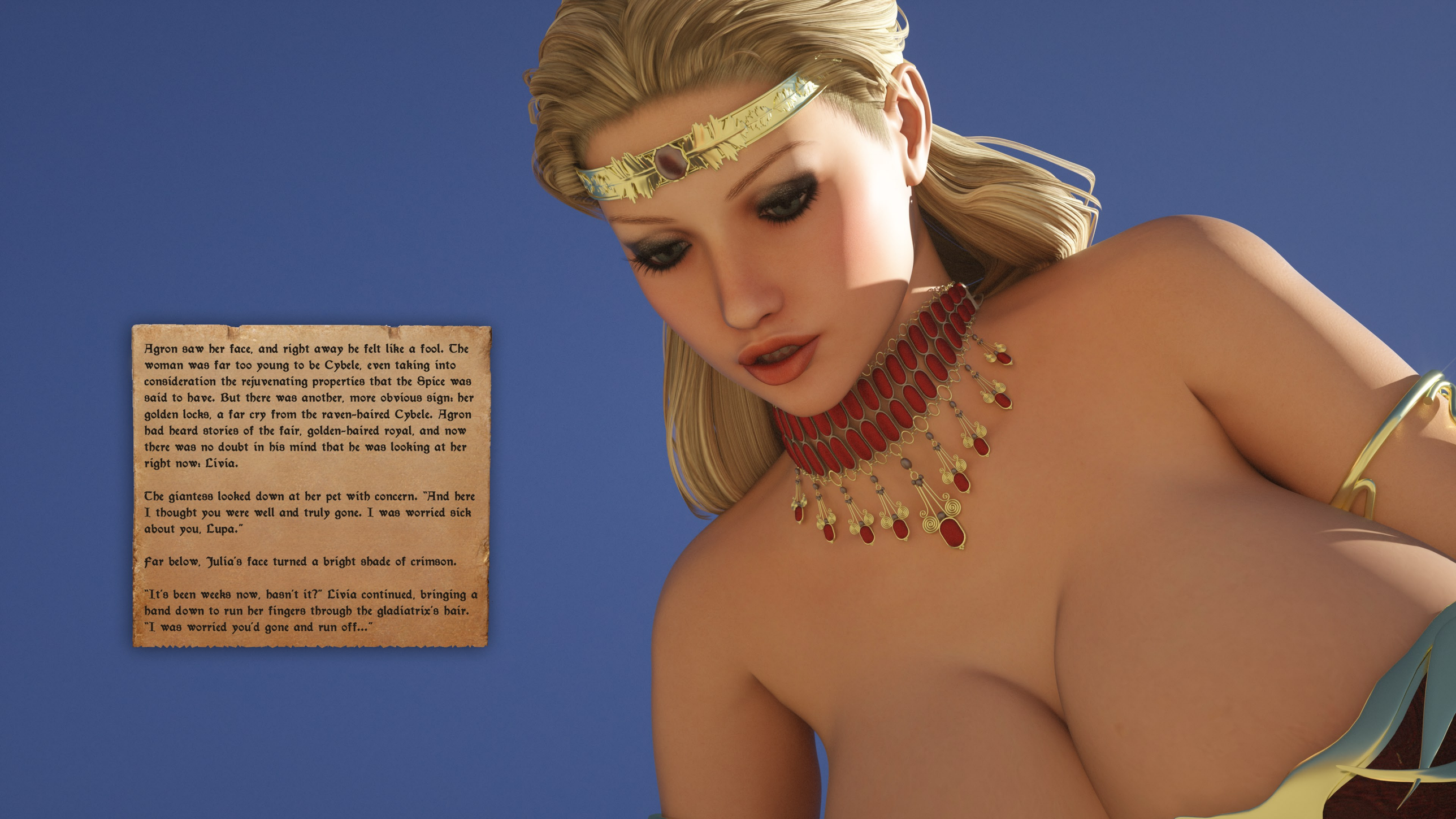

"What was that?" The Empress asked, standing back to her full height as the gladiatrix finally released Julia, letting her plop into the sand with a quiet thud. The smaller woman looked up, having not been able to clearly make out the orders that were now being given to the gladiatrix. From someone who was so clearly able to control the hulking beast with little more than a word.
"You...!" She grunted, fingers clenched tightly as she stared up at the familiar sight of legs that put even her grand size to shame. Her face burned with humiliation as she gradually rose, sitting on her knees.


"Thank you..." She muttered, dissatisfied with how things had turned out. Her life may have just been spared thanks to the actions of the bigger woman, but she bore a grudge against both the gladiatrix and its owner for humiliating her in such a manner.
Julia, exhausted, stood. Face turning red with embarrassment, she knew better than to be rude, lest she face consequences for doing so.


'The Beast' no longer seemed to live up to her moniker. The giant raging behemoth that had brutalized opponents for the amusement of Julia had seemingly been subdued. Pacified before the presence of the woman who stood larger than herself. Rather than the snarling monster crawling after prey on all fours she now sat on her knees, head angled up to face the Empress.

"Be careful, little sister," the Empress said. "Me and my pet are far larger than you. It would be a shame if you came to harm in some tragic accident..."

'Little sister...' Agron puzzled over the words the Empress used. He had assumed that Julia's mother Cybele was still the Empress, but from her words, there must have been a change. It was dangerous to speak of the death of a self-proclaimed Goddess, even far outside of Rome. Even so, he'd heard rumors that Cybele was no longer Empress, and that another had taken the reigns. Agron craned his neck up, and tried to get a look at the face of the Empress...



Agron saw her face, and right away he felt like a fool. The woman was far too young to be Cybele, even taking into consideration the rejuvenating properties that the Spice was said to have. But there was another, more obvious sign: her golden locks, a far cry from the raven-haired Cybele. Agron had heard stories of the fair, golden-haired royal, and now there was no doubt in his mind that he was looking at her right now: Livia.

The giantess looked down at her pet with concern. "And here I thought you were well and truly gone. I was worried sick about you, Lupa."

Far below, Julia's face turned a bright shade of crimson.

"It's been weeks now, hasn't it?" Livia continued, bringing a hand down to run her fingers through the gladiatrix's hair. "I was worried you'd gone and run off..."


The gladiatrix said nothing, instead rising higher onto her knees to better feel the hand placed atop her head. With every passing second she seemed to grow quieter, as Livia effortlessly quelled what once seemed to be an unquenchable fury.

"I see you've grown a bit too, haven't you. Did my sister give you more of the spice? You know how you get after you have some of that..."

The scene was positively surreal to Agron and Ava, who still stood in the shadow of the massive woman. They had assumed that the Empress had come to pacify the beast through more... aggressive means. Instead she seemed to treat the massive thing as little more than a pet. A dog that had strayed too far, and perhaps misbehaved.



"And that blindfold..." Livia continued, slipping a finger underneath the cloth that covered the giant woman's eyes. It was secured tightly, but for Livia it took only a tug to snap the flexible bindings and loosen it enough to pull up. "Now why would Julia go and hide those beautiful eyes of yours?"

The gladiatrix said nothing, blinking at the bright sun that now filled her view and attempting to get a better look at the woman standing over her. "Was it so that you would actually listen to someone as tiny as her? That's not very fair now is it?"

As she said this, the scene began to grow tense. Julia's muscles flexed as she felt anger and embarrassment come over her, while the smaller two felt helpless to do much but watch the scene continue to play out.


"And *you*."
Julia gasped in surprise. She'd expected this from the moment Livia had made an appearance, but knowing it was coming and actually seeing the monolithic woman staring down at her with a look of disdain were two different things entirely. She raised a hand to try and explain herself, but was near-instantly cut off.
"You... you told me she had died. Spice withdrawal, you had claimed, even though I had taken careful measures to ensure that she got enough. Do you know how many servantwomen I had to dispose of under the assumption they had been drinking what was intended for Lupa."
"Sister!" Julia shouted, looking around the open area for help that would never come. "You misunderstand, I-"
"You took my favorite pet, Julia!" She interrupted again, stamping her foot onto the ground and kicking sand directly onto Julia. "And for what? Tell me, did you keep her locked away in that decrepit arena you spend so much of your time at? Oh, I should have known better than to assume you were telling the truth.


"Livia, if you would allow me to explain!"
The Empress's face darkened. Then she turned, silently raising a sandaled foot over Julia who's eyes went wide with abject terror. She fell onto her back, scrambling backwards in an effort to save herself, but it only took a minor adjustment from Livia's side to ensure that the smaller woman remained under her foot the entire time.
"Julia, did you forget that I'm now the Empress? That means not just all the land, but of you as well. Give me one good reason I should not crush you where you lie for your actions against myself. Against the entire Empire!"
"SISTER, PLEASE, ALLOW ME TO EXPLA-"



"Not good enough.

Julia screamed. A sound that neither Ava no Agron ever expected to hear from the woman who had presented herself as so confident and powerful. She even went as far as covering her face in abject fear of what was to come...

Only for the foot to come down directly between her legs. Narrowly missed, Julia stared at the toes directly in front of her, before scrambling backwards a few feet to place more distance between herself and the oversized Empress.



"Were you not my sister I'd have crushed you beneath my feet. Your life would have been forfeit the moment you acted against me. Though it is what you deserve, your relation to me has spared you."

Julia merely gasped in surprise, trying to catch her breath. Her eyes darted between the toes between her legs and the face looming so high above, unsure what to make of what had just been done.

"I... thank you." She said, clasping her hands together in an act of submission.


"Is that all you have to say?" Livia asks, nudging her foot forward. As her toes brushed against Julia's bared legs the smaller woman jolted in surprise, jumping to her feet in the blink of an eye.
"Oh, thank you, my dear sister! For your endless charity and good-naturedness. You've spared my life, and it's more than I deserve, and-"
"Enough."


Julia shut up. As she nervously shook, Livia lowered herself, getting a much-closer look at her miniature sibling. As she did so her bared pussy was on full display, giving the small woman an impossible to ignore view of her nethers.
"Begging is so unbecoming of you, sister." Livia said, brushing hair out of her face as she spoke.
"I'm... I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I meant no disrespect-"
"Yes, Yes. I'm very forgiving." Livia said, bringing her right hand up to muss the hair of the gladiatrix right next to her.


"She, however. May not be so generous."
Punctuating the statement, the beast growled. Not overly aggressive, the sound was enough to nearly throw Julia to the ground in abject terror, covering her face as she begged for mercy. Or attempted to, as the sound that came out of her mouth was closer to a terrified series of babbling noises as she so clearly had lost what composure she had.


"Well? I will give you a choice, sister. I can leave you with my pet, who you have wronged so thoroughly. Or I can take you with me, and punish you myself."

Julia shielded her face as the Empress's huge hands came down nearby. Fearing what would come she braced herself, as there was little she disliked more than being picked up by the very few people in existence larger than herself.


But it never happened.
After a few seconds she opened an eye, pulled her hands away from her face... and scowled at what she saw. The two ingrates who had consistently and repeatedly evaded her attempts at ending their lives were now in Livia's hands. Whether that would prove to be the safest place on the planet, or the signal to their untimely demise she wasn't sure, but the anger that came from failing to end them herself would not reside.



"And what do we have here?" The Empress whispered, looking at the strong, scantily-clad man in her hand. He looked every bit the image of the traditional warrior, though at such a cartoonishly minuscule scale that he couldn't hope to do a thing in any sort of battle that mattered.

Agron, for his part, was merely in awe of the Empress's scale. Hearing tales of how big she is, seeing her stand directly next to him, and now actually being wrapped up in her enormous fingers were all otherworldly events. He could do nothing but look up in awe at the scale of the woman, wondering how many resources regularly went to simply satisfying her hunger.


"Well, I suppose one good thing did come of all this." Livia explained, standing again. "Tell me, did any of your other pathetic gladiators survive? Or am I to believe this will be my only companionship for the time being?"
Julia looked to the side, rubbing a hand against her elbow.
"Didn't think so." Livia added, sighing in disappointment. "Very well, a body is a body, I suppose."



"For now, you should find yourself rather comfortable here." She said, arching her back ever so slightly to naturally separate her breasts so she could deposit Agron in-between them. "Yes, you and I will spend some time together soon enough. Provided you survive the trip back to the palace, that is."

Agron wished to reply. To give thanks for the generosity, as well as the rather spacious and comfortable riding area. But he also knew well that speaking to someone of such high standing without permission could have dire effects on his survivability.

He kept quiet, hoping that the natural movements as Livia walked would not be enough to crush his body beyond recognition.



"As for you..."

Ava tensed up. She'd proven tenacious multiple times during the debacle at the arena, but she was helpless here. There was no way out, save for the giantess's good graces, and she bit her tongue lest she say something she regretted.

"I suppose... I can find a use for you."

The words themselves were lost on Ava, but the lascivious smile forming across Livia's face told her all she needed to know. She simply nodded her head in approval, and waited for whatever was to come next.


"I will be returning home now." Livia announced, and began to walk. "Come with me."
"WAIT, SISTER, I-"
Julia was either ignored or left unheard as her mighty foot swung past the comparatively miniature woman. She'd expected to be carried as well, as the distance was quite great at her size. Perhaps as punishment, however, Julia went unaccompanied, leaving her behind with the gladiatrix.


"Livia! Sister! You can't leave me with her! She won't take me back! She'll just-"
Julia's lungs grew hoarse from how loudly she was screaming. A sudden growl drew her eyes to the right, as the great beast she'd tormented so frequently did not appreciate the level of noise she was making.
"LIVIA!" Julia screamed once more, cupped hands over her mouth.



"LIVIA!" Julia screamed. But Livia continued to walk.

Julia followed after her, briefly even breaking into a sprint... but she was so thoroughly outpaced it didn't matter. Along the way she watched as Livia's careless steps trampled another of the soldiers that had been observing from a distance, splattering and burying them in the sands in one quick movement. She wished for a moment she could do the same.

But it was fruitless. Livia's casual gait far outpaced Julia's greatest efforts. She'd been left behind, and would have to return home on her own.


A soft thud resonated directly behind her. Panicked, Julia turned, covering herself in fear of the presence that loomed nearby. She knew not what to do any more. In the back of her mind, in the worst case scenario, she'd always imagined she could go to her sister for help in slowing the beast down.


Now she'd been abandoned. Left behind by the only one she felt could have saved her from anything in the world. The former gladiatrix she had taken such pleasure in forcing to bend to her will looked down at her, lips gradually turning down into an expression of distaste at what she saw.
"You wouldn't." Julia said, the anger bubbling up in her own voice.


The gladiatrix responded in kind, opening her mouth wide and lunging at the smaller woman. Julia could only shriek in response, shielding herself as best she could when it seemed as if the inevitable had arrived.


Livia had stopped at the steps of the palace, and watched the proceedings from a distance. She waited for a moment to see if she would need to intervene, but seemed satisfied after a few seconds.
Grinning, she turned back around, and resumed her walk. Each of the steps leading into the palace was taller than most buildings for the smallest members of the empire, but she cleared them effortlessly as she made her way inside.

Despite the extreme scale for which the building had been made, Livia noted that she had to duck to step into the entrance archway. Looking over the inadequate entrance she considered what the cost of having it expanded would be, but knew that such a feat would likely require rebuilding the entire thing.

Slipping off her cape, she strolled inside, making a mental note to have construction on an entirely new palace begin promptly. There would come a time when she would outgrow this rapidly-shrinking home, and a woman of her standing should not be forced to stay outside without a roof over her head, even if this was just the bath house of her vacation home.




With one powerful gust of wind the cape draped across her expansive backside fell, flattening out against the ground as the powerful Empress stretched her arms over her head. The life of extreme opulence and hedonism she so enjoyed had been rudely interrupted by the soldiers a few moments ago, and now that the mystery had been solved she was eager to return to her normal royal duties.
Bending over, but careful to keep the tiny man trapped in her cleavage safe, she undid the clasps on her sandals, and stepped out them, making her way to the water's edge.


The pool that had been built was a herculean effort put forth by thousands of citizens and slaves of the empire alike. The water that filled it was crystal clear, a feat which required regular maintenance to such a degree that it often felt like work that was never-ending. Even filling the thing with water in the first place had meant bringing forth fresh water, one bucket at a time, from a nearby sea.
All so she could have a place to relax, and pass the time.


Dipping her feet into the water, she stopped, and looked at her own reflection. She smiled, seeing the face of unmatched beauty and size that looked back at her. A moment was spent checking herself out from various angles, before a tingling sensation between her heavy breasts drew her eyes lower.
"It would seem my little passenger has survived his trip." Her voice was calm, and almost melodic despite its volume. Ripples traveled across the water as she spoke, another subtle reminder of the effect her size alone had on the world around her.



"Should I let you out?" She asked, wiggling her chest from side to side to watch the gigantic masses slap against one another. Slowly enough to spare Agron a grisly death, but with enough force to batter the tiny warrior.

He said nothing in return, merely fighting for survival where he stood. The urge to ask to be let out was strong, but again he had to be reminded of his status next to the Empress. Perhaps this was all a test. An effort made to discover his loyalty, or lack thereof. Should he act out in any way, it could end poorly for him.

"Well, I suppose you would be rather comfortable in there." Livia said after a few seconds of having not received a response.


"No matter. Enjoy your time there." She said rather matter-of-factly while turning to the side. Sitting near the pool she'd dipped her feet into was a ceramic jug, much like the ones that Julia had carried with her at the arena, only significantly larger in scale.
Still, it was a bit small for Livia, who had to squeeze her fingers through the handle to pick it up from the floor.


The jug was bigger than most houses to Agron, and he could tell by the sound of the liquid sloshing around inside of it that it was filled rather full. He couldn't imagine how much it weighed, but Livia had picked it up so effortlessly that she nearly spilled some by accident.
"Really need to get some bigger jars made..." She muttered, gently swishing the contents after and watching through the opening.


"I will add it to the list of things to do!" She said, before bringing the huge thing up to her lips, and tilting it up.
The sound of rushing liquid was to be expected. Agron had assumed that much. What he didn't expect was for there to be some other noises mixed in. Something completely foreign. Something that sounded strangely human.


Repositioning himself within the confines of Livia's massive chest, he managed to get a better look at what was happening. Not bothering to press her lips directly against the lip of the jar, Livia was allowing the spiced wine to pour into her mouth freely.
But it wasn't just wine she drank. Mixed in were the bodies of what looked like numerous women. At first he'd assumed them to be little more than corpses, but the combination of their screams of terror and sudden, frantic movements told the full story. She had added fully-grown women into the jar to serve as little more than a flavor enhancer for the divine beverage.



Agron did not know what to think. He'd known that a woman of such grand scale living in such an enormous place had to be living a life of luxury the likes of which the world had never seen before. But to the extent where she consumed fully-grown people in a drink was a bit tough to comprehend.

Making matters worse, he knew the familiar-smelling red drink to be the spiced wine. It was more than likely that the people inside of the jar were even bigger than himself. What woman would be able to resist drinking some, even if they were trapped inside of a jar?

A pair of legs stuck out of Livia's full lips, kicking wildly in a desperate bid for freedom. Agron could not see much, but he could certainly tell that this woman would have been far bigger than himself.


And as Livia pursed her lips together, sucking the dangling legs further into her mouth and making the poor woman vanish from view forever, he began to have second thoughts of his own safety. The Empress could probably have swallowed five times as many men in one single mouthful, given how much smaller he was.
He wondered if the woman currently finding her way down Livia's throat as little more than a small bulge would have been bigger than Ava. The woman had helped him survive a lot today, but she could easily join the others just like her in the hell that was the Empress's bottomless stomach.



"Hmm..." The Empress moaned, savoring the taste left behind on her tongue.

Agron felt a shiver run down his spine. He'd always heard that the giant woman was a kind, and gentle ruler. He'd justified her crushing of the soldiers earlier as little more than something she did while unaware of their presence. The punishment for Julia also seemed appropriate, given how the giant woman had wronged her personally.

But... what could those women have possibly done? Something had changed. He tried asking himself why, but it quickly became apparent he would not be alone with his thoughts. Muted sounds of women shrieking in abject terror fcould be heard from deep inside of the body, and it was only his perch that gave him any sort of awareness of the poor citizen's final moments.


"That will never get old." Livia said simply, swallowing a few more times to savor any of the taste that remained, before setting the jug down. She sighed in content, then looked down between her breasts.
The tiny man was still situated there. Smaller even than those she'd just swallowed. Eating him as well would be of no great significance to her.


"I hope you enjoyed your stay little one. Because your time is up."
Agron froze. Livia's enormous hand came down from above, pinching his legs tightly, and pulling him out of her warm, expansive cleavage. The gigantic breasts wobbled as he was pulled free, and brought closer to the enormous blonde's curious face.
"Do you have anything to say?"



He wished to say something in response to the giant woman, but being dangled upside-down disoriented him greatly. Not that anything he could have said would have saved him to begin with. Still, it seemed the appropriate time to do anything!

"Very well then."

Receiving no response, Livia parted her lips slowly. A puff of hot air slipped from between them, strong enough to push Agron around from his upside-down position ever so slightly. He came to life with the sudden movement, pushing his arms up in a desperate bid to stave off the inevitable.

But Livia could not be bested. Not by Agron. Not by a hundred men just like him. Not by thousands. She could decimate entire armies without exerting herself in the slightest. She playfully flicked her tongue across Agron's upper body.


Then sucked him in-between her lips.
The small man accepted his fate. The moment he'd stepped into that arena earlier today he knew his life would be coming to an end. It may not have come the way he'd expected, being ripped to shreds by the gladiatrix's massive jaws, but it had to conclude sometime. He thought that perhaps he'd done a good job, living a righteous life that he could be proud of.
The lips came down around him, and an intense sucking sensation came over his entire body, so strong it felt as if his skin were about to be peeled straight off of him.


Then, as quickly as it began. It simply... stopped. A moment later Agron was pulled free from those same lips, noting near-instantly that all of his clothing had been sucked clean off his body. Now left dangling upside-down, he could only watch as the torn pieces of leather he'd been wearing were swished around the inside of the Empress's mouth, before she tilted her head back and swallowed, sending them away forever.
"Oh my. It's rather rude for a lowly commoner to expose himself like this in front of me, isn't it?"
Agron responded by quickly moving both hands between his legs, covering up his nakedness.


"Oh, relax." She said, offering the dangling man a playful wink before moving her hand down. In doing so Agron was given a view of more of her magnificent body, before she gradually began to spread her legs where she sat.
Unconcerned with her nakedness, Livia bit her bottom lip as she looked over Agron's tiny naked form, before her gaze drifted to the side, and looked at the person in her other hand.


Ava had had the good fortune of largely being ignored by the Empress up to this point. But given that the giant woman's intentions were obvious with her lewd posture, she had an easy choice to make. Were she to use one of her newfound tiny playthings to pleasure himself, which would feel better?
The man that would be lost inside of her, helpless against even something so sensitive and weak as her pussy? A man who would be crushed the moment she reached a climax, and pulverized beyond recognition for his efforts? The lowly slave that may not even be able to satisfy her?
Or the woman. Much bigger, much more durable, and capable of filling her far more easily.


Not a word was given to Ava before the hand holding onto her began to move between Livia's legs. Not so well-composed, Ava let out a tiny yelp of surprise, before her entire body was pressed against Livia's pussy. The massive hand cradled her against giant lips, pressing her deeply into the giant woman's most sensitive areas.
Not so willing to meet an early end as Agron, she wasted no time fighting against her fate. Her small limbs made little difference as they couldn't hope to break her free from Livia's fingers, but they had an effect in an entirely different way.



A low, rumbling moan reverberated all around the pool. Fresh ripples traveled through the water, and Ava's efforts were rewarded by having her pushed past Livia's lips entirely. A second later and the woman who had narrowly evaded demise so many times that very day was little more than a pair of legs sticking out of the Empress's pussy, kicking wildly in a bid for freedom.

Agron worried for her safety, but not for long. As only a minute later he too was thrust between the giantess's legs, feeling his entire upper body pressed against a clit that was bigger than his chest.


Livia had done this countless times before. Slaves of all kinds of sizes had found themselves between her legs, forced to service her in this way. As she'd continued to grow she would find herself moving to bigger and bigger bodies, but there was still a certain charm towards using someone that hadn't been gifted a single drop of the spice as a living sex toy.
Pulling her right hand away, she kept both Ava and Agron locked into position with just her fingers, biting her bottom lip as she carefully slid the digit in and out of her slick entrance.


"Is this what someone trained to fight in an arena can do?" She asked, near-breathlessly. Perhaps it was mere selection bias, but she had to admit that the tantalizing teasing given to her by the small pair was far greater than she would normally receive.

Though they did not scream, beg, and plead as so many other slaves often did. The one aspect of this that was missing. She considered trying to force it out of them. It would take no effort whatsoever to twist one of the small woman's ankles until her foot was little more than a mess of powdered bone to drive in the danger she was in. Her clit alone was capable of caving in the man's chest, turning him into a bloodied mess that died only to serve her sexual tastes.


With every passing second those urges grew stronger. Her breath quickened, the massive breasts atop her chest wobbling wildly as she searched for the perfect angle with which to pleasure herself. Her toes curled in the water, kicking up small splashes as she found herself losing control.
The hand that once held Agron moved behind herself, as she attempted to eke more pleasure out of what she was doing. Spreading her legs slightly further with the extra support, she began to thrust her hips forward, threatening to crush both of the bodies in her hand in the process.



Luckily for the two, she would reach climax before it came to that.

Unluckily, that would not be the end of their problems. Livia's fingers moved frantically, driving in and out of her pussy in a hellstorm of movements that threatened to rip Ava to shreds. Her mighty pussy clenched, feeling the sensation of a body buried deep inside resisting, and a sound that was a mixture between guttural grunt and a moan of pleasure escaped her lips.

The man who had worshiped her from the outside fared no better. Her hand pressed down firmly to cup her pussy and get a better handle on the depths with which she could reach. The tiny form inside of her palm was threatened by the movement, leading to a surge of arousal that drove her to push him even harder against her.


She held that position for nearly a minute. An agonizingly long time for the pair that she had made use of during that whole ordeal. Long enough for her to ride out the orgasm, confident in the knowledge of her overwhelming power, sexuality, and status as the head of the Empire.

When it all subsided, she gradually rubbed her fingers against her soaking wet pussy a bit more, feeling as if she had gone overboard. Curious, she pulled her hand away ever so slightly, wondering what would be greeting her underneath.



She sighed in relief. While more slaves were always available, given the day she'd had there was a part of her that wished to make sure these two survived her playtime. Once her hand was pulled away she was able to relax, seeing bodies that were still in one piece, rather than collapsed splotches of red as so many others had wound up.

Taking a moment to catch her breath, she pulled her hand away, and looked over her handiwork. The woman's skin was glossy after the time spent in her pussy. The man's skin shone as well, though it was from the heat causing him to sweat so much, rather than anything else.

But neither was moving.

"I didn't get carried away again, did I?" She asked, gently poking at the figures in her hand. A burst of movement, followed by coughing from the woman, as well as a pained groan from the man put her at ease.


"You two did well." She said, running a finger over their heads affectionately. "I should make use of you more often, and-"
Her thoughts were interrupted. A soft thud could be heard around the open-air pool area. Turning, Livia smiled at what greeted her.
"You shouldn't track in such filth." She said, lips curling up into a smile.


Behind her, the gladiatrix had re-entered the palace area. Crawling on all fours, massive breasts dragging across the ground, it was the contents of her mouth that were most interesting. It was none other than Julia, big as she had always been, being carried around the way a mother would a small kitten.
"I should hope she's learned her lesson. Has she?"


The beast said nothing.
"Right." Livia said, rolling her eyes dismissively. "Put her down, then. I would like to think my sister has learned her lesson."
Jaws opening, Julia instantly fell from her suspended location, limbs flailing wildly in the hopes of making the fall less potent. It did nothing, and with a pained clack she hit the floor, groaning in discomfort after.
"You have learned your lesson, haven't you?" Livia asked, her tone haughty.


Julia groaned on the floor, moaning in pain. As she did so the gladiatrix's head came back towards her, and the bigger woman snorted, bringing Julia up with a jolt of surprise.
Retreating, Julia watched her back away, and looked around her new surroundings. She'd made it back to the palace, and her overgrown sister sat nearby, towering over everything but the mighty palace's wall herself. Her skin shone with saliva that drenched her body and hair alike, and she occasionally pressed a hand to her ribs, as if nursing a wound.


"Julia?"

The voice seemed to trigger something in the smaller woman. Face flashing with rage, she quickly jumped to her feet, assuming an angry position, and turned to look at the woman sitting nearby. Her hands balled into fists, as if she were ready to attack the giant woman. It would do her no good, but that did little to quell her anger.

"SISTER! HOW DARE YOU HUMILIATE ME IN SUCH A MANNER!" She screamed, stamping a foot onto the ground. "THERE WERE OTHER SOLDIERS OUT THERE WHO WITNESSED ME BEING CARRIED AS IF I WERE LITTLE MORE THAN A DOG'S CHEW TOY! I WILL GET YOU BACK FOR THIS!"


"I'm sure you will, Julia." Livia laughed, not the least bit bothered by the threat. "I'm sure you will."


Once again, Livia's stomach began to growl, and she looked over the small man she held in her hands. She wasn't entirely sure why she'd given him such preferential treatment. Or hadn't been sure at the time, that is. The more she examined the minuscule fellow the more her mind began to return to thoughts from long ago.
Though it would have been well within her rights given her position to send him to the depths of her belly like so many others, she resisted.


"You remind me of a man I once knew." She explained, turning him around in her fingers before stretching to place him atop one of the many platforms surrounding the pool. "At the time I could not help but view him as an equal, but looking back I kept him as more of a pet."

Agron grunted as he was dropped roughly onto the stone. He looked back at Livia, who offered him a warm smile in return.

"I will do my best to keep you safe, but my sister's actions have led to Lupa growing quite a bit larger than when I last saw her, and she will be needing more food. And much as you remind me of the man I once knew, I'd be lying if I said you didn't look very tasty."


Standing to his feet, Agron considered the words she'd just said. He was unsure if being given such preferential treatment would guarantee his safety, or the reason for his early demise.
The massive fingers that had carried him here so casually moved away, leaving Agron defenseless atop the pillar. Finding a way down from such a great height would likely be dangerous, if not entirely impossible. He was well and truly stuck until Livia decided to return for him.


"SISTER!"
Livia looked down. In her haste to place Agron onto a safe location she'd nearly inadvertently crushed the smaller woman under her generous backside. She could not help but stifle a giggle at the absurd scenario, before giving her curvy rear a powerful slap to shock the little one further.


"You should pay more attention, Julia." The bigger woman began as she sat up, taking a moment to wiggle her backside over the stunned woman on her back. "I have inadvertently sat upon many of my slaves over the years, and you are only slightly bigger than they." She warned, before wading deeper into the pool.
As the cool water made its way up the giant woman's bare legs, she stopped, looking back at what she was walking away from.



Julia was a ball of rage. Unable to even look at her sister. She'd spent so much of the afternoon pretending to be the dominating force that she thought was her birthright. Being the second biggest thing in an entire arena full of pitiful little warriors that she could effortlessly best if it came down right to it. Only to have it all taken away from her, as she was now smaller to her sister and her pet than the pathetic slaves had been to her.

Lupa, the former gladiatrix, only watched silently in return. Julia's actions beneath her were under her notice. She paid the little one no mind.



Looking down, Livia could not help but feel a slight pang of guilt as she looked at her top. It had once belonged to her mother, who left it behind when she went to fight as part of that pointless war. Though her mother had never returned, Julia had. Even if it had been as a shell of her former self.

She remembered when she first put the dress on. It fit her so loosely. She had not yet achieved the same dizzying heights her mother once had. she thrust her chest forward to experience what it would feel like if the piece did fit properly. If her massive breasts covered just that small bit of extra space needed for the lovely article of clothing to fit her as well as it had her mother.

It took years before it fit Livia properly. For a time, it fit perfectly. Now, however, she barely fit into it. Her excessive curves seemed to bulge out of every inch of the piece, threatening to break it apart if she moved too quickly.


Now, at last, Livia had surpassed her mother in size. Although she did not share her mother's love of cruelty, Livia's appetite far surpassed that of Cybele. She devoured more slaves in a day than her mother did in a week, and her hunger still grew larger by the day.
She reached behind her back, and unhooked it. She was careful not to break it. She knew all too well the damage that a single errant move could make, given her massive size.


Livia removed her jewelry, letting them clang heavily as they hit the edge of the pool, and stretched her arms over her head Her magnificent curves were perfectly framed by the light of the sun. It was as if even the very elements were paying her homage.



Though the pool was admittedly a little small, and not particularly deep for Livia at her current size, it was a modern marvel of Roman engineering. A man-built wonder of the world as it stretched more than a quarter of a mile long, and was deep enough for the massive woman to relax in regularly. The resources that had been required for its construction were staggering, and a great many in the Empire had to go without just for her to enjoy its luxury.

Sighing, she fell forward, enjoying the coolness that enveloped her. Tens of thousands of men had to haul countless gallons of water to create this small bit of comfort for her. A job that would never truly be finished, as the overbearing sun in the desert meant the pool was always in danger of evaporating away.



For Livia, this was a worthy tradeoff. This desert palace may not have matched the opulence of the one back in the capitol, but being so far away from the noise and endless distractions of a populace constantly in need of guidance brought her a sense of comfort that could never be matched back home. She was well and truly allowed to think, and focus on what mattered. For all the power her size enabled, it brought with it an oppressive feeling of heaviness. A constant responsibility to be aware of her every move, lest she unnecessarily take a dozen more lives without realizing it. In that way, it's not so different from being Empress.

Suspended in the cool waters, sun beaming down on her face, Livia finally felt weightless. She felt a sense of wholeness as the responsibilities that came with her position melted away. With the pointless wars finished, no one dared to challenge her rightful position. Rome is hers to rule, and the rest of the world is hers to conquer at any time she sees fit.


The End

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